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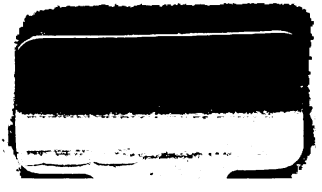

ESSAYS

AND

MISCELLANIES

SELECTED FROM

THE INDICATOR AND COMPANION,

BY

LEIGH HUNT.

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AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

THE INDICATOR, a series of papers originally published in weekly numbers, having been long out of print, and repeated calls having been made for it among the booksellers, the author has here made a selection, comprising the greater portion of the articles, and omitting such only as he unwillingly put forth in the hurry of periodical publication, or as seemed otherwise unsuited for present publication, either by the nature of their disquisitions, or from containing commendatory criticisms now rendered superfluous by the reputation of the works criticised.

The author has little further to say, by way of advertisement to these pages, except that both the works were written with the same view of inculcating a love of nature and imagination, and of furnishing a sample of the enjoyment which they afford; and he cannot give a better proof of that enjoyment, as far as he was capable of it, than by stating, that both were written during times of great trouble with him, and both helped him to see much of that fair play between his own anxieties and his natural cheerfulness, of which an indestructible belief in the good and the beautiful has rendered him perhaps not undeserving.

LONDON, DEC. 6, 1833.

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THE INDICATOR.

THERE is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land; but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters, where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognized, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the CUCULUS INDICATOR of Linnæus, otherwise called the Moroe, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.

> There he arriving, round about doth flie,
> And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
> Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

Difficulty of finding a Name for a Work of this Kind.

NEVER did gossips, when assembled to determine the name of a new-born child, whose family was full of conflicting interests, experience a difficulty half so great as that which an author undergoes in settling the title for a periodical work. In the former case, there is generally some paramount uncle, or prodigious third cousin, who is understood to have the chief claims, and to the golden lustre of whose face the clouds of hesitation and jealousy gradually give way. But these children of the brain have no godfather at hand: and yet their single appellation is bound to comprise as many public interests as all the Christian names of a French or a German prince. It is to be modest: it is to be expressive: it is to be new: it is to be striking: it is to have something in it equally intelligible to the man

of plain understanding, and surprising for the man of imagination:—in a word, it is to be impossible.

How far we have succeeded in the attainment of this happy nonentity we leave others to judge. There is one good thing however which the hunt after a title is sure to realize;—a great deal of despairing mirth. We were visiting a friend the other night, who can do anything for a book but give it a title; and after many grave and ineffectual attempts to furnish one for the present, the company, after the fashion of Rabelais, and with a chair-shaking merriment which he himself might have joined in, fell to turning a hopeless thing into a jest. It was like that exquisite picture of a set of laughers in Shakspeare:—

> One rubbed his elbow, thus; and fleered, and swore,
> A better speech was never spoke before:
> Another, with his finger and his thumb,
> Cried "Via! we will do't, come what will come!"
> The third he capered, and cried, "All goes well!"
> The fourth turned on the toe, and down he fell
> With that they all did tumble on the ground,
> With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
> That in this spleen ridiculous, appears,
> To check their laughter, passion's solemn tears.
>
> LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Some of the names had a meaning in their absurdity, such as the Adviser, or Helps for Composing;—the Cheap Reflector, or Every Man His Own Looking-Glass;—the Retailer, or Every Man His Own Other Man's Wit;—Nonsense, to be continued. Others were laughable by the mere force of contrast, as the Crocodile, or Pleasing Companion;—Chaos, or the Agreeable Miscellany;—the Fugitive Guide;—the Foot Soldier, or Flowers of Wit;—Bigotry, or the Cheerful Instructor;—the Polite Repository of Abuse;—Blood, being a Collection of Light Essays. Others were sheer ludicrousness and extravagance, as the Pleasing Ancestor; the Silent Companion; the Tart; the Leg of Beef, by a Layman; the Ingenious Hatband; the Boots of Bliss; the Occasional Dinner; the Tooth-ache; Recollections of a Very Unpleasant Nature; Thoughts on Taking up a Pair of Snuffers; Thoughts on a Barouche-box; Thoughts on a Hill of Considerable Eminence; Meditations on a Pleasing Idea; Mate

rials for Drinking; the Knocker, No. I.;—the Hippopotamus entered at Stationers' Hall; the Piano-forte of Paulus Æmilius; the Seven Sleepers at Cards; the Arabian Nights on Horseback:—with an infinite number of other mortal murders of common sense, which rose to "push us from our stools," and which none but the wise or good-natured would think of enjoying.

CHAPTER II.

A Word on Translation from the Poets.

INTELLIGENT men of no scholarship, on reading Horace, Theocritus, and other poets, through the medium of translation, have often wondered how those writers obtained their glory. And they well might. The translations are no more like the original than a walking-stick is like a flowering bough. It is the same with the versions of Euripides, of Æschylus, of Sophocles, of Petrarch, of Boileau, &c., &c., and in many respects of Homer. Perhaps we could not give the reader a more brief, yet complete specimen of the way in which bad translations are made, than by selecting a well-known passage from Shakspeare, and turning it into the common-place kind of poetry that flourished so widely among us till of late years. Take the passage, for instance, where the lovers in the Merchant of Venice seat themselves on a bank by moonlight:—

> How sweet the moonlight *sleeps* upon this bank!
> Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
> Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Now a foreign translator of the ordinary kind, would dilute and take all taste and freshness out of this draught of poetry, in a style somewhat like the following:—

> With what a charm, the moon, serene and bright,
> Lends on the bank its soft reflected light!
> Sit we, I pray; and let us sweetly hear
> The strains melodious with a raptured ear;
> For soft retreats, and night's impressive hour,
> To harmony impart divinest power.

CHAPTER III.

Autumnal Commencement of Fires—Mantel-Pieces—Apartments for Study.

How pleasant it is to have fires again! We have not time to regret summer, when the cold fogs begin to force us upon the necessity of a new kind of warmth;—a warmth not so fine as sunshine, but, as matters go, more sociable. The English get together over their fires, as the Italians do in their summer-shade. We do not enjoy our sunshine as we ought; our climate seems to render us almost unaware that the weather is fine, when it really becomes so: but for the same reason we make as much of our winter, as the anti-social habits that have grown upon us from other causes will allow. And for a similar reason, the southern European is unprepared for a cold day. The houses in many parts of Italy are summer-houses, unprepared for winter; so that when a fit of cold weather comes, the dismayed inhabitant, walking and shivering about with a little brazier in his hands, presents an awkward image of insufficiency and perplexity. A few of our fogs, shutting up the sight of everything out of doors, and making the trees and the eaves of the houses drip like rain, would admonish him to get warm in good earnest. If "the web of our life" is always to be "of a mingled yarn," a good warm hearth-rug is not the worst part of the manufacture.

Here we are then again, with our fire before us, and our books on each side. What shall we do? Shall we take out a Life of somebody, or a Theocritus, or Petrarch, or Ariosto, or Montaigne, or Marcus Aurelius, or Molière, or Shakspeare, who includes them all? Or shall we *read* an engraving from Poussin or Rapnael? Or shall we sit with tilted chairs, planting our wrists upon our knees, and toasting the up-turned palms of our hands, while we discourse of manners and of man's heart and hopes, with at least a sincerity, a good intention, and good-nature,

that shall warrant what we say with the sincere, the good-intentioned, and the good-natured?

Ah—take care. You see what that old-looking saucer is, with a handle to it? It is a venerable piece of earthenware, which may have been worth to an Athenian, about two-pence; but to an author, is worth a great deal more than ever he could —deny for it. And yet he would deny it too. It will fetch his imagination more than ever it fetched potter or penny-maker. Its little shallow circle overflows for him with the milk and honey of a thousand pleasant associations. This is one of the uses of having mantel-pieces. You may often see on no very rich mantel-piece a representative body of all the elements physical and intellectual—a shell for the sea, a stuffed bird or some feathers for the air, a curious piece of mineral for the earth, a glass of water with some flowers in it for the visible process of creation,—a cast from sculpture for the mind of man;—and underneath all is the bright and ever-springing fire, running up through them heavenwards, like hope through materiality. We like to have a little curiosity of the mantel-piece kind within our reach and inspection. For the same reason we like a small study, where we are almost in contact with our books. We like to feel them about us;—to be in the arms of our mistress Philosophy, rather than see her at a distance. To have a huge apartment for a study is like lying in the great bed at Ware, or being snug on a mile-stone upon Hounslow Heath. It is space and physical activity, not repose and concentration. It is fit only for grandeur and ostentation,—for those who have secretaries, and are to be approached like gods in a temple. The Archbishop of Toledo, no doubt, wrote his homilies in a room ninety feet long. The Marquis Marialva must have been approached by Gil Blas through whole ranks of glittering authors, standing at due distance. But Ariosto, whose mind could fly out of its nest over all nature, wrote over the house he built, "*parva, sed apta mihi*"—small, but suited to me. However, it is to be observed that he could not afford a larger. He was a Duodenarian in that respect, like ourselves. We do not know how our ideas of a study might expand with our walls. Montaigne, who was Montaigne "of that ilk" and lord of a great cha-

teau, had a study "sixteen paces in diameter, with three noble and free prospects." He congratulates himself, at the same time, on its circular figure, evidently from a feeling allied to the one in favor of smallness. "The figure of my study," says he, "is round, and has no more flat (bare) wall, than what is taken up by my table and my chairs; so that the remaining parts of the circle present me with a view of all my books at once, set upon five degrees of shelves round about me." (*Cotton's Montaigne*, b. 3, ch. 3.)

A great prospect we hold to be a very disputable advantage, upon the same reasoning as before; but we like to have some green boughs about our windows, and to fancy ourselves as much as possible in the country, when we are not there. Milton expressed a wish with regard to his study, extremely suitable to our present purpose. He would have the lamp in it *seen*, thus letting others into a share of his enjoyments, by the imagination of them.

> And let my lamp at midnight hour
> Be *seen* in some high lonely tower,
> Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
> With thrice-great Hermes; or unsphere
> The spirit of Plato, to unfold
> What world or what vast regions hold
> The immortal mind, that hath forsook
> Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

There is a fine passionate burst of enthusiasm on the subject of a study, in Fletcher's play of the *Elder Brother*, Act i., Scene 2.

> Sordid and dunghill minds, composed of earth,
> In that gross element fix all their happiness:
> But purer spirits, purged and refined,
> Shake off that clog of human frailty. Give me
> Leave to enjoy myself. That place, that does
> Contain my books, the best companions, is
> To me a glorious court, where hourly I
> Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
> And sometimes for variety I confer
> With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;

Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No, be it your care
To augment a heap of wealth: it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge Lights there, for my study

CHAPTER IV.

Acontius's Apple.

ACONTIUS was a youth of the island of Cea (now Zia), who, at the sacrifices in honor of Diana, fell in love with the beautiful virgin, Cydippe. Unfortunately she was so much above him in rank, that he had no hope of obtaining her hand in the usual way; but the wit of a lover helped him to an expedient. There was a law in Cea, that any oath, pronounced in the temple of Diana, was irrevocably binding. Acontius got an apple, and writing some words upon it, pitched it into Cydippe's bosom.

The words were these:

MA THN APTEMIN AKONTIΩ ΓAMOYMAI.

By Dian. I will marry Acontius.

Or, as a poet has written them:

> Juro tibi sanctæ per mystica sacra Dianæ,
> Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamque futuram.
>
> I swear by holy Dian, I will be
> Thy bride betrothed, and bear thee company.

Cydippe read, and married herself. It is said that she was repeatedly on the eve of being married to another person; but her imagination, in the shape of the Goddess, as often threw her into a fever; and the lover, whose ardor and ingenuity had made an impression upon her, was made happy. Aristænetus, in his *Epistles*, calls the apple κυδώνιον μῆλον, a Cretan apple, which is supposed to mean a quince; or as others think, an orange, or a citron. But the apple was, is, and must be, a true, unsophisticated apple. Nothing else would have suited. "The apples, methought," says Sir Philip Sydney of his heroine in the *Arcadia*, "fell down from the trees to do homage to the apples of her breast." The idea seems to have originated with Theocritus (Idyl. 27, v. 50, edit. Valckenaer), from whom it was copied

by the Italian writers. It makes a lovely figure in one of the most famous passages of Ariosto, where he describes the beauty of Alcina (*Orlando Furioso*, canto 7, st. 14)—

Bianca neve è il bel collo, e 'l petto latte;
Il collo è tondo, il petto colmo e largo:
Due pome acerbe, e pur d'avorio fatte,
Vengono e van come onda al primo margo,
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte.

Her bosom is like milk, her neck like snow;
A rounded neck; a bosom, where you see
Two crisp young ivory apples come and go,
Like waves that on the shore beat tenderly,
When a sweet air is ruffling to and fro.

And after him, Tasso, in his fine ode on the Golden Age:—

Allor tra fiori e linfe
Traean dolci carole
Gli Amoretti senz' archi e senza faci:
Sedean pastori e ninfe
Meschiando a le parole
Vezzi e susurri, ed ai susurri i baci
Strettamente tenaci.
La verginella ignude
Scopria sue fresche rose
Ch' or tien nel velo ascose,
E le pome del seno, acerbe e crude;
E spesso o in fiume o in lago
Scherzar si vide con l' amata il vago.

Then among streams and flowers,
The little Winged Powers
Went singing carols, without torch or bow;
The nymphs and shepherds sat
Mingling with innocent chat
Sports and low whispers, and with whispers low
Kisses that would not go.
The maiden, budding o'er,
Kept not her bloom uneyed,
Which now a veil must hide,
Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore:
And oftentimes in river or in lake,
The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

CHAPTER V.

Godiva.

THIS is the lady who, under the title of Countess of Coventry, used to make such a figure in our childhood upon some old pocket-pieces of that city. We hope she is in request there still; otherwise the inhabitants deserve to be sent *from* Coventry. That city was famous in saintly legends for the visit of the eleven thousand virgins—an "incredible number," quoth Selden. But the eleven thousand virgins have vanished with their credibility, and a noble-hearted woman of flesh and blood is Coventry's true immortality.

The story of Godiva is not a fiction, as many suppose it. At least it is to be found in Matthew of Westminster, and is not of a nature to have been a mere invention. Her name, and that of her husband, Leofric, are mentioned in an old chapter recorded by another early historian. That the story is omitted by Hume and others, argues little against it; for the latter are accustomed to confound the most interesting anecdotes of times and manners with something below the dignity of history (a very absurd mistake); and Hume, of whose philosophy better things might have been expected, is notoriously less philosophical in his history than in any other of his works. A certain coldness of temperament, not unmixed with aristocratical pride, or at least with a great aversion from everything like vulgar credulity, rendered his scepticism so extreme that it became a sort of superstition in turn, and blinded him to the claims of every species of enthusiasm, civil as well as religious. Milton, with his poetical eyesight, saw better, when he meditated the history of his native country. We do not remember whether he relates the present story, but we remember well, that at the beginning of his fragment on that subject, he says he shall relate doubtful stories as

well as authentic ones, for the benefit of those, if no others, who will know how to make use of them, namely, the poets.* We have faith, however, in the story ourselves. It has innate evidence enough for us, to give full weight to that of the old annalist. Imagination can invent a good deal; affection more; but affection can sometimes do things, such as the tenderest imagination is not in the habit of inventing; and this piece of noble-heartedness we believe to have been one of them.

Leofric, Earl of Leicester, was the lord of a large feudal territory in the middle of England, of which Coventry formed a part. He lived in the time of Edward the Confessor; and was so eminently a feudal lord, that the hereditary greatness of his dominion appears to have been singular, even at that time, and to have lasted with an uninterrupted succession from Ethelbald to the Conquest—a period of more than three hundred years. He was a great and useful opponent of the famous Earl Godwin.

Whether it was owing to Leofric or not, does not appear, but Coventry was subject to a very oppressive tollage, by which it would seem that the feudal despot enjoyed the greater part of the profit of all marketable commodities. The progress of knowledge has shown us how abominable, and even how unhappy for all parties, is an injustice of this description; yet it gives one an extraordinary idea of the mind in those times, to see it capable of piercing through the clouds of custom, of ignorance, and even of self-interest, and petitioning the petty tyrant to forego such a privilege. This mind was Godiva's. The other sex, always more slow to admit reason through the medium of feeling, were then occupied to the full in their warlike habits. It was reserved for a woman to anticipate ages of liberal opinion, and to surpass them in the daring virtue of setting a principle above a custom.

Godiva entreated her lord to give up his fancied right; but in vain. At last, wishing to put an end to her importunities, he told her, either in a spirit of bitter jesting, or with a playful raillery

* When Dr. Johnson, among his other impatient accusations of our great republican, charged him with telling unwarrantable stories in his history, he must have overlooked this announcement; and yet, if we recollect, it is but in the second page of the fragment. So hasty, and blind, and liable to be put to shame, is prejudice.

that could not be bitter with so sweet an earnestness, that he would give up his tax, provided she rode through the city of Coventry, naked. She took him at his word. One may imagine the astonishment of a fierce, unlettered chieftain, not untinged with chivalry, at hearing a woman, and that too of the greatest delicacy and rank, maintaining seriously her intention of acting in a manner contrary to all that was supposed fitting for her sex, and at the same time forcing upon him a sense of the very beauty of her conduct by its principled excess. It is probable, that as he could not prevail upon her to give up her design, he had sworn some religious oath when he made his promise; but be this as it may, he took every possible precaution to secure her modesty from hurt. The people of Coventry were ordered to keep within doors, to close up all their windows and outlets, and not to give a glance into the streets upon pain of death. The day came; and Coventry, it may be imagined, was silent as death. The lady went out at the palace door, was set on horseback, and at the same time divested of her wrapping garment, as if she had been going into a bath; then taking the fillet from her head, she let down her long and lovely tresses, which poured around her body like a veil; and so, with only her white legs remaining conspicuous, took her gentle way through the streets.*

What scene can be more touching to the imagination—beauty, modesty, feminine softness, a daring sympathy; an extravagance, producing by the nobleness of its object and the strange gentleness of its means, the grave and profound effect of the most reverend custom. We may suppose the scene taking place in the warm noon; the doors all shut, the windows closed; the Earl and his court serious and wondering; the other inhabitants, many of them gushing with grateful tears, and all reverently listening to hear the footsteps of the horse; and lastly, the lady herself, with a downcast but not a shamefaced

* "Nuda," says Matthew of Westminster, "equum ascendens, crines capitis et tricas dissolvens, corpus suum totum, præter crura candidissima, inde velavit." See Selden's Notes to the *Polyolbion* of Drayton: Song 13. It is Selden from whom we learn, that Leofric was Earl of Leicester, and the other particulars of him mentioned above. The Earl was buried at Coventry; his Countess most probably in the same tomb.

eye, looking towards the earth through her flowing locks, and riding through the dumb and deserted streets, like an angelic spirit.

It was an honorable superstition in that part of the country, that a man who ventured to look at the fair saviour of his native town, was said to have been struck blind. But the vulgar use to which this superstition has been turned by some writers of late times, is not so honorable. The whole story is as unvulgar and as sweetly serious as can be conceived.

Drayton has not made so much of this subject as might have been expected; yet what he says is said well and earnestly:

> ———Coventry at length
> From her small mean regard, recovered state and strength;
> By Leofric her lord, yet in base bondage held,
> The people from her marts by tollage were expelled:
> Whose duchess which desired this tribute to release,
> Their freedom often begged. The duke, to make her cease,
> Told her, that if she would his loss so far enforce,
> His will was, she should ride stark naked upon a horse
> By daylight through the street: which certainly he thought
> In her heroic breast so deeply would have wrought,
> That in her former suit she would have left to deal.
> ***But that most princely dame, as one devoured with zeal,***
> ***Went on***, and by that mean the city clearly freed.

CHAPTER VI.

Pleasant Memories connected with various parts of the Metropolis.

ONE of the best secrets of enjoyment is the art of cultivating pleasant associations. It is an art that of necessity increases with the stock of our knowledge; and though in acquiring our knowledge we must encounter disagreeable associations also, yet if we secure a reasonable quantity of health by the way, these will be far less in number than the agreeable ones: for unless the circumstances which gave rise to the associations press upon us, it is only for want of health that the power of throwing off these burdensome images becomes suspended.

And the beauty of this art is, that it does not insist upon pleasant materials to work on. Nor indeed does health. Health will give us a vague sense of delight in the midst of objects that would teaze and oppress us during sickness. But healthy association peoples this vague sense with agreeable images. It will comfort us, even when a painful sympathy with the distresses of others becomes a part of the very health of our minds. For instance, we can never go through St. Giles's, but the sense of the extravagant inequalities in human condition presses more forcibly upon us; and yet some pleasant images are at hand, even there, to refresh it. They do not displace the others so as to injure the sense of public duty which they excite; they only serve to keep our spirits fresh for their task, and hinder them from running into desperation or hopelessness. In St. Giles's church lie Chapman, the earliest and best translator of Homer; and Andrew Marvell, the wit and patriot, whose poverty Charles the Second could not bribe. We are sure to think of these two men, and of all the good and pleasure they have done to the world, as of the less happy objects about us. The steeple of the church itself, too, is a handsome one; and there is a flock of pigeons in that neighbor

hood, which we have stood with great pleasure to see careering about it of a fine afternoon, when a western wind had swept back the smoke towards the city, and showed the white of the stone steeple piercing up into a blue sky. So much for St. Giles's, whose very name is a nuisance with some. It is dangerous to speak disrespectfully of old districts. Who would suppose that the Borough was the most classical ground in the metropolis! And yet it is undoubtedly so. The Globe theatre was there, of which Shakspeare himself was the proprietor, and for which he wrote some of his plays. Globe-lane, in which it stood, is still extant, we believe, under that name. It is probable that he lived near it: it is certain that he must have been much there. It is also certain that on the Borough side of the river, then and still called the Bank-side, in the same lodging, having the same wardrobe, and some say with other participations more remarkable, lived Beaumont and Fletcher. In the Borough, also, at St. Saviour's, lie Fletcher and Massinger in one grave; in the same church, under a monument and effigy, lies Chaucer's contemporary, Gower; and from an inn in the Borough, the existence of which is still boasted, and the site pointed out by a picture and inscription, Chaucer sets out his pilgrims and himself on their famous road to Canterbury.

To return over the water, who would expect anything poetical from East Smithfield? Yet there was born the most poetical even of the poets, Spenser. Pope was born within the sound of Bow-bell, in a street no less anti-poetical than Lombard-street. Gray was born in Cornhill; and Milton in Bread-street, Cheapside. The presence of the same great poet and patriot has given happy memories to many parts of the metropolis. He lived in St. Bride's Church-yard, Fleet-street; in Aldersgate-street, in Jewin-street, in Barbican, in Bartholomew-close; in Holborn, looking back to Lincoln's-inn-Fields; in Holborn, near Red Lion square; in Scotland-yard; in a house looking to St. James's Park, now belonging to an eminent writer on legislation,* and lately occupied by a celebrated critic and metaphysician;† and he died in the Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields; and was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

* Mr. Bentham. † Mr. Hazlitt.

Ben Jonson, who was born in "Hartshorne-lane, near Charing-cross," was at one time "master" of a theatre in Barbican. He appears also to have visited a tavern called the Sun and Moon, in Aldersgate-street; and is known to have frequented, with Beaumont and others, the famous one called the Mermaid, which was in Cornhill. Beaumont, writing to him from the country, in an epistle full of jovial wit, says,—

> The sun, which doth the greatest comfort bring
> To absent friends, because the self-same thing
> They know they see, however absent, is
> Here our best haymaker: forgive me this:
> It is our country style:—In this warm shine
> I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.
> * * * * * * * *
> Methinks the little wit I had, is lost,
> Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
> Held up at tennis, which men do the best
> With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! Hard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whom they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life. Then, when there hath been thrown
> Wit, able enough to justify the town
> For three days past,—wit, that might warrant be
> For the whole city to talk foolishly
> Till that were cancelled, and when that was gone,
> We left an air behind us, which alone
> Was able to make the two next companies
> Right witty;—though but downright fools, mere wise.

The other celebrated resort of the great wits of that time, was the Devil tavern, in Fleet-street, close to Temple-bar. Ben Jonson lived also in Bartholomew-close, where Milton afterwards lived. It is in the passage from the cloisters of Christ's Hospital into St. Bartholomew's. Aubrey gives it as a common opinion, that at the time when Jonson's father-in-law made him help him in his business of bricklayer, he worked with his own hands upon the Lincoln's-inn garden wall, which looks towards Chancery-lane, and which seems old enough to have some of his illustrious brick and mortar remaining.

Under the cloisters in Christ's Hospital (which stands in the heart of the city unknown to most persons, like a house kept invisible for young and learned eyes),* lie buried a multitude of persons of all ranks; for it was once a monastery of Grey Friars. Among them is John of Bourbon, one of the prisoners taken at the battle of Agincourt. Here also lies Thomas Burdett, ancestor of the present Sir Francis, who was put to death in the reign of Edward the Fourth, for wishing the horns of a favorite white stag which the king had killed, in the body of the person who advised him to do it. And here too (a sufficing contrast) lies Isabella, wife of Edward the Second,—

> She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
> Who tore the bowels of her mangled mate.—GRAY.

Her "mate's" heart was buried with her, and placed upon her bosom! a thing that looks like the fantastic incoherence of a dream. It is well we did not know of her presence when at school; otherwise, after reading one of Shakspeare's tragedies, we should have run twice as fast round the cloisters at night-time as we used. Camden, the "nourrice of antiquitie," received part of his education in this school; and here also, not to mention a variety of others, known in the literary world, were bred two of the best and most deep-spirited writers of the present day,† whose visits to the cloisters we well remember.

In a palace on the site of Hatton-Garden, died John of Gaunt. Brook-house, at the corner of the street of that name in Holborn, was the residence of the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, the "friend of Sir Philip Sidney." In the same street, died, by a voluntary death of poison, that extraordinary person, Thomas Chatterton,—

> The sleepless boy, who perished in his pride.—WORDSWORTH.

He was buried in the grave-yard of the work-house in Shoe lane;—a circumstance at which one can hardly help feeling a movement of indignation. Yet what could beadles and parish

* It has since been unveiled, by an opening in Newgate-street.

† Coleridge and Lamb.

officers know about such a being? No more than Horace Walpole. In Gray's-inn lived, and in Gray's-inn garden meditated, Lord Bacon. In Southampton-row, Holborn, Cowper was fellow-clerk to an attorney with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow. At one of the Fleet-street corners of Chancery-lane, Cowley, we believe, was born. In Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, was the house of Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, the precursor of Spenser, and one of the authors of the first regular English tragedy. On the demolition of this house, part of the ground was occupied by the celebrated theatre built after the Restoration, at which Betterton performed, and of which Sir William Davenant was manager. Lastly, here was the house and printing-office of Richardson. In Bolt-court, not far distant, lived Dr. Johnson, who resided also some time in the Temple. A list of his numerous other residences is to be found in Boswell.* Congreve died in Surrey-street, in the Strand, at his own house. At the corner of Beaufort-buildings, was Lilly's, the perfumer, at whose house the *Tatler* was published. In Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, Voltaire lodged while in London, at the sign of the White Peruke. Tavistock-street was then, we believe, the Bond-street of the fashionable world; as Bow-street was before. The change of Bow-street from fashion to the police, with the theatre still in attendance, reminds one of the spirit of the *Beggar's Opera*. Button's Coffee-house, the resort of the wits of Queen Anne's time, was in Russell-street, near where the Hummums now stand; and in the same street, at the south-west corner of Bow-street, was the tavern where Dryden held regal possession of the arm-chair. The whole of Covent-garden is classic ground, from its association with the dramatic and other wits of the times of Dryden and Pope. Butler lived, perhaps died, in Rose-street, and was buried in Covent-garden churchyard; where Peter Pindar the other day followed him. In Leicester-square, on the site of Miss Linwood's exhibition and other houses, was the town-mansion of the Syd-

* The temple must have had many eminent inmates. Among them it is believed was Chaucer, who is also said, upon the strength of an old record, to have been fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street

neys, Earls of Leicester, the family of Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney. In the same square lived Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hogarth. Dryden lived and died in Gerrard-street, in a house which looked backwards into the garden of Leicester-house. Newton lived in St. Martin's-street, on the south side of the square. Steele lived in Bury-street, St. James's: he furnishes an illustrious precedent for the loungers in St. James's-street, where a scandal-monger of those times delighted to detect Isaac Bickerstaff in the person of Captain Steele, idling before the coffee-houses, and jerking his leg and stick alternately against the pavement. We have mentioned the birth of Ben Jonson near Charing-cross. Spenser died at an inn, where he put up on his arrival from Ireland, in King-street, Westminster,—the same which runs at the back of Parliament-street to the Abbey. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died in Holland-house, Kensington, now the residence of the accomplished nobleman who takes his title from it. In Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, lived Handel; and in Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, Gibbon. We have omitted to mention that De Foe kept a hosier's shop in Cornhill; and that on the site of the present Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, stood the mansion of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, one of whom was the celebrated friend of Shakspeare. But what have we not omitted also? No less an illustrious head than the Boar's, in Eastcheap,—the Boar's-head tavern, the scene of Falstaff's revels. We believe the place is still marked out by the sign.* But who knows not Eastcheap and the Boar's-head? Have we not all been there, time out of mind? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the London tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary or fleeting taps?

But a line or two, a single sentence in an author of former times, will often give a value to the commonest object. It not only gives us a sense of its duration, but we seem to be looking

* It has lately disappeared, in the alterations occasioned by the new London Bridge.

at it in company with its old observer; and we are reminded at the same time of all that was agreeable in him. We never saw, for instance, the gilt ball at the top of the College of Physicians,* without thinking of that pleasant mention of it in Garth's Dispensary, and of all the wit and generosity of that amiable man:—

> Not far from that most celebrated place†,
> Where angry Justice shows her awful face,
> Where little villains must submit to fate,
> That great ones may enjoy the world in state
> There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
> And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
> A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
> Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill.

Gay, in describing the inconvenience of the late narrow part of the Strand, by St. Clement's, took away a portion of its unpleasantness to the next generation, by associating his memory with the objects in it. We did not miss without regret even the "combs" that hung "dangling in your face" at a shop which he describes, and which was standing till the late improvements took place. The rest of the picture is still alive. (*Trivia*, b. III.)

> Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
> Whose straitened bounds encroach upon the Strand;
> Where the low pent-house bows the walker's head,
> And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread
> Where not a post protects the narrow space,
> And strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
> Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care;
> Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware!
> Forth issuing from steep lanes, the colliers' steeds
> Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
> Team follows team, crowds heaped on crowds appear,
> And wait impatient till the road grow clear.

There is a touch in the Winter Picture in the same poem, which everybody will recognize:—

> At White's the harnessed chairman idly stands,
> And swings around his waist his tingling hands.

* In Warwick-lane, now a manufactory. † The Old Bailey.

The bewildered passenger in the Seven Dials is compared to Theseus in the Cretan labyrinth. And thus we come round to the point at which we began.

Before we rest our wings, however, we must take another dart over the city as far as Stratford at Bow, where, with all due tenderness for boarding-school French, a joke of Chaucer's has existed as a piece of local humor for nearly four hundred and fifty years. Speaking of the Prioress, who makes such a delicate figure among his Canterbury Pilgrims, he tells us, in the list of her accomplishments, that—

> French she spake full faire and featously;

adding with great gravity—

> After the school of Stratforde atte Bowe;
> For French of Paris was to her unknowe

CHAPTER VII.

Advice to the Melancholy.

If you are melancholy for the first time, you will find upon a little inquiry, that others have been melancholy many times, and yet are cheerful now. If you have been melancholy many times, recollect that you have got over all those times; and try if you cannot find out means of getting over them better.

Do not imagine that mind alone is concerned in your bad spirits. The body has a great deal to do with these matters. The mind may undoubtedly affect the body; but the body also affects the mind. There is a re-action between them; and by lessening it on either side, you diminish the pain on both.

If you are melancholy, and know not why, be assured it must arise entirely from some physical weakness; and do your best to strengthen yourself. The blood of the melancholy man is thick and slow; the blood of a lively man is clear and quick. Endeavor therefore to put your blood in motion. Exercise is the best way to do it; but you may also help yourself, in moderation, with wine, or other excitements. Only you must take care so to proportion the use of any artificial stimulus, that it may not render the blood languid by over-exciting it at first; and that you may be able to keep up, by the natural stimulus only, the help you have given yourself by the artificial.

Regard the bad weather as somebody has advised us to handle the nettle. In proportion as you are delicate with it, it will make you feel; but

> Grasp it like a man of mettle,
> And the rogue obeys you well.

Do not the less, however, on that account, take all reasonable precaution and arms against it,—your boots, &c., against wet feet.

and your great-coat or umbrella against the rain. It is timidity and flight, which are to be deprecated, not proper armor for the battle. The first will lay you open to defeat, on the least attack. A proper use of the latter will only keep you strong for it. Plato had such a high opinion of exercise, that he said it was a cure even for a wounded conscience. Nor is this opinion a dangerous one. For there is no system, even of superstition, however severe or cruel in other matters, that does not allow a wounded conscience to be curable by some means. Nature will work out its rights and its kindness some way or other, through the worst sophistications; and this is one of the instances in which she seems to raise herself above all contingencies. The conscience may have been wounded by artificial or by real guilt; but then she will tell it in those extremities, that even the real guilt may have been produced by circumstances. It is her kindness alone, which nothing can pull down from its predominance.

See fair play between cares and pastimes. Diminish your artificial wants as much as possible, whether you are rich or poor; for the rich man's, increasing by indulgence, are apt to outweigh even the abundance of his means; and the poor man's diminution of them renders his means the greater. On the other hand, increase all your natural and healthy enjoyments. Cultivate your afternoon fire-side, the society of your friends, the company of agreeable children, music, theatres, amusing books, an urbane and generous gallantry. He who thinks any innocent pastime foolish, has either to grow wiser or is past the ability to do so. In the one case, his notion of being childish is itself a childish notion. In the other, his importance is of so feeble and hollow a cast, that it dare not move for fear of tumbling to pieces.

A friend of ours, who knows as well as any other man how to unite industry with enjoyment, has set an excellent example to those who can afford the leisure, by taking two Sabbaths every week instead of one,—not Methodistical Sabbaths, but days of rest which pay true homage to the Supreme Being by enjoying his creation.

One of the best pieces of advice for an ailing spirit is to go to no sudden extremes—to adopt no great and extreme changes in

diet or other habits. They may make a man look very great and philosophic to his own mind; but they are not fit for a being to whom custom has been truly said to be a second nature. Dr. Cheyne may tell us that a drowning man cannot too quickly get himself out of the water; but the analogy is not good. If the water has become a second habit, he might almost as well say that a fish could not get too quickly out of it.

Upon this point, Bacon says that we should discontinue what we think hurtful by little and little. And he quotes with admiration the advice of Celsus: that "a man do vary and interchange contraries, but rather with an inclination to the more benign extreme." "Use fasting," he says, "and full eating, but *rather* full eating; watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise, and the like; so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught masteries."

We cannot do better than conclude with one or two other passages out of the same Essay, full of his usual calm wisdom "If you fly physic in health altogether, it will be too strange for your body when you need it." (He means that a general state of health should not make us over-confident and contemptuous of physic; but that we should use it moderately if required, that it may not be too strange to us when required most.) "If you make it too familiar, it will have no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh. I commend rather some diet for certain seasons, than frequent use of physic, except it be grown into a custom; for those diets alter the body more, and trouble it less."

"As for the passions and studies of the mind," says he, "avoid envy, anxious fears, anger fretting inwards, subtle and knotty inquisitions, joys and exhilarations in excess, sadness not communicated" (for as he says finely, somewhere else, they who keep their griefs to themselves, are "cannibals of their own hearts"). "Entertain hopes; mirth rather than joy" (that is to say, cheerfulness rather than boisterous merriment); "variety of delights rather than surfeit of them; wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties; studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature."

CHAPTER VIII.

Charles Brandon and Mary Queen of France.

THE fortune of Charles Brandon was remarkable. He was an honest man, yet the favorite of a despot. He was brave, handsome, accomplished, possessed even delicacy of sentiment; yet he retained the despot's favor to the last. He even had the perilous honor of being beloved by his master's sister, without having the least claim to it by birth: and yet, instead of its destroying them both, he was allowed to be her husband.

Charles Brandon was the son of Sir William Brandon, whose skull was cleaved at Bosworth by Richard the Third, while bearing the standard of the Duke of Richmond. Richard dashed at the standard, and appears to have been thrown from his horse by Sir William, whose strength and courage, however, could not save him from the angry desperation of the king.

> But Time, whose wheeles with various motion runne,
> Repayes this service fully to his sonne,
> Who marries Richmond's daughter, born betweene
> Two royal parents, and endowed a queene.
> *Sir John Beaumont's Bosworth Field.*

The father's fate must have had its effect in securing the fortunes of the son. Young Brandon grew up with Henry the Seventh's children, and was the playmate of his future king and bride. The prince, as he increased in years, seems to have carried the idea of Brandon with him like that of a second self; and the princess, whose affection was not hindered from becoming personal by anything sisterly, nor, on the other hand, allowed to waste itself in too equal a familiarity, may have felt a double impulse given to it by the improbability of her ever being suffered to become his wife. Royal females, in most countries, have certainly none of the advantages of their rank, whatever the males may have

Mary was destined to taste the usual bitterness of their lot; but she was repaid. At the conclusion of the war with France, she was married to the old king Louis the Twelfth, who witnessed from a couch the exploits of her future husband at the tournaments. The doings of Charles Brandon that time were long remembered. The love between him and the young queen was suspected by the French Court; and he had just seen her enter Paris in the midst of a gorgeous procession, like Aurora come to marry Tithonus. Brandon dealt his chivalry about him accordingly with such irresistible vigor, that the dauphin, in a fit of jealousy, secretly introduced into the contest a huge German, who was thought to be of a strength incomparable. But Brandon grappled with him, and with seeming disdain and detection, so pummelled him about the head with the hilt of his sword, that the blood burst through the vizor. Imagine the feelings of the queen, when he came and made her an offering of the German's shield! Drayton, in his Heroical Epistle, we know not on what authority, tells us, that on one occasion during the combats, perhaps this particular one, she could not help crying out, "Hurt not my sweet Charles," or words to that effect. He then pleasantly represents her as doing away suspicion by falling to commendations of the dauphin, and affecting not to know who the conquering knight was—an ignorance not very probable; but the knights sometimes disguised themselves purposely.

The old king did not long survive his festivities. He died in less than three months, on the first day of the year 1515; and Brandon, who had been created Duke of Suffolk the year before, reappeared at the French court, with letters of condolence, and more persuasive looks. The royal widow was young, beautiful, and rich; and it was likely that her hand would be sought by many princely lovers; but she was now resolved to reward herself for her sacrifice, and in less than two months she privately married her first love. The queen, says a homely but not mean poet (Warner, in his *Albion's England*), thought that to cast too many doubts

> Were oft to erre no lesse
> Than to be rash: and thus a doubt

The gentle queen did guesse,
That seeing this or that, at first,
Or last, had likelyhood,
A man so much a manly man
Were dastardly withstood.
Then kisses revelled on their lips,
To either's equal good.

Henry showed great anger at first, real or pretended; but he had not then been pampered into unbearable self-will by a long reign of tyranny. He forgave his sister and friend; and they were publicly wedded at Greenwich on the 13th of May.

It was during the festivities on this occasion (at least we believe so, for we have not the chivalrous Lord Herbert's Life of Henry the Eighth by us, which is most probably the authority for the story; and being a good thing, it is omitted, as usual, by the historians) that Charles Brandon gave a proof of the fineness of his nature, equally just towards himself, and conciliating towards the jealous. He appeared, at a tournament, on a saddle-cloth, made half of frize and half of cloth-of-gold, and with a motto on each half. One of the mottos ran thus:

Cloth of frize, be not too bold,
Though thou art match'd with cloth of gold.

The other:

Cloth of gold, do not despise,
Though thou art matched with cloth of frize.

It is this beautiful piece of sentiment which puts a heart into his history and makes it worthy remembering.

CHAPTER IX.

On the Household Gods of the Ancients.

THE Ancients had three kinds of Household Gods—the Daimon (Dæmon) or Genius, the Penates, and the Lares. The first was supposed to be a spirit allotted to every man from his birth, some say with a companion; and that one of them was a suggester of good thoughts and the other of evil. It seems, however, that the Genius was a personification of the conscience, or rather of the prevailing impulses of the mind, or the other self of a man; and it was in this sense most likely that Socrates condescended to speak of his well-known Dæmon, Genius, or Familiar Spirit, who, as he was a good man, always advised him to a good end. The Genius was thought to paint ideas upon the mind in as lively a manner as if in a looking-glass; upon which we chose which of them to adopt. Spenser, a deeply learned as well as imaginative poet, describes it in one of his most comprehensive though not most poetical stanzas, as

> —— That celestial Powre, to whom the care
> Of life, and generatiõn of all
> That lives, pertaine in charge particulare;
> Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
> And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,
> And ofte of secret ills bids us beware:
> That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see
> Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee.
>
> Therefore a God him sage antiquity
> Did wisely make.—*Faerie Queene*, book ii., st. 47.

Of the belief in an Evil Genius, a celebrated example is furnished in Plutarch's account of Brutus's vision, of which Shakspeare has given so fine a version (*Julius Cæsar*, Act 4, Sc. 3). Beliefs of this kind seem traceable from one superstition to

another, and in some instances are immediately so. But fear, and ignorance, and even the humility of knowledge, are at hand to furnish them, where precedent is wanting. There is no doubt, however, that the Romans, who copied and in general vulgarized the Greek mythology, took their Genius from the Greek Daimon: and as the Greek word has survived and taken shape in the common word Dæmon, which, by scornful reference to the Heathen religion, came at last to signify a Devil, so the Latin word Genius, not having been used by the translators of the Greek Testament, has survived with a better meaning, and is employed to express our most genial and intellectual faculties. Such and such a man is said to indulge his genius—he has a genius for this and that art—he has a noble genius, a fine genius, an original and peculiar genius. And as the Romans, from attributing a genius to every man at his birth, came to attribute one to places and to soils, and other more comprehensive peculiarities, so we have adopted the same use of the term into our poetical phraseology. We speak also of the genius or idiomatic peculiarity of a language. One of the most curious and edifying uses of the word Genius took place in the English translation of the French *Arabian Nights*, which speaks of our old friends the Genie and the Genies. This is nothing more than the French word retained from the original translator, who applied the Roman word Genius to the Arabian Dive or Elf.

One of the stories with which Pausanias has enlivened his description of Greece, is relative to a Genius. He says that one of the companions of Ulysses having been killed by the people of Temesa, they were fated to sacrifice a beautiful virgin every year to his manes. They were about to immolate one as usual, when Euthymus, a conqueror in the Olympic Games, touched with pity at her fate and admiration of her beauty, fell in love with her, and resolved to try if he could not put an end to so terrible a custom. He accordingly got permission from the state to marry her, provided he could rescue her from her dreadful expectant. He armed himself, waited in the temple, and the genius appeared. It was said to have been of an appalling presence. Its shape was every way formidable, its color of an intense black, and it was girded about with a wolf-skin. But

Euthymus fought and conquered it; upon which it fled madly, not only beyond the walls, but the utmost bounds of Temesa, and rushed into the sea.

The Penates were gods of the house and family. Collectively speaking they also presided over cities, public roads, and at last over all places with which men were conversant. Their chief government however was supposed to be over the most inner and secret part of the house, and the subsistence and welfare of its inmates. They were chosen at will out of the number of the gods, as the Roman in modern times chose his favorite saint. In fact they were only the higher gods themselves, descending into a kind of household familiarity. They were the personification of a particular Providence. The most striking mention of the Penates which we can call to mind is in one of Virgil's most poetical passages. It is where they appear to Æneas to warn him from Crete, and announce his destined empire in Italy. (Lib. III., v. 147.)

Nox erat, et terris animalia somnus habebat:
Effigies sacræ divûm, Phrygiique Penates,
Quos mecum a Troja, mediisque ex ignibus urbis
Extuleram, visi ante oculos adstare jacentis
In somnis, multo manifesti lumine, qua se
Plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras

'Twas night; and sleep was on all living things
I lay, and saw before my very eyes
Dread shapes of gods, and Phrygian deities,
The great Penates; whom with reverent joy
I bore from out the heart of burning Troy.
Plainly I saw them, standing in the light
Which the moon poured into the room that night.

And again, after they had addressed him—

Nec sopor illud erat: sed coram agnoscere vultus,
Velatasque comas, præsentiaque ora videbar:
Tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor.

It was no dream: I saw them face to face,
Their hooded hair; and felt them so before
My being, that I burst at every pore.

The Lares, or Lars, were the lesser and most familiar Household Gods, and though their offices were afterwards extended a good deal, in the same way as those of the Penates, with whom they are often confounded, their principal sphere was the fireplace. This was in the middle of the room; and the statues of the Lares generally stood about it in little niches. They are said to have been in the shape of monkeys; more likely mannikins, or rude little human images. Some were made of wax, some of stone, and others doubtless of any material for sculpture. They were represented with good-natured grinning countenances, were clothed in skins, and had little dogs at their feet. Some writers make them the offspring of the goddess Mania, who presided over the spirits of the dead; and suppose that originally they were the same as those spirits; which is a very probable as well as agreeable superstition, the old nations of Italy having been accustomed to bury their dead in their houses. Upon this supposition the good or benevolent spirits were called Familiar Lares, and the evil or malignant ones Larvæ and Lemures. Thus Milton, in his awful Hymn on the Nativity:—

> In consecrated earth,
> And on the holy hearth,
> The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint.
> In urns and altars round,
> A drear and dying sound
> Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint
> And the chill marble seems to sweat,
> While each Peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

But Ovid tells a story of a gossiping nymph Lara, who having told Juno of her husband's amour with Juturna, was "sent to Hell" by him, and courted by Mercury on the road; the consequence of which was the birth of the Lares. This seems to have a natural reference enough to the gossiping over fireplaces.

It is impossible not to be struck with the resemblance between these lesser household Gods and some of the offices of our old English elves and fairies. Dacier, in a note upon Horace (Lib. I., Od. 12), informs us, that in some parts of Languedoc, in his

time, the fire-place was still called the Lar; and that the name was also given to houses.

Herrick, a poet of the Anacreontic order in the time of Elizabeth, who was visited, perhaps more than any other, except Spenser, with a sense of the pleasantest parts of the ancient mythology, has written some of his lively little odes upon the Lares. We have not them by us at this moment, but we remember one beginning,—

> It was, and still my care is
> To worship you, the Lares.

We take the opportunity of the Lar's being mentioned in it, to indulge ourselves in a little poem of Martial's, very charming for its simplicity. It is an Epitaph on a child of the name of Erotion.

> Hic festinata requiescit Erotion umbra,
> Crimine quam fati sexta peremit hiems.
> Quisquis eris nostri post me regnator agelli,
> Manibus exiguis annua justa dato.
> Sic Lare perpetuo, sic turba sospite, solus
> Flebilis in terra sit lapis iste tua.

THE EPITAPH OF EROTION.

> Underneath this greedy stone
> Lies little sweet Erotion;
> Whom the fates, with hearts as cold,
> Nipt away at six years old.
> Thou, whoever thou may'st be,
> That hast this small field after me,
> Let the yearly rites be paid
> To her little slender shade;
> So shall no disease or jar
> Hurt thy house or chill thy Lar:
> But this tomb here be alone,
> The only melancholy stone.

CHAPTER X.

Social Genealogy.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil (*Trist.*, Lib. IV., v. 51). But still he thinks the sight of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; which he did, with great satisfaction. Now such of us as have shaken hands with a living poet, might be able to reckon up a series of connecting shakes, to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona.

With some living poets it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant; and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat apocryphal, or rather dependant on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the story from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Drayton, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all

undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

In this friendly genealogy we have omitted the numerous side-branches or common friendships. It may be mentioned, however, in order not to omit Spenser, that Davenant resided some time in the family of Lord Brooke, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. Spenser's intimacy with Sidney is mentioned by himself in a letter, still extant, to Gabriel Harvey.

We will now give the authorities for our intellectual pedigree. Sheridan is mentioned in Boswell as being admitted to the celebrated club of which Johnson, Goldsmith, and others were members. He had just written the *School for Scandal*, which made him the more welcome. Of Johnson's friendship with Savage (we cannot help beginning the sentence with his favorite leading preposition), the well-known life is an interesting record. It is said that in the commencement of their friendship, they sometimes wandered together about London for want of a lodging—more likely for Savage's want of it, and Johnson's fear of offending him by offering a share of his own. But we do not remember how this circumstance is related by Boswell.

Savage's intimacy with Steele is recorded in a pleasant anecdote which he told Johnson. Sir Richard once desired him, "with an air of the utmost importance," says his biographer, "to come very early to his house the next morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire, but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde-park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation, ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without

reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

"Mr. Savage then imagined that his task was over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for, and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production for sale for two guineas, which with some difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning."

Steele's acquaintance with Pope, who wrote some papers for his Guardian, appears in the letters and other works of the wits of that time. Johnson supposes that it was his friendly interference, which attempted to bring Pope and Addison together after a jealous separation. Pope's friendship with Congreve appears also in his letters. He also dedicated the Iliad to Congreve, over the heads of peers and patrons. The dramatist, whose conversation most likely partook of the elegance and wit of his writings, and whose manners appear to have rendered him a universal favorite, had the honor, in his youth, of attracting the respect and regard of Dryden. He was publicly hailed by him as his successor, and affectionately bequeathed the care of his laurels. Dryden did not know who had been looking at him in the coffee-house.

> Already I am worn with cares and age,
> And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage;
> Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
> I live a rent-charge on his providence.
> But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
> Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
> Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
> Against your judgment, your departed friend!
> Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
> But shade those laurels which descend to you.

Congreve did so, with great tenderness.

Dryden is reported to have asked Milton's permission to turn his Paradise Lost into a rhyming tragedy, which he called the *State of Innocence*, or the *Fall of Man;* a work, such as might be

expected from such a mode of alteration. The venerable poet is said to have answered, "Ay, young man, you may tag my verses, if you will." Be the connexion, however, of Dryden with Milton, or of Milton with Davenant, as it may, Dryden wrote the alteration of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, as it is now perpetrated, in conjunction with Davenant. They were great hands, but they should not have touched the pure grandeur of Shakspeare. The intimacy of Davenant with Hobbes is to be seen by their correspondence prefixed to Gondibert. Hobbes was at one time secretary to Lord Bacon, a singularly illustrious instance of servant and master. Bacon also had Ben Jonson for a retainer in a similar capacity; and Jonson's link with the preceding writers could be easily supplied through the medium of Greville and Sidney, and indeed of many others of his contemporaries. Here, then, we arrive at Shakspeare, and feel the electric virtue of his hand. Their intimacy, dashed a little, perhaps, with jealousy on the part of Jonson, but maintained to the last by dint of the nobler part of him, and of Shakspeare's irresistible fineness of nature, is a thing as notorious as their fame. Fuller says: "Many were the wit-combates betwixt (Shakspeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning: solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." This is a happy simile, with the exception of what is insinuated about Jonson's greater solidity. But let Jonson show for himself the affection with which he regarded one, who did not irritate or trample down rivalry, but rose above it like the sun, and turned emulation to worship.

> Soul of the age!
> Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
> My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
> Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
> A little further, to make thee a room;
> Thou art a monument without a tomb;
> And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
> And we have wits to read, and praise to give
> * * * * *
> He was not of an age, but for all time.

CHAPTER XI.

Angling.

THE anglers are a race of men who puzzle us. We do not mean for their patience, which is laudable, nor for the infinite non-success of some of them, which is desirable. Neither do we agree with the good old joke attributed to Swift, that angling is always to be considered as "a stick and a string, with a fly at one end and a fool at the other." Nay, if he had books with him, and a pleasant day, we can account for the joyousness of that prince of punters, who, having been seen in the same spot one morning and evening, and asked whether he had had any success, said, No, but in the course of the day he had had "a glorious nibble."

But the anglers boast of the innocence of their pastime; yet it puts fellow-creatures to the torture. They pique themselves on their meditative faculties; and yet their only excuse is a want of thought. It is this that puzzles us. Old Isaac Walton, their patriarch, speaking of his inquisitorial abstractions on the banks of a river, says,

> Here we may
> Think and pray,
> Before death
> Stops our breath.
> Other joys
> Are but toys,
> And to be lamented.

So saying, he "stops the breath" of a trout, by plucking him up into an element too thin to respire, with a hook and a tortured worm in his jaws—

> Other joys
> Are but toys

If you ride, walk, or skate, or play at cricket, or at rackets, or enjoy a ball or a concert, it is "to be lamented." To put pleasure into the faces of half a dozen agreeable women, is a toy unworthy of the manliness of a worm-sticker. But to put a hook into the gills of a carp—there you attain the end of a reasonable being; there you show yourself truly a lord of the creation. To plant your feet occasionally in the mud, is also a pleasing step. So is cutting your ancles with weeds and stones—

> Other joys
> Are but toys.

The book of Isaac Walton upon angling is a delightful performance in some respects. It smells of the country air, and of the flowers in cottage windows. Its pictures of rural scenery, its simplicity, its snatches of old songs, are all good and refreshing; and his prodigious relish of a dressed fish would not be grudged him, if he had killed it a little more decently. He really seems to have a respect for a piece of salmon; to approach it, like the grace, with his hat off. But what are we to think of a man, who, in the midst of his tortures of other animals, is always valuing himself on his harmlessness; and who actually follows up one of his most complacent passages of this kind, with an injunction to impale a certain worm twice upon the hook, because it is lively, and might get off! All that can be said of such an extraordinary inconsistency is, that having been bred up in an opinion of the innocence of his amusement, and possessing a healthy power of exercising voluntary thoughts (as far as he had any), he must have dozed over the opposite side of the question, so as to become almost, perhaps quite, insensible to it. And angling does, indeed, seem the next thing to dreaming. It dispenses with locomotion, reconciles contradictions, and renders the very countenance null and void. A friend of ours, who is an admirer of Walton, was struck, just as we were, with the likeness of the old angler's face to a fish. It is hard, angular, and of no expression. It seems to have been "subdued to what it worked in;" to have become native to the watery element. One might have said to Walton, "Oh! flesh, how art thou fishified!" He looks like a pike, dressed in broadcloth instead of butter.

The face of his pupil and follower, or, as he fondly called himself, son, Charles Cotton, a poet and a man of wit, is more good-natured and uneasy.* Cotton's pleasures had not been confined to fishing. His sympathies, indeed, had been a little superabundant, and left him, perhaps, not so great a power of thinking as he pleased. Accordingly, we find in his writings more symptoms of scrupulousness upon the subject than in those of his father.

Walton says, that an angler does no hurt but to fish; and this he counts as nothing. Cotton argues, that the slaughter of them is not to be "repented;" and he says to his father (which looks as if the old gentleman sometimes thought upon the subject too),

> There whilst behind some bush we wait
> The scaly people to betray,
> We'll *prove it just*, with treacherous bait,
> To make the preying trout our prey.

This argument, and another about fish's being made for "man's pleasure and diet," are all that anglers have to say for the innocence of their sport. But they are both as rank sophistications as can be; sheer beggings of the question. To kill fish outright is a different matter. Death is common to all; and a trout, speedily killed by a man, may suffer no worse fate than from the jaws of a pike. It is the mode, the lingering cat-like cruelty of the angler's sport, that renders it unworthy. If fish were made to be so treated, then men were also made to be racked and throttled by inquisitors. Indeed, among other advantages of angling, Cotton reckons up a tame, fish-like acquiescence to whatever the powerful choose to inflict.

> We scratch not our pates,
> Nor repine at the rates
> Our superiors impose on our living:
> But do frankly submit,
> Knowing they have more wit
> In demanding, than we have in giving.

* The reader may see both the portraits in the late editions of Walton

Whilst quiet we sit
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission, &c.

And this was no pastoral fiction. The anglers of those times, whose skill became famous from the celebrity of their names, chiefly in divinity, were great fallers-in with passive obedience. They seemed to think (whatever they found it necessary to say now and then upon that point) that the great had as much right to prey upon men, as the small had upon fishes; only the men, luckily, had not hooks put into their jaws, and the sides of their cheeks torn to pieces. The two most famous anglers in history are Antony and Cleopatra. These extremes of the angling character are very edifying.

We should like to know what these grave divines would have said to the heavenly maxim of "Do as you would be done by." Let us imagine ourselves, for instance, a sort of human fish. Air is but a rarer fluid; and at present, in this November weather, a supernatural being who should look down upon us from a higher atmosphere, would have some reason to regard us as a kind of pedestrian carp. Now fancy a Genius fishing for us. Fancy him baiting a great hook with pickled salmon, and twitching up old Isaac Walton from the banks of the river Lee, with the hook through his ear. How he would go up, roaring and screaming, and thinking the devil had got him!

Other joys
Are but toys.

We repeat, that if fish were made to be so treated, then we were just as much made to be racked and suffocated; and a foot-pad might have argued that old Isaac was made to have his pocket picked, and be tumbled into the river. There is no end of these idle and selfish beggings of the question, which at last argue quite as much against us as for us. And granting them, for the sake of argument, it is still obvious, on the very same ground, that men were also made to be taught better. We do not say, that all anglers are of a cruel nature; many of them, doubtless, are amiable men in other matters. They

have only never thought perhaps on that side of the question, or been accustomed from childhood to blink it. But once thinking, their amiableness and their practice become incompatible; and if they should wish, on that account, never to have thought upon the subject, they would only show, that they cared for their own exemption from suffering, and not for its diminution in general.*

* Perhaps the best thing to be said finally about angling is, that not being able to determine whether fish feel it very sensibly or otherwise, we ought to give them the benefit rather than the disadvantage of the doubt, where we *can* help it; and our feelings the benefit, where we cannot.

CHAPTER XII.

Ludicrous Exaggeration.

MEN of wit sometimes like to pamper a joke into exaggeration; into a certain corpulence of facetiousness. Their relish of the thing makes them wish it as large as possible; and the enjoyment of it is doubled by its becoming more visible to the eyes of others. It is for this reason that jests in company are sometimes built up by one hand after another,—"threepiled hyperboles,"—till the over-done Babel topples and tumbles down amidst a merry confusion of tongues.

Falstaff was a great master of this art: he loved a joke as large as himself; witness his famous account of the men in buckram. Thus he tells the Lord Chief Justice, that he had lost his voice "with singing of *anthems*;" and he calls Bardolph's red nose "a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light;" and says it has saved him "a thousand marks in links and torches," walking with it "in the night, betwixt tavern and tavern." See how he goes heightening the account of his recruits at every step:—"You would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks.—A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies—No eye hath seen such scarecrows.—I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had most of them out of prison.—There's but a shirt and a-half in all my company;—and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves."

An old schoolfellow of ours (who, by the way, was more fond of quoting Falstaff than any other of Shakspeare's characters) used to be called upon for a story, with a view to a joke of this sort; it

being an understood thing that he had a privilege of exaggeration, without committing his abstract love of truth. The reader knows the old blunder attributed to Goldsmith about a dish of green peas. Somebody had been applauded in company for advising his cook to take some ill-dressed peas to Hammersmith, "because that was the way to Turn'em Green;" upon which Goldsmith is said to have gone and repeated the pun at another table in this fashion: "John should take those peas, I think, to Hammersmith." "Why so, Doctor?" "Because that is the way to make 'em green." Now our friend would give the blunder with this sort of additional dressing: "At sight of the dishes of vegetables, Goldsmith, who was at his own house, took off the covers, one after another, with great anxiety, till he found that peas were among them; upon which he rubbed his hands with an air of infinite and prospective satisfaction. 'You are fond of peas, Sir?' said one of the company. 'Yes, Sir,' said Goldsmith, 'particularly so:—I eat them all the year round;—I mean, Sir, every day in the season. I do not think there is anybody so fond of peas as I am.' 'Is there any particular reason, Doctor,' asked a gentleman present, 'why you like peas so much, beyond the usual one of their agreeable taste?'—'No, Sir, none whatsoever:—none, I assure you' (here Goldsmith showed a great wish to impress this fact on his guests): 'I never heard any particular encomium or speech about them from any one else: but they carry their own eloquence with them: they are things, Sir, of infinite taste.' (Here a laugh, which put Goldsmith in additional spirits.) 'But, bless me!' he exclaimed, looking narrowly into the peas:—'I fear they are very ill-done: they are absolutely yellow instead of *green*' (here he put a strong emphasis on green); 'and you know, peas should be emphatically green:—greenness in a pea is a quality as essential as whiteness in a lily. The cook has quite spoilt them:—but I'll give the rogue a lecture, gentlemen, with your permission.' Goldsmith then rose and rang the bell violently for the cook, who came in ready booted and spurred. 'Ha!' exclaimed Goldsmith, 'those boots and spurs are your salvation, you knave. Do you know, Sir, what you have done?'—'No, Sir.'—'Why, you have made the peas yellow, Sir. Go instantly, and take 'em to Hammer-

smith.' 'To Hammersmith, Sir?' cried the man, all in astonishment, the guests being no less so:—'please, Sir, why am I to take 'em to Hammersmith?'—'Because, Sir,' (and here Goldsmith looked round with triumphant anticipation) 'that is the way to render those peas green.'"

There is a very humorous piece of exaggeration in Butler's *Remains*,—a collection, by the bye, well worthy of *Hudibras*, and indeed of more interest to the general reader. Butler is defrauded of his fame with readers of taste who happen to be no politicians, when *Hudibras* is printed without this appendage The piece we allude to is a short description of Holland:

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of nature;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak
* * * * * *
That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes.
A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

We do not know, and perhaps it would be impossible to discover, whether Butler wrote his minor pieces before those of the great patriot Andrew Marvell, who rivalled him in wit and excelled him in poetry. Marvell, though born later, seems to have been known earlier as an author. He was certainly known publicly before him. But in the political poems of Marvell there is a ludicrous character of Holland, which might be pronounced to be either the copy or the original of Butler's, if in those anti-Batavian times the Hollander had not been baited by all the wits; and were it not probable that the unwieldy monotony of his character gave rise to much the same ludicrous imagery in many of their fancies. Marvell's wit has the advantage of Butler's, not in learning or multiplicity of contrasts (for nobody ever beat him there), but in a greater variety of them, and in being able, from the more poetical turn of his mind, to bring graver and more imaginative things to wait upon his levity.

He thus opens the battery upon our amphibious neighbor:

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots, when they heaved the lead;
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwrecked cockle and the muscle-shell.
* * * * * * *
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labor,* fished the land to shore;
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if it had been of ambergreece;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away;
Or than those pills which sordid beetles rowl,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.

He goes on in a strain of exquisite hyperbole:—

How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Thorough the centre *their new-catched miles;*
And to the stake *a struggling country* bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground;
Building their wat'ry Babel far more high
To catch the waves, than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injured ocean layed,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what's their Mare Liberum†;
A dayly deluge over them does boil;
The earth and water play at level-coyl;
The fish oft-times the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest:
And oft the Tritons, and the Sea-nymphs, saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau.
Or, as they over the new level ranged,
For pickled herrings, pickled Heeren changed.
Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake;
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings;

* Dryden afterwards, of fighting for gain, in his song of *Come, dare*—

"Tne Gods from above the mad labor behold."

† A *Free* Ocean

For as with Pigmys, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains.
Not who first sees the rising sun, commands;
But who could first discern the rising lands;
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord and country's father speak;
To make a bank was a great plot of state;—
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.

We can never read these and some other ludicrous verses of Marvell, even when by ourselves, without laughter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Gilbert! Gilbert!

THE sole idea generally conveyed to us by historians of Thomas à Becket is that of a haughty priest, who tried to elevate the religious power above the civil. But in looking more narrowly into the accounts of him, it appears that for a considerable part of his life he was a merry layman, was a great falconer, feaster, and patron, as well as man of business; and he wore all characters with such unaffected pleasantness, that he was called the Delight of the Western World.

On a sudden, to everybody's surprise, his friend the king (Henry II.), from chancellor made him archbishop; and with equal suddenness, though retaining his affability, the new head of the English church put off all his worldly graces and pleasures (save and except a rich gown over his sackcloth, and in the midst of a gay court, became the most mortified of ascetics. Instead of hunting and hawking, he paced a solitary cloister; instead of his wine, he drank fennel-water; and in lieu of soft clothing, he indulged his back in stripes.

This phenomenon has divided the opinions of the moral critics. Some insist that Becket was religiously in earnest, and think the change natural to a man of the world, whose heart had been struck with reflection. Others see in his conduct nothing but ambition. We suspect that three parts of the truth are with the latter; and that Becket, suddenly enabled to dispute a kind of sovereignty with his prince and friend, gave way to the new temptation, just as he had done to his falconry and fine living. But the complete alteration of his way of life,—the enthusiasm which enabled him to set up so different a greatness against his former one—shows that his character partook at least of as much sincerity as would enable him to delude himself in good taste.

In proportion as his very egotism was concerned, it was likely that such a man would exalt the gravity and importance of his new calling. He had flourished at an earthly court: he now wished to be as great a man in the eyes of another; and worldly power, which was at once to be enjoyed and despised by virtue of his office, had a zest given to its possession, of which the incredulousness of mere insincerity could know nothing.

Thomas à Becket may have inherited a romantic turn of mind from his mother, whose story is a singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, a flourishing citizen, had been in his youth a soldier in the crusades; and being taken prisoner, became slave to an Emir, or Saracen prince. By degrees he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a personage who became more attached to him. This was the Emir's daughter. Whether by her means or not does not appear, but after some time he contrived to escape. The lady with her loving heart followed him. She knew, they say, but two words of his language,—London and Gilbert; and by repeating the former she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England, and found her trusting way to the metropolis. She then took to her other talisman, and went from street to street pronouncing "Gilbert!" A crowd collected about her wherever she went, asking of course a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer—Gilbert! Gilbert!—She found her faith in it sufficient. Chance, or her determination to go through every street, brought her at last to the one in which he who had won her heart in slavery, was living in good condition. The crowd drew the family to the window; his servant recognized her; and Gilbert Becket took to his arms and his bridal bed, his far-come princess, with her solitary fond word.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fatal Mistake of Nervous Disorders for Madness.

Some affecting catastrophes in the public papers induce us to say a few words on the mistaken notions which are so often, in our opinion, the cause of their appearance. It is much to be wished that some physician, truly so called, and philosophically competent to the task, would write a work on this subject. We have plenty of books on symptoms and other alarming matters, very useful for increasing the harm already existing. We believe also there are some works of a different kind, if not written in direct counteraction; but the learned authors are apt to be so grand and etymological in their title-pages, that they must frighten the general understanding with their very advertisements.

There is this great difference between what is generally understood by the word madness, and the nervous or melancholy disorders, the excess of which is so often confounded with it. Madness is a consequence of malformation of the brain, and is by no means of necessity attended with melancholy or even ill-health. The patient, in the very midst of it, is often strong, healthy and even cheerful. On the other hand, nervous disorders, or even melancholy in its most aggravated state, is nothing but the excess of a state of stomach and blood, extremely common. The mind no doubt will act upon that state and exasperate it; but there is great re-action between mind and body: and as it is a common thing for a man in an ordinary fever, or fit of the bile, to be melancholy, and even to do or feel inclined to do an extravagant thing, so it is as common for him to get well and be quite cheerful again. Thus it is among witless people that the true madness will be found. It is the more intelligent that are subject to the other disorders; and a proper use of their intelligence will show them what the disorders are.

But weak treatment may frighten the intelligent. A kind person, for instance, in a fit of melancholy, may confess that he feels an inclination to do some desperate or even cruel thing. This is often treated at once as madness, instead of an excess of the kind just mentioned; and the person seeing he is thought out of his wits, begins to think himself so, and at last acts as if he were. This is a lamentable evil; but it does not stop here. The children or other relatives of the person may become victims to the mistake. They think there is madness, as the phrase is, "in the family;" and so whenever they feel ill, or meet with a misfortune, the thought will prey upon their minds; and this may lead to catastrophes, with which they have really no more to do than any other sick or unfortunate people. How many persons have committed an extravagance in a brain fever, or undergone hallucinations of mind in consequence of getting an ague, or taking opium, or fifty other causes; and yet the moment the least wandering of mind is observed in them, others become frightened; their fright is manifested beyond all necessity; and the patients and their family must suffer for it. They seem to think that no disorder can properly be held a true Christian sickness, and fit for charitable interpretation, but where the patient has gone regularly to bed, and had curtains, and caudle-cups, and nurses about him, like a well-behaved respectable sick gentleman. But this state of things implies muscular weakness, or weakness of that sort which renders the bodily action feeble. Now, in nervous disorders, the muscular action may be as strong as ever; and people may reasonably be allowed a world of illness, sitting in their chairs, or even walking or running.

These mistaken pronouncers upon disease ought to be told, that when they are thus unwarrantably frightened, they are partaking of the very essence of what they misapprehend; for it is *fear*, in all its various degrees and modifications, which is at the bottom of nervousness and melancholy; not fear in its ordinary sense, as opposed to cowardice (for a man who would shudder at a bat or a vague idea, may be bold as a lion against an enemy), but imaginative fear; fear either of something known or of the patient knows not what;—a vague sense of terror,—an impulse,—an apprehension of ill,—dwelling upon some pain-

ful and worrying thought. Now this suffering is invariably connected with a weak state of the body in *some* respects, particularly of the stomach. Hundreds will be found to have felt it, if patients inquire; but the mind is sometimes afraid of acknowledging its apprehensions, even to itself; and thus fear broods over and hatches fear.

These disorders, generally speaking, are greater or less in their effects according to the exercise of reason. But do not let the word be misunderstood: we should rather say, according to the extent of the knowledge. A very imaginative man will indeed be likely to suffer more than others; but if his knowledge is at all in proportion, he will also get through his evil better than an uninformed man suffering great terrors. And the reason is, that he knows how much bodily unhealthiness has to do with it. The very words that frighten the unknowing might teach them better, if understood. Thus insanity itself properly means nothing but unhealthiness or unsoundness. Derangement explains itself, and may surely mean very harmless things. Melancholy is compounded of two words which signify black bile. Hypochondria is the name of one of the regions of the stomach, a very instructive etymology. And lunacy refers to effects, real or imaginary, of particular states of the moon; which if anything after all, are nothing more than what every delicate constitution feels in its degree from particular states of the weather; for weather, like the tides, is apt to be in such and such a condition, when the moon presents such and such a face.

It has been said,

> Great wits to madness nearly are allied

It is curious that he who wrote the saying (Dryden) was a very sound wit to the end of his life; while his wife, who was of a weak understanding, became insane. An excellent writer (Wordsworth) has written an idle couplet about the insanity of poets:

> We poets enter on our path with gladness,
> But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

If he did not mean madness in the ordinary sense, he should not have written this line; if he did, he ought not to have fallen, in the teeth of his better knowledge, into so vulgar an error. There are very few instances of insane poets, or of insane great understandings of any sort. Bacon, Milton, Newton, Shakspeare, Cervantes, &c., were all of minds as sound as they were great. So it has been with the infinite majority of literary men of all countries. If Tasso and a few others were exceptions, they were *but* exceptions; and the derangement in these eminent men has very doubtful characters about it, and is sometimes made a question. It may be pretty safely affirmed, at least, upon an examination of it, that had they not been the clever men they were, it would have been much worse and less equivocal. Collins, whose case was after all one of inanition rather than insanity, had been a free liver; and seems to have been hurt by having a fortune left him. Cowper was weak-bodied, and beset by Methodists. Swift's body was full of bad humors. He himself attributed his disordered system to the effects of a surfeit of fruit on his stomach; and in his last illness he used to break out in enormous boils and blisters. This was a violent effort of nature to help and purify the current of his blood,—the main object in all such cases. Dr. Johnson, who was subject to mists of melancholy, used to fancy he should go mad; but he never did.

Exercise, conversation, cheerful society, amusements of all sorts, or a kind, patient, and gradual helping of the bodily health, till the mind be capable of amusement (for it should never foolishly be told "not to think" of melancholy things, without having something done for it to mend the bodily health),—these are the cures, the only cures, and in our opinion the almost infallible cures of nervous disorders, however excessive. Above all the patient should be told that there has often been an end to that torment of one haunting idea, which is indeed a great and venerable suffering. Many persons have got over it in a week, a few weeks, or a month, some in a few months, some not for years, but they have got over it at last. There is a remarkable instance of this in the life of our great king Alfred. He was seized, says his contemporary biographer, with such a strange

illness while sitting at table, in the twenty-fifth year (we think) of his age, that he shrieked aloud; and for twenty years afterwards this illness so preyed upon him, that the relief of one hour was embittered by what he dreaded would come the next. His disorder is conjectured by some to have been an internal cancer; by others, with more probability, the black bile, or melancholy. The physicians of those times knew nothing about it; and the people showed at once their ignorance, and their admiration of the king, by saying that the devil had caused it out of jealousy. It was probably produced by anxiety for the state of his country; but the same thing which wounded him may have helped to keep him up; for he had plenty of business to attend to, and fought with his own hand in fifty-six pitched battles. Now exactly twenty years after, in the forty-fifth year of his age (if our former recollection is right) this disorder totally left him; and his great heart was where it ought to be, in a heaven of health and calmness.

CHAPTER XV.

Mists and Fogs.

Fogs and mists, being nothing but vapors which the cold air will not suffer to evaporate, must sometimes present a gorgeous aspect next the sun. To the eye of an eagle, or whatever other eyes there may be to look down upon them, they may appear like masses of cloudy gold. In fact, they are but clouds unrisen. The city of London, at the time we are writing this article, is literally a city in the clouds. Its inhabitants walk through the same airy heaps which at other times float over their heads in the sky, or minister with glorious faces to the setting sun.

We do not say, that any one can "hold a fire in his hand" by thinking on a fine sunset; or that sheer imagination of any sort can make it a very agreeable thing to feel as if one's body were wrapped round with cold wet paper; much less to flounder through gutters, or run against posts. But the mind can often help itself with agreeable images against disagreeable ones; or pitch itself round to the best sides and aspects of them. The solid and fiery ball of the sun, stuck as it were, in the thick foggy atmosphere; the moon just winning her way through it, into beams; nay, the very candles and gas-lights in the shop-windows of a misty evening—all have, in our eyes, their agreeable varieties of contrast to the surrounding haze. We have even halted, of a dreary autumnal evening, at that open part of the Strand by St. Clement's, and seen the church, which is a poor structure of itself, take an aspect of ghastly grandeur from the dark atmosphere; looking like a tall white mass, mounting up interminably into the night overhead.

The poets, who are the common friends that keep up the intercourse between nature and humanity, have in numberless pas-

sages done justice to these our melancholy visitors, and shown us what grand personages they are. To mention only a few of the most striking. When Thetis, in the *Iliad* (Lib. i., v. 359), rises out of the sea to console Achilles, she issues forth in a mist; like the Genius in the *Arabian Nights*. The reader is to suppose that the mist, after ascending, comes gliding over the water, and condensing itself into a human shape, lands the white-footed goddess on the shore.

When Achilles, after his long and vindictive absence from the Greek armies, re-appears in consequence of the death of his friend Patroclus, and stands before the appalled Trojan armies, who are thrown into confusion at the very sight, Minerva, to render his aspect the more astonishing and awful, puts about his head a halo of golden mist, streaming upwards with fire (Lib. xviii., v. 205). He shouts aloud under this preternatural diadem; Minerva throws into his shout her own immortal voice with a strange unnatural cry; at which the horses of the Trojan warriors run round with their chariots, and twelve of their noblest captains perish in the crush.

A mist was the usual clothing of the gods, when they descended to earth; especially of Apollo, whose brightness had double need of mitigation. Homer, to heighten the dignity of Ulysses, has finely given him the same covering, when he passes through the court of Antinous, and suddenly appears before the throne. This has been turned to happy account by Virgil, and to a new and noble one by Milton. Virgil makes Æneas issue suddenly from a mist, at the moment when his friends think him lost, and the beautiful queen of Carthage is wishing his presence. Milton—but we will give one or two of his minor uses of mists, by way of making a climax of the one alluded to. If Satan, for instance, goes lurking about Paradise, it is "like a black mist low creeping." If the angels on guard glide about it, upon their gentler errand, it is like fairer vapors:

> On the ground
> Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
> Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
> And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel
> Homeward returning.—(*Par. Lost*, B. xii., v 626.)

Now behold one of his greatest imaginations. The fallen demi-gods are assembled in Pandæmonium, waiting the return of their "great adventurer" from his "search of worlds:"

> He through the midst unmarked,
> In show plebeian angel militant
> Of lowest order, passed; and from the door
> Of that Plutonian hall, invisible,
> Ascended his high throne; which, under state
> Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
> Was placed in regal lustre. Down awhile
> He sat, and round about him saw unseen.
> *At last—as from a cloud, his fulgent head*
> *And shape star-bright appeared,* or brighter; clad
> With what permissive glory since his fall
> Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed
> At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
> Bent their aspect; and whom they wished, beheld,
> Their mighty chief returned.

There is a piece of imagination in Apollonius Rhodius worthy of Milton or Homer. The Argonauts, in broad day-light, are suddenly benighted at sea with a black fog. They pray to Apollo; and he descends from heaven, and lighting on a rock, holds up his illustrious bow, which shoots a guiding light for them to an island.

Spenser, in a most romantic chapter of the *Faery Queene* (Book ii.), seems to have taken the idea of a benighting from Apollonius, as well as to have had an eye to some passages of the Odyssey; but, like all great poets, what he borrows only brings worthy companionship to some fine invention of his own. It is a scene thickly beset with horror. Sir Guyon, in the course of his voyage through the perilous sea, wishes to stop and hear the Syrens; but the palmer, his companion, dissuades him:

> When suddeinly a grosse fog overspred
> With his dull vapor all that desert has,
> And heaven's chearefull face enveloped,
> That all things one, and one as nothing was,
> And this great universe seemed one confused mass.
>
> Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
> How to direct theyr way in darkness wide,

But feared to wander in that wastefull mist
For tombling into mischiefe unespyde:
Worse is the daunger hidden then descride.
Suddeinly an innumerable flight
Of harmfull fowles about them fluttering cride,
And with theyr wicked wings them oft did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
The ill-faced owle, deaths dreadful messengere.
The hoarse night-raven, trump of dolefull drere:
The lether-winged batt, dayes enimy:
The ruefull stritch, still waiting on the bere:
The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy:
The hellish harpies, prophets of sad destiny;

All these, and all that else does horror breed.
About them flew, and fild their sayles with fear;
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stifly steare.

Ovid has turned a mist to his usual account. It is where Jupiter, to conceal his amour with Io, throws a cloud over the vale of Tempe. There is a picture of Jupiter and Io, by Correggio, in which that great artist has finely availed himself of the circumstance; the head of the father of gods and men coming placidly out of the cloud, upon the young lips of Io, like the very benignity of creation.

The poet who is the most conversant with mists is Ossian, who was a native of the north of Scotland or Ireland. The following are as many specimens of his uses of mist as we have room for. The first is very grand; the second as happy in its analogy; the third is ghastly, but of more doubtful merit:

Two Chiefs parted by their King.—They sunk from the king on either side, like two columns of morning mist, when the sun rises between them on his glittering rocks Dark is their rolling on either side, each towards its reedy pool.

A great Enemy —I love a foe like Cathmor: his soul is great; his arm is strong; his battles are full of fame. But the little soul is like a vapor

that hovers round the marshy lake. It never rises on the green hill, lest the winds meet it there.

A terrible Omen.—A mist rose slowly from the lake. It came, in the figure of an aged man, along the silent plain. Its large limbs did not move in steps; for a ghost supported it in mid air. It came towards Selma's hall, and dissolved in a shower of blood.

We must mention another instance of the poetical use of a mist, if it is only to indulge ourselves in one of those masterly passages of Dante, in which he contrives to unite minuteness of detail with the most grand and sovereign effect. It is in a lofty comparison of the planet Mars looking through morning vapors; the reader will see with what (*Purgatorio*, c. ii., v. 10). Dante and his guide Virgil have just left the infernal regions, and are lingering on a solitary sea-shore in purgatory; which reminds us of that still and far-thoughted verse—

Lone sitting by the shores of old romance.

But to our English-like Italian.

Noi eravam lungh' esso 'l mare ancora, &c.

That solitary shore we still kept on,
Like men, who musing on their journey, stay
At rest in body, yet in heart are gone;
When lo! as at the early dawn of day,
Red Mars looks deepening through the foggy heat,
Down in the west, far o'er the watery way;
So did mine eyes behold (so may they yet)
A light, which came so swiftly o'er the sea,
That never wing with such a fervor beat.
I did but turn to ask what it might be
Of my sage leader, when its orb had got
More large meanwhile, and came more gloriously
And by degrees, I saw I knew not what
Of white about it; and beneath the white
Another. My great master uttered not
One word, till those first issuing candours bright
Fanned into wings; but soon as he had found
Who was the mighty voyager now in sight,
He cried aloud, "Down, down, upon the ground,
It is God's Angel."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Shoemaker of Veyros, a Portuguese Tradition.

In the time of the old kings of Portugal, Don John, a natural son of the reigning prince, was governor of the town of Veyros, in the province of Alentejo. The town was situate (perhaps is there still) upon a mountain, at the foot of which runs a river; and at a little distance there was a ford over it, under another eminence. The bed of the river thereabouts was so high as to form a shallow sandy place; and in that clear spot of water, the maidens of Veyros, both of high rank and humble, used to wash their clothes.

It happened one day, that Don John, riding out with a company, came to the spot at the time the young women were so employed: and being, says our author, "a young and lusty gallant," he fell to jesting with his followers upon the bare legs of the busy girls, who had tucked up their clothes, as usual, to their work. He passed along the river; and all his company had not gone by, when a lass in a red petticoat, while tucking it up, showed her legs somewhat high; and clapping her hand on her right calf, said loud enough to be heard by the riders, "Here's a white leg, girls, for the Master of Avis."*

These words, spoken probably out of a little lively bravado, upon the strength of the governor's having gone by, were repeated to him when he got home, together with the action that accompanied them: upon which the young lord felt the eloquence of the speech so deeply, that he contrived to have the fair speaker brought to him in private; and the consequence was, that our lively natural son, and his sprightly challenger, had another natural son.

* An order of knighthood, of which Don John was Master.

Ines (for that was the girl's name) was the daughter of a shoe maker in Veyros; a man of very good account, and wealthy Hearing how his daughter had been sent for to the young gov ernor's house, and that it was her own light behavior that subjected her to what he was assured she willingly consented to, he took it so to heart, that at her return home, she was driven by him from the house, with every species of contumely and spurning. After this he never saw her more. And to prove to the world and to himself, that his severity was a matter of principle, and not a mere indulgence of his own passions, he never afterwards lay in a bed, nor ate at a table, nor changed his linen, nor cut his hair, nails, or beard; which latter grew to such a length, reaching below his knees, that the people used to call him Barbadon, or Old Beardy.

In the meantime, his grandson, called Don Alphonso, not only grew to be a man, but was created Duke of Braganza, his father Don John having been elected to the crown of Portugal; which he wore after such noble fashion, to the great good of his country, as to be surnamed the Memorable. Now the town of Veyros stood in the middle of seven or eight others, all belonging to the young Duke, from whose palace at Villa Viciosa it was but four leagues distant. He therefore had good intelligence of the shoemaker his grandfather; and being of a humane and truly generous spirit, the accounts he received of the old man's way of life made him extremely desirous of paying him a visit. He accordingly went with a retinue to Veyros; and meeting Barbadon in the streets, he alighted from his horse, bareheaded, and in the presence of that stately company and the people, asked the old man his blessing. The shoemaker, astonished at this sudden spectacle, and at the strange contrast which it furnished to his humble rank, stared in a bewildered manner upon the unknown personage, who thus knelt to him in the public way; and said, "Sir, do you mock me?' "No," answered the Duke; "may God so help me, as I do not: but in earnest I crave I may kiss your hand and receive your blessing, for I am your grandson, and son to Ines your daughter, conceived by the king, my lord and father." No sooner had the shoemaker heard these words, than he clapped his hands before his eyes, and said, "God

bless me from ever beholding the son of so wicked a daughter as mine was! And yet, forasmuch as you are not guilty of her offence, hold; take my hand and my blessing, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." So saying, he laid one of his old hands upon the young man's head, blessing him; but neither the Duke nor his followers could persuade him to take the other away from his eyes; neither would he talk with him a word more. In this spirit, shortly after, he died, and just before his death he directed a tomb to be made for him on which were sculptured the tools belonging to his trade, with this epitaph:—

> "This sepulchre Barbadon caused to be made
> (Being of Veyros, a shoemaker by his trade),
> For himself and the rest of his race,
> Excepting his daughter Ines in any case."

The author says, that he has "heard it reported by th ancientest persons, that the fourth Duke of Braganza, Don James, son to Donna Isabel, sister to the King Don Emanuel, caused that tomb to be defaced, being the sepulchre of his fourth grandfather."*

As for the daughter, the conclusion of whose story comes lagging in like a penitent, "she continued," says the writer, "after she was delivered of that son, a very chaste and virtuous woman; and the king made her commandress of Santos, a most honorable place, and very plentiful; to the which none but princesses were admitted, living, as it were, abbesses and princesses of a monastery built without the walls of Lisbon, called Santos, founded by reason of some martyrs that were martyred there. And the religious women of that place have liberty to marry with the knights of their order, before they enter into that holy profession."

The rest of our author's remarks are in too curious a spirit to be omitted. "In this monastery," he says, "the same Donna

* It appears by this, that the Don John of the tradition is John the First, who was elected king of Portugal, and became famous for his great qualities; and that his son by the alleged shoemaker's daughter was his successor, Alphonso the Fifth.

Ines died, leaving behind her a glorious reputation for her virtue and holiness. Observe, gentle reader, the constancy that this Portuguese, a shoemaker, continued in, loathing to behold the honorable estate of his grandchild, nor would any more acknowledge his daughter, having been a lewd woman, for purchasing advancement with dishonor. This considered, you will not wonder at the Count Julian, that plagued Spain, and executed the king Roderigo for forcing his daughter La Cava. The example of this shoemaker is especially worthy the noting, and deeply to be considered: for, besides, that it makes good our assertion, it teaches the higher not to disdain the lower, as long as they be virtuous and lovers of honor. It may be that this old man, for his integrity, rising from a virtuous zeal, merited that a daughter coming by descent from his grandchild, should be made Queen of Castile, and the mother of great Isabel, grandmother to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and Ferdinando."

Alas! a pretty posterity our shoemaker had, in Philip II. and his successors,—a race more suitable to his severity against his child, than his blessing upon his grandchild. Old Barbadon was a fine fellow too, after his fashion. We do not know how he reconciled his unforgiving conduct with his Christianity; but he had enough precedents on that point. What we admire in him is, his showing that he acted out of principle, and did not mistake passion for it. His crepidarian sculptures indeed are not so well; but a little vanity may be allowed to mingle with and soften such edge-tools of self-denial, as he chose to handle. His treatment of his daughter was ignorant, and in wiser times would have been brutal; especially when it is considered how much the conduct of children is modified by education and other circumstances: but then a brutal man would not have accompanied it with such voluntary suffering of his own. Neither did Barbadon leave his daughter to take her chance in the wide world, thinking of the evils she might be enduring, only to give a greater zest of fancied pity to the contentedness of his cruelty. He knew she was well taken care of; and if she was not to have the enjoyment of his society, he was determined that it should be a very uncomfortable one to himself. He knew that she lay on a princely bed, while he would have none at all. He knew that

she was served upon gold and silver, while he renounced his old chestnut table,—the table at which she used to sit. He knew while he sat looking at his old beard, and the wilful sordidness of his hands, that her locks and her fair limbs were objects of worship to the gallant and the great. And so he set off his destitutions against her over-possession; and took out the punishment he gave her, in revenge upon himself. This was the instinct of a man who loved a principle, but hated nobody:—of a man who, in a wiser time, would have felt the wisdom of kindness. Thus his blessing upon his grandchild becomes consistent with his cruelty to his child: and his living stock was a fine one in spite of him. His daughter showed a sense of the wound she had given such a father, by relinquishing the sympathies she loved, because they had hurt him: and her son, worthy of such a grandfather and such a daughter, and refined into a gracefulness of knowledge by education, thought it no mean thing or vulgar to kneel to the grey-headed artisan in the street, and beg the blessing of his honest hand.

CHAPTER XVII.

More News of Ulysses.

TALKING the other day with a friend* about Dante, he observed, that whenever so great a poet told anything in addition or continuation of an ancient story, he had a right to be regarded as classical authority. For instance, said he, when he tells us of that characteristic death of Ulysses in one of the books of his *Inferno*, we ought to receive the information as authentic, and be glad that we have more news of Ulysses than we looked for.

We thought this a happy remark, and instantly turned with him to the passage in question. The last account of Ulysses in the ancient poets, is his sudden re-appearance before the suitors at Ithaca. There is something more told of him, it is true, before the Odyssey concludes; but with the exception of his visit to his aged father, our memory scarcely wishes to retain it; nor does it controvert the general impression left upon us, that the wandering hero is victorious over his domestic enemies; and reposes at last, and for life, in the bosom of his family.

The lesser poets, however, could not let him alone. Homer leaves the general impression upon one's mind, as to the close of his life; but there are plenty of obscurer fables about it still. We have specimens in modern times of this propensity never to have done with a good story; which is natural enough, though not very wise; nor are the best writers likely to meddle with it. Thus Cervantes was plagued with a spurious *Quixote;* and our circulating libraries have the adventures of *Tom Jones in his Married State*. The ancient writers on the present subject, availing themselves of an obscure prophecy of Tiresias, who tells Ulysses on his visit to hell, that his old enemy the sea would by the death of him at last, bring over the sea Telegonus, his

* The late Mr. Keats.

son by the goddess Circe, who gets into a scuffle with the Ithacans, and kills his father unknowingly. It is added that Telegonus afterwards returned to his mother's island, taking Penelope and her half-brother Telemachus with him; and here a singular arrangement takes place, more after the fashion of a modern Catholic dynasty, than an ancient heathen one; for while Œdipus was fated to undergo such dreadful misfortunes for marrying his mother without the knowledge of either party, Minerva herself comes down from heaven, on the present occasion, to order Telegonus, the son of Ulysses, to marry his father's wife; the other son at the same time making a suitable match with his father's mistress, Circe. Telemachus seems to have had the best of this extraordinary bargain, for Circe was a goddess, consequently always young; and yet to perplex these windings-up still more, Telemachus is represented by some as marrying Circe's daughter, and killing his immortal mother-in-law. Nor does the character of the chaste and enduring Penelope escape in the confusion. Instead of waiting her husband's return in that patient manner, she is reported to have been overhospitable to all the suitors; the consequence of which was a son called Pan, being no less a personage than the god Pan himself, or Nature; a fiction, as Bacon says, "applied very absurdly and indiscreetly." There are different stories respecting her lovers; but it is reported that when Ulysses returned from Troy, he divorced her for incontinence; and that she fled, and passed her latter days in Mantinea. Some even go so far as to say, that her father Icarius had attempted to destroy her when young, because the oracle had told him that she would be the most dissolute of the family. This was probably invented by the comic writers out of a buffoon malignity; for there are men, so foolishly incredulous with regard to principle, that the reputation of it, even in a fiction, makes them impatient.

Now it is impossible to say, whether Dante would have left Ulysses quietly with Penelope after all his sufferings, had he known them as described in Homer. The old Florentine, though wilful enough when he wanted to dispose of a modern's fate, had great veneration for his predecessors. At all events, he was not acquainted with Homer's works. They did not make

their way back into Italy till a little later. But there were Latin writers extant, who might have informed him of the other stories relative to Ulysses; and he saw nothing in them to hinder him from giving the great wanderer a death of his own.

He has accordingly, with great attention to nature, made him impatient of staying at home, after a life of such adventure and excitement. But we will relate the story in his own order. He begins it with one of his most romantic pieces of wildness. The poet and his guide Virgil are making the best of their difficult path along a ridge of the craggy rock that overhangs the eighth gulf of hell; when Dante, looking down, sees the abyss before him full of flickering lights, as numerous, he says, as the fire-flies which a peasant, reposing on a hill, sees filling the valley, of a hot evening. Every flame shot about separately; and he knew that some terrible mystery or other accompanied it. As he leaned down from the rock, grasping one of the crags, in order to look closer, his guide, who perceived his earnestness, said, "Within those fires are spirits; everyone swathed in what is burning him." Dante told him, that he had already guessed as much; and pointing to one of them in particular, asked who was in that fire which was divided at top, as though it had ascended from the funeral pile of the hating Theban brothers. "Within that," answered Virgil, "are Diomed and Ulysses, who speed together now to their own misery, as they used to do to that of others." They were suffering the penalty of the various frauds they had perpetrated in concert; such as the contrivance of the Trojan horse, and the *theft* of the Palladium. Dante entreats, that if those who are within the sparkling horror can speak, it may be made to come near. Virgil says it shall; but begs the Florentine not to question it himself, as the spirits, being Greek, might be shy of holding discourse with him. When the flame has come near enough to be spoken to, Virgil addresses the "two within one fire;" and requests them, if he ever deserved anything of them as a poet, great or little, that they would not go away, till one of them had told him how he came in that extremity.

At this, says Dante, the greater horn of the old fire began to lap hither and thither, murmuring; like a flame struggling with the wind. The top then, yearning to and fro, like a tongue try-

ing to speak, threw out a voice, and said: "When I departed from Circe, who withdrew me to her for more than a year in the neighborhood of Gaieta, before Æneas had so named it, neither the sweet company of my son, nor pious affection of my old father, nor the long-owed love with which I ought to have gladdened Penelope, could conquer the ardor that was in me to become wise in knowledge of the world, of man's vices, and his virtue. I put forth into the great open deep with only one bark, and the small remaining crew by whom I had not been left. I saw the two shores on either side, as far as Spain and Morocco; and the island of Sardinia, and the other isles which the sea there bathes round about. Slowly we went, my companions and I, for we were old; till at last we came to that narrow outlet, where Hercules set up his pillars, that no man might go further. I left Seville on the right hand; on the other I had left Ceuta. O brothers, said I, who through a hundred thousand perils are at length arrived at the west, deny not to the short waking day that yet remains to our senses, an insight into the unpeopled world, setting your backs upon the sun. Consider the stock from which ye sprang: ye were not made to live like the brute beasts, but to follow virtue and knowledge. I so sharpened my companions with this little speech on our way, that it would have been difficult for me to have withheld them, if I would. We left the morning right in our stern, and made wings of our oars for the idle flight, always gaining upon the left. The night now beheld all the stars of the other pole; while our own was so low, that it arose not out of the ocean floor. Five times the light had risen underneath the moon, and five times fallen, since we put forth upon the great deep; when we descried a dim mountain in the distance, which appeared higher to me than any I had seen ever before. We rejoiced, and as soon mourned: for there sprung a whirlwind from the new land, and struck the foremost frame of our vessel. Three times, with all the waters, it whirled us round; at the fourth it dashed the stern up in air, and the prow downwards; till, as seemed fit to others, the ocean closed above our heads."

Tre volte il fè girar con tutte l' acque:
A la quarta levar '· poppa in suso.

E la prora ire in giù, come altrui piacque,
Infin ch 'l mar fu sopra noi richiuso.

Why poor Ulysses should find himself in hell after his immersion, and be condemned to a swathing of eternal fire, while St. Dominic, who deluged Christianity with fire and blood, is called a Cherubic Light, the Papist, not the poet, must explain. He puts all the Pagans in hell, because, however good some of them may have been, they lived before Christ, and could not worship God properly—(*debitamente*). But he laments their state, and represents them as suffering a mitigated punishment; they *only* live in a state of perpetual desire without hope (*sol di tanto offesi*)! A sufficing misery, it must be allowed; but compared with the horrors he fancies for heretics and others, undoubtedly a great relief. Dante, throughout his extraordinary work, gives many evidences of great natural sensibility; and his countenance, as handed down to us, as well as the shade-struck gravity of his poetry, shows the cuts and disquietudes of heart he must have endured. But unless the occasional hell of his own troubles, and his consciousness of the mutability of all things, helped him to discover the brevity of individual suffering as a particular, and the lastingness of nature's benevolence as a universal, and thus gave his poem an intention beyond what appears upon the surface, we must conclude, that a bigoted education, and the fierce party politics in which he was a leader and sufferer, obscured the greatness of his spirit. It is always to be recollected, however, as Mr. Coleridge has observed somewhere in other words, that when men consign each other to eternal punishment and such-like horrors, their belief is rather a venting of present impatience and dislike, than anything which they take it for. The fiercest Papist or Calvinist only flatters himself (a strange flattery, too!) that he could behold a fellow-creature tumbling and shrieking about in eternal fire. He would begin shrieking himself in a few minutes; and think that he and all heaven ought to pass away, rather than that one such agony should continue. Tertullian himself, when he longed to behold the enemies of his faith burning and liquefying, only meant, without knowing it, that he was in an excessive rage at not convincing everybody that read him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Far Countries.

IMAGINATION, though no mean thing, is not a proud one. If it looks down from its wings upon common-places, it only the more perceives the vastness of the region about it. The infinity into which its flight carries it, might indeed throw back upon it a too great sense of insignificance, did not Beauty or Moral Justice, with its equal eye, look through that blank aspect of power, and re-assure it; showing it that there is a power as much above power itself, as the thought that reaches to all, is to the hand that can touch only thus far.

But we do not wish to get into this tempting region of speculation just now. We only intend to show the particular instance in which imagination instinctively displays its natural humility; we mean, the fondness which imaginative times and people have shown for what is personally remote from them; for what is opposed to their own individual consciousness, even in range of space, in farness of situation.

There is no surer mark of a vain people than their treating other nations with contempt, especially those of whom they know least. It is better to verify the proverb, and take everything unknown for magnificent, than predetermine it to be worthless. The gain is greater. The instinct is more judicious. When we mention the French as an instance, we do not mean to be invidious. Most nations have their good as well as bad features. In Vanity Fair there are many booths.

The French, not long ago, praised one of their neighbors so highly, that the latter is suspected to have lost as much modesty, as the former gained by it. But they did this as a set-off against their own despots and bigots. When they again became the greatest power in Europe, they had a relapse of their old egotism The French, though an amiable and intelli-

gent people, are not an imaginative one. The greatest height they go is in a balloon. They get no farther than France, let them go where they will. They "run the great circle and are still at home," like a squirrel in his rolling cage. Instead of going to Nature in their poetry, they would make her come to them, and dress herself at their last new toilet. In philosophy and metaphysics, they divest themselves of gross prejudices, and then think they are in as graceful a state of nakedness as Adam and Eve.

At the time when the French had this fit upon them of praising the English (which was nevertheless the honester one of the two), they took to praising the Chinese for numberless unknown qualities. This seems a contradiction to the near-sightedness we speak of: but the reason they praised them was, that the Chinese had the merit of religious toleration: a great and extraordinary one certainly, and not the less so for having been, to all appearance, the work of one man. All the romance of China, such as it was,—anything in which they differed from the French,—their dress, their porcelain towers, their Great Wall,—was nothing. It was the particular agreement with the philosophers.

It happened, curiously enough, that they could not have selected for their panegyric a nation apparently more contemptuous of others; or at least more self-satisfied and unimaginative. The Chinese are cunning and ingenious; and have a great talent at bowing out ambassadors who come to visit them. But it is somewhat inconsistent with what appears to be their general character, that they should pay strangers even this equivocal compliment; for under a prodigious mask of politeness, they are not slow to evince their contempt of other nations, whenever any comparison is insinuated with the subjects of the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The knowledge they respect in us most is that of gun-making, and of the East-Indian passage. When our countrymen showed them a map of the earth, they inquired for China; and on finding that it only made a little piece in a corner, could not contain their derision. They thought that it was the main territory in the middle, the apple of the world's eye.

On the other hand, the most imaginative nations, in their highest times, have had a respect for remote countries. It is a mistake to suppose that the ancient term barbarian, applied to foreigners, suggested the meaning we are apt to give it. It gathered some such insolence with it in the course of time; but the more intellectual Greeks venerated the countries from which they brought the elements of their mythology and philosophy. The philosopher travelled into Egypt, like a son to see his father. The merchant heard in Phœnicia the far-brought stories of other realms, which he told to his delighted countrymen. It is supposed, that the mortal part of Mentor in the *Odyssey* was drawn from one of these voyagers. When Anacharsis the Scythian was reproached with his native place by an unworthy Greek, he said, "My country may be a shame to me, but you are a shame to your country." Greece had a lofty notion of the Persians and the Great King, till Xerxes came over to teach it better, and betrayed the softness of their skulls.

It was the same with the Arabians, at the time when they had the accomplishments of the world to themselves; as we see by their delightful tales. Everything shines with them in the distance, like a sunset. What an amiable people are their Persians! What a wonderful place is the island of Serendib! You would think nothing could be finer than the Caliph's city of Bagdat, till you hear of "Grand Cairo;" and how has that epithet and that name towered in the imagination of all those, who have not had the misfortune to see the modern city? Sindbad was respected, like Ulysses, because he had seen so many adventures and nations. So was Aboulfaouris the Great Voyager, in the Persian Tales. His very name sounds like a wonder.

With many a tempest had his beard been shaken.

It was one of the workings of the great Alfred's mind, to know about far-distant countries. There is a translation by him of a book of geography; and he even employed people to travel: a great stretch of intellectual munificence for those times. About the same period, Haroun al Raschid (whom our

manhood is startled to find almost a less real person than we thought him, for his very reality) wrote a letter to the Emperor of the West, Charlemagne. Here is Arabian and Italian romance, shaking hands in person.

The Crusades pierced into a new world of remoteness. We do not know whether those were much benefited, who took part in them; but for the imaginative person remaining at home, the idea of going to Palestine must have been like travelling into a supernatural world. When the campaign itself *had* a good effect, it must have been of a very fine and highly-tempered description. Chaucer's Knight had been

> Sometime with the lord of Palatie
> Agen another hethen in Turkie:
> And evermore he had a sovereign price:
> And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
> And of his port as meek as is a mayde.

How like a return from the moon must have been the re-appearance of such travellers as Sir John Mandevile, Marco Polo, and William de Rubruquis, with their news of Prester John, the Great Mogul, and the Great Cham of Tartary! The long-lost voyager must have been like a person consecrated in all the quarters of heaven. His staff and his beard must have looked like relics of his former self. The Venetians, who were some of the earliest European travellers, have been remarked, among their other amiable qualities, for their great respect for strangers. The peculiarity of their position, and the absence of so many things which are common-places to other countries, such as streets, horses, and coaches, add, no doubt, to this feeling. But a foolish or vain people would only feel a contempt for what they did not possess. Milton, in one of those favorite passages of his, in which he turns a nomenclature into such grand meaning and music, shows us whose old footing he had delighted to follow. How he enjoys the distance; emphatically using the words *far, farthest,* and *utmost!*

> —Embassies from regions far remote,
> In various habits, on the Appian road,
> Or on the Emilian; some from farthest south,

Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotick Isle; and more to west
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these;
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane.—*Parad. Reg.*, b. IV.

One of our main helps to our love of remoteness in general, is the associations we connect with it of peace and quietness. Whatever there may be at a distance, people feel as if they should escape from the worry of their local cares. "O that I had wings like a dove! then would I fly away and be at rest." The word *far* is often used wilfully in poetry, to render distance still more distant. An old English song begins—

In Irelande farre over the sea
There dwelt a bonny king.

Thomson, a Scotchman, speaking of the western isles of his own country, has that delicious line, full of a dreary yet lulling pleasure;—

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main.

In childhood, the total ignorance of the world, especially when we are brought up in some confined spot, renders everything beyond the bounds of our dwelling a distance and a romance. Mr. Lamb, in his *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, says that he remembers when some half-dozen of his school-fellows set off, "without map, card, or compass, on a serious expedition to find out Philip Quarll's Island." We once encountered a set of boys as romantic. It was at no greater distance than at the foot of a hill near Hampstead; yet the spot was so perfectly Cisalpine to them, that two of them came up to us with looks of hushing eagerness, and asked "whether, on the other side of that hill, there were not robbers;" to which, the minor adventurer of the two added, "and some say serpents." They had all got bows and arrows, and were evidently hovering about the place, betwixt daring and apprehension, as on the borders of some wild

region. We smiled to think which it was that husbanded their suburb wonders to more advantage, they or we: for while they peopled the place with robbers and serpents, we were peopling it with sylvans and fairies.

"So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old;
Or let me die!
The child is father to the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

CHAPTER XIX.

A Tale for a Chimney Corner.

A MAN who does not contribute his quota of grim story now-a-days, seems hardly to be free of the republic of letters. He is bound to wear a death's head, as part of his insignia. If he does not frighten everybody, he is nobody. If he does not shock the ladies, what can be expected of him?

We confess we think very cheaply of these stories in general. A story, merely horrible or even awful, which contains no sentiment elevating to the human heart and its hopes, is a mere appeal to the least judicious, least healthy, and least masculine of our passions,—fear. They whose attention can be gravely arrested by it, are in a fit state to receive any absurdity with respect; and this is the reason, why less talents are required to enforce it, than in any other species of composition. With this opinion of such things, we may be allowed to say, that we would undertake to write a dozen horrible stories in a day, all of which should make the common worshippers of power, who were not in the very healthiest condition, turn pale. We would tell of Haunting Old Women, and Knocking Ghosts, and Solitary Lean Hands, and Empusas on one Leg, and Ladies growing Longer and Longer, and Horrid Eyes meeting us through Key-holes, and Plaintive Heads, and Shrieking Statues, and Shocking Anomalies of Shape, and Things which when seen drove people mad; and Indigestion knows what besides. But who would measure talents with a leg of veal, or a German sausage?

Mere grimness is as easy as grinning; but it requires something to put a handsome face on a story. Narratives become of suspicious merit in proportion as they lean to Newgate-like offences, particularly of blood and wounds. A child has a reasonable respect for a Raw-head-and-bloody-bones, because all

images whatsoever of pain and terror are new and fearful to his inexperienced age: but sufferings merely physical (unless sublimated like those of Philoctetes) are common-places to a grown man. Images, to become awful to him, must be removed from the grossness of the shambles. A death's-head was a respectable thing in the hands of a poring monk, or of a nun compelled to avoid the idea of life and society, or of a hermit already buried in the desert. Holbein's Dance of Death, in which every grinning skeleton leads along a man of rank, from the pope to the gentleman, is a good Memento Mori; but there the skeletons have an air of the ludicrous and satirical. If we were threatened with them in a grave way, as spectres, we should have a right to ask how they could walk about without muscles. Thus many of the tales written by such authors as the late Mr. Lewis, who wanted sentiment to give him the heart of truth, are quite puerile. When his spectral nuns go about bleeding, we think they ought in decency to have applied to some ghost of a surgeon. His little Grey Men, who sit munching hearts, are of a piece with fellows that eat cats for a wager.

Stories that give mental pain to no purpose, or to very little purpose compared with the unpleasant ideas they excite of human nature, are as gross mistakes, in their way, as these, and twenty times as pernicious: for the latter become ludicrous to grown people. They originate also in the same extremes, of callousness, or of morbid want of excitement, as the others. But more of these hereafter. Our business at present is with things ghastly and ghostly.

A ghost story, to be a good one, should unite, as much as possible, objects such as they are in life, with a preternatural spirit. And to be a perfect one,—at least to add to the other utility of excitement a moral utility,—they should imply some great sentiment,—something that comes out of the next world to remind us of our duties in this; or something that helps to carry on the idea of our humanity into after life, even when we least think we shall take it with us. When "the buried majesty of Denmark" revisits earth to speak to his son Hamlet, he comes armed, as he used to be, in his complete steel. His visor is raised; and

the same fine face is there; only, in spite of his punishing errand and his own sufferings, with

> A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

When Donne the poet, in his thoughtful eagerness to reconcile life and death, had a figure of himself painted in a shroud, and laid by his bedside in a coffin, he did a higher thing than the monks and hermits with their skulls. It was taking his humanity with him into the other world, not affecting to lower the sense of it by regarding it piecemeal or in the frame-work. Burns, in his *Tam O'Shanter*, shows the dead in their coffins after the same fashion. He does not lay bare to us their skeletons or refuse, things with which we can connect no sympathy or spiritual wonder. They still are flesh and body to retain the one; yet so look and behave, inconsistent in their very consistency, as to excite the other.

> Coffins stood round like open presses,
> Which showed the dead in their last dresses:
> And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
> Each, in his cauld hand, held a light.

Re-animation is perhaps the most ghastly of all ghastly things, uniting as it does an appearance of natural interdiction from the next world, with a supernatural experience of it. Our human consciousness is jarred out of its self-possession. The extremes of habit and newness, of common-place and astonishment, meet suddenly, without the kindly introduction of death and change; and the stranger appals us in proportion. When the account appeared the other day in the newspapers of the galvanized dead body, whose features as well as limbs underwent such contortions, that it seemed as if it were about to rise up, one almost expected to hear, for the first time, news of the other world. Perhaps the most appalling figure in Spenser is that of Maleger: (*Fairy Queene*, b. II., c. xi.)

> Upon a tygre swift and fierce he rode,
> That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
> Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground·

Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such subtile substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seemed, whose grave-clothes were unbound.

Mr. Coleridge, in that voyage of his to the brink of all unutterable things, the *Ancient Mariner* (which works out, however, a fine sentiment), does not set mere ghosts or hobgoblins to man the ship again, when its crew are dead; but re-animates, for a while, the crew themselves. There is a striking fiction of this sort in Sale's notes upon the Koran. Solomon dies during the building of the temple, but his body remains leaning on a staff and overlooking the workmen, as if it were alive; till a worm gnawing through the prop, he falls down.—The contrast of the appearance of humanity with something mortal or supernatural, is always the more terrible in proportion as it is complete. In the pictures of the temptations of saints and hermits, where the holy person is surrounded, teazed, and enticed, with devils and fantastic shapes, the most shocking phantasm is that of the beautiful woman. To return also to the poem above-mentioned. The most appalling personage in Mr. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* is the Spectre-woman who is called Life-in-Death. He renders the most hideous abstraction more terrible than it could otherwise have been, by embodying it in its own reverse. "Death" not only "lives" in it; but the "unutterable" becomes uttered. To see such an unearthly passage end in such earthliness, seems to turn common-place itself into a sort of spectral doubt. The Mariner, after describing the horrible calm, and the rotting sea in which the ship was stuck, is speaking of a strange sail which he descried in the distance:

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd,
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the sun
Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* ribs, through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold,
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-Mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

But we must come to Mr. Coleridge's story with our subtlest imaginations upon us. Now let us put our knees a little nearer the fire, and tell a homelier one about Life in Death. The groundwork of it is in Sandys' Commentary upon Ovid, and quoted from Sabinus.*

A gentleman of Bavaria, of a noble family, was so afflicted at the death of his wife, that unable to bear the company of any other person, he gave himself up to a solitary way of living. This was the more remarkable in him, as he had been a man of jovial habits, fond of his wine and visitors, and impatient of having his numerous indulgences contradicted. But in the same temper perhaps might be found the cause of his sorrow; for though he would be impatient with his wife, as with others, yet his love for her was one of the gentlest wills he had; and the sweet and unaffected face which she always turned upon his anger, might have been a thing more easy for him to trespass upon while living, than to forget, when dead and gone. His very anger towards her, compared with that towards others, was a relief to him. It was rather a wish to refresh himself in the balmy feeling of her patience, than to make her unhappy herself, or to punish her, as some would have done, for that virtuous contrast to his own vice.

* The Saxon Latin poet, we presume, professor of belles-lettres at Frankfort. We know nothing of him except from a biographical dictionary.

But whether he bethought himself, after her death, that this was a very selfish mode of loving; or whether, as some thought, he had wearied out her life with habits so contrary to her own; or whether, as others reported, he had put it to a fatal risk by some lordly piece of self-will, in consequence of which she had caught a fever on the cold river during a night of festivity; he surprised even those who thought that he loved her, by the extreme bitterness of his grief. The very mention of festivity, though he was patient for the first day or two, afterwards threw him into a passion of rage; but by degrees even his rage followed his other old habits. He was gentle, but ever silent. He ate and drank but sufficient to keep him alive; and he used to spend the greater part of the day in the spot where his wife was buried.

He was going there one evening, in a very melancholy manner, with his eyes turned towards the earth, and had just entered the rails of the burial-ground, when he was accosted by the mild voice of somebody coming to meet him. "It is a blessed evening, Sir," said the voice. The gentleman looked up. Nobody but himself was allowed to be in the place at that hour; and yet he saw, with astonishment, a young chorister approaching him. He was going to express some wonder, when, he said, the modest though assured look of the boy, and the extreme beauty of his countenance, which glowed in the setting sun before him, made an irresistible addition to the singular sweetness of his voice: and he asked him with an involuntary calmness, and a gesture of respect, not what he did there, but what he wished. "Only to wish you all good things," answered the stranger, who had now come up, "and to give you this letter." The gentleman took the letter, and saw upon it, with a beating yet scarcely bewildered heart, the handwriting of his wife. He raised his eyes again to speak to the boy, but he was gone. He cast them far and near round the place, but there were no traces of a passenger. He then opened the letter; and by the divine light of the setting sun, read these words:

"To my dear husband, who sorrows for his wife:

"Otto, my husband, the soul you regret so is returned. You

will know the truth of this, and be prepared with calmness to see it, by the divineness of the messenger, who has passed you. You will find me sitting in the public walk, praying for you: praying, that you may never more give way to those gusts of passion, and those curses against others, which divided us.

"This, with a warm hand, from the living Bertha."

Otto (for such, it seems, was the gentleman's name) went instantly, calmly, quickly, yet with a sort of benumbed being, to the public walk. He felt, but with only a half-consciousness, as if he glided without a body. But all his spirit was awake, eager, intensely conscious. It seemed to him as if there had been but two things in the world—Life and Death; and that Death was dead. All else appeared to have been a dream. He had awaked from a waking state, and found himself all eye, and spirit, and locomotion. He said to himself, once, as he went: "This is not a dream. I will ask my great ancestors to-morrow to my new bridal feast, for they are alive." Otto had been calm at first, but something of old and triumphant feelings seemed again to come over him. Was he again too proud and confident? Did his earthly humors prevail again, when he thought them least upon him? We shall see.

The Bavarian arrived at the public walk. It was full of people with their wives and children, enjoying the beauty of the evening. Something like common fear came over him, as he went in and out among them, looking at the benches on each side. It happened that there was only one person, a lady, sitting upon them. She had her veil down; and his being underwent a fierce but short convulsion, as he went near her. Something had a little baffled the calmer inspiration of the angel that had accosted him: for fear prevailed at the instant, and Otto passed on. He returned before he had reached the end of the walk, and approached the lady again. She was still sitting in the same quiet posture, only he thought she looked at him. Again he passed her. On his second return, a grave and sweet courage came upon him, and in an under but firm tone of inquiry, he said, 'Bertha?"—"I thought you had forgotten me," said that well-known and mellow voice, which he had seemed as far from ever

hearing again as earth is from heaven. He took her hand, which grasped his in turn; and they walked home in silence together, the arm, which was wound within his, giving warmth for warmth.

The neighbors seemed to have a miraculous want of wonder at the lady's re-appearance. Something was said about a mock funeral, and her having withdrawn from his company for awhile; but visitors came as before, and his wife returned to her household affairs. It was only remarked that she always looked pale and pensive. But she was more kind to all, even than before; and her pensiveness seemed rather the result of some great internal thought, than of unhappiness.

For a year or two, the Bavarian retained the better temper which he acquired. His fortunes flourished beyond his earliest ambition; the most amiable as well as noble persons of the district were frequent visitors; and people said, that to be at Otto's house, must be the next thing to being in heaven. But by degrees his self-will returned with his prosperity. He never vented impatience on his wife; but he again began to show, that the disquietude it gave her to see it vented on others, was a secondary thing, in his mind, to the indulgence of it. Whether it was, that his grief for her loss had been rather remorse than affection, so he held himself secure if he treated her well; or whether he was at all times rather proud of her, than fond; or whatever was the cause which again set his antipathies above his sympathies, certain it was, that his old habits returned upon him; not so often, indeed, but with greater violence and pride when they did. These were the only times, at which his wife was observed to show any ordinary symptoms of uneasiness.

At length, one day, some strong rebuff which he had received from an alienated neighbor threw him into such a transport of rage, that he gave way to the most bitter imprecations, crying with a loud voice—"This treatment to *me* too! To *me!* To me, who if the world knew all"——At these words his wife, who had in vain laid her hand upon his, and looked him with dreary earnestness in the face, suddenly glided from the room. He and two or three who were present, were struck with a dumb horror. They said, she did not walk out, nor vanish suddenly; but glided, as one who could dispense with the use of feet. After

a moment's pause, the others proposed to him to follow her. He made a movement of despair; but they went. There was a short passage, which turned to the right into her favorite room. They knocked at the door twice or three times, and received no answer. At last one of them gently opened it; and looking in, they saw her, as they thought, standing before a fire, which was the only light in the room. Yet she stood so far from it, as rather to be in the middle of the room; only the face was towards the fire, and she seemed looking upon it. They addressed her, but received no answer. They stepped gently towards her, and still received none. The figure stood dumb and unmoved. At last, one of them went round in front, and instantly fell on the floor. The figure was without body. A hollow hood was left instead of a face. The clothes were standing upright by themselves.

That room was blocked up for ever, for the clothes, if it might be so, to moulder away. It was called the Room of the Lady's Figure. The house, after the gentleman's death, was long uninhabited, and at length burnt by the peasants in an insurrection. As for himself, he died about nine months after, a gentle and child-like penitent. He had never stirred from the house since; and nobody would venture to go near him, but a man who had the reputation of being a reprobate. It was from this man that the particulars of the story came first. He would distribute the gentleman's alms in great abundance to any strange poor who would accept them; for most of the neighbors held them in horror. He tried all he could to get the parents among them to let some of their little children, or a single one of them, go to see his employer. They said he even asked it one day with tears in his eyes. But they shuddered to think of it; and the matter was not mended, when this profane person, in a fit of impatience, said one day that he would have a child of his own on purpose. His employer, however, died in a day or two. They did not believe a word he told them of all the Bavarian's gentleness, looking upon the latter as a sort of Ogre, and upon his agent as little better, though a good-natured looking earnest kind of person. It was said many years after, that this man had been a friend of the Bavarian's when young, and had been deserted by him. And the young believed it, whatever the old might do.

CHAPTER XX.

Thieves, Ancient and Modern.

HAVING met in the *Harleian Miscellany* with an account of a pet thief of ours, the famous Du Vall, who flourished in the time of Charles the Second, and wishing to introduce him worthily to the readers, it has brought to mind such a number of the light-fingered gentry, his predecessors, that we almost feel hustled by the thoughts of them. Our subject, we may truly fear, will run away with us. We feel beset, like poor Tasso in his dungeon; and are not sure that our paper will not suddenly be conveyed away from under our pen. Already we miss some excellent remarks, which we should have made in this place. If the reader should meet with any of that kind hereafter, upon the like subject, in another man's writings, twenty to one they are stolen from us, and ought to have enriched this our plundered exordium. He that steals an author's purse, may emphatically be said to steal trash; but he that filches from him his good things —— Alas, we thought our subject would be running away with us. We must keep firm. We must put something heavier in our remarks, as the little thin Grecian philosopher used to put lead in his pockets, lest the wind should steal him.

The more ruffianly crowd of thieves should go first, as pioneers; but they can hardly be looked upon as progenitors of our gentle Du Vall; and besides, with all their ferocity, some of them assume a grandeur, from standing in the remote shadows of antiquity. There was the famous son, for instance, of Vulcan and Medusa, whom Virgil calls the dire aspect of half-human Cacus—Semihominis Cacifacies dira. (*Æneid*, B.VIII., V. 194.) He was the raw-head-and-bloody-bones of ancient fable. He lived in a cave by Mount Aventine, breathing out fiery smoke, and haunting king Evander's highway like the Apollyon of Pilgrim's Progress.

Semperque recenti
Cæde tepebat humus; foribusque adfixa superbis
Ora virûm tristi pendebant pallida tabo.

The place about was ever in a plash
Of steaming blood; and o'er the insulting door
Hung pallid human heads, defaced with dreary gore.

He stole some of the cows of Hercules, and dragged them backwards into his cave to prevent discovery; but the oxen happening to low, the cows answered them; and the demigod, detecting the miscreant in his cave, strangled him after a hard encounter. This is one of the earliest sharping tricks upon record.

Autolycus, the son of Mercury (after whom Shakspeare christened his merry rogue in the *Winter's Tale*), was a thief suitable to the greater airiness of his origin. He is said to have performed tricks which must awake the envy even of horse-dealers; for in pretending to return a capital horse which he had stolen, he palmed upon the owners a sorry jade of an ass; which was gravely received by those flats of antiquity. Another time he went still further; for having conveyed away a handsome bride, he sent in exchange an old lady elaborately hideous; yet the husband did not find out the trick till he had got off.

Autolycus himself, however, was outwitted by Sisyphus, the son of Æolus. Autolycus was in the habit of stealing his neighbors' cattle, and altering the marks upon them. Among others he stole some from Sisyphus; but notwithstanding his usual precautions, he was astonished to find the latter come and pick out his oxen, as if nothing had happened. He had marked them under the hoof. Autolycus, it seems, had the usual generosity of genius; and was so pleased with this evidence of superior cunning, that some say he gave him in marriage his daughter Anticlea, who was afterwards the wife of Laertes, the father of Ulysses. According to others, however, he only favored him with his daughter's company for a time, a fashion not yet extinct in some primitive countries; and it was a reproach made against Ulysses, that Laertes was only his pretended, and Sisyphus his real father. Sisyphus has the credit of being the greatest knave of antiquity. His famous punishment in hell, of being compelled

to roll a stone up a hill to all eternity, and seeing it always go down again, is attributed by some to a characteristic trait, which he could not help playing off upon Pluto. It was supposed by the ancients, that a man's ghost wandered in a melancholy manner upon the banks of the Styx, as long as his corpse remained without burial. Sisyphus on his death-bed purposely charged his wife to leave him unburied; and then begged Pluto's permission to go back to earth, on his parole, merely to punish her for so scandalous a neglect. Like the lawyer, however, who contrived to let his hat fall inside the door of heaven, and got St. Peter's permission to step in for it, Sisyphus would not return: and so when Pluto had him again, he paid him for the trick with setting him upon this everlasting job.

The exploits of Mercury himself, the god of cunning, may be easily imagined to surpass everything achieved by profaner hands. Homer, in the hymn to his honor, has given a delightful account of his prematurity in swindling. He had not been born many hours before he stole Vulcan's tools, Mars' sword, and Jupiter's sceptre. He beat Cupid in a wrestling bout on the same day; and Venus caressing him for his conquest, he returned the embrace by filching away her girdle. He would also have stolen Jupiter's thunderbolts, but was afraid of burning his fingers. On the evening of his birth-day, he drove off the cattle of Admetus, which Apollo was tending. The good-humored god of wit endeavored to frighten him into restoring them; but could not help laughing when, in the midst of his threatenings, he found himself without his quiver.

The history of thieves is to be found either in that of romance, or in the details of the history of cities. The latter have not come down to us from the ancient world, with some exceptions in the comic writers, immaterial to our present purpose, and in the loathsome rhetoric of Petronius. The finest thief in old history is the pirate who made that famous answer to Alexander, in which he said that the conqueror was only the mightier thief of the two. The story of the thieving architect in Herodotus we will tell another time. We can call to mind no other thieves in the Greek and Latin writers (always excepting political ones) except some paltry fellows who stole napkins at din-

ner; and the robbers in Apuleius, the precursors of those in Gil Blas. When we come, however, to the times of the Arabians and of chivalry, they abound in all their glory, both great and small. Who among us does not know by heart the story of the never-to-be-forgotten Forty Thieves, with their treasure in the green wood, their anxious observer, their magical opening of the door, their captain, their concealment in the jar, and the scalding oil, that, as it were, extinguished them groaning, one by one? Have we not all ridden backwards and forwards with them to the wood a hundred times?—watched them, with fear and trembling, from the tree?—sown up, blindfolded, the four quarters of the dead body?—and said, "Open Sesame," to every door at school? May we ride with them again and again; or we shall lose our appetite for some of the best things in the world.

We pass over those interlopers in our English family, the Danes; as well as Rolla the Norman, and other freebooters, who only wanted less need of robbery, to become respectable conquerors. In fact, they did so, as they got on. We have also no particular worthy to select from among that host of petty chieftains, who availed themselves of their knightly castles and privileges, to commit all sorts of unchivalrous outrages. These are the giants of modern romance; and the Veglios, Malengins, and Pinabellos, of Pulci, Spenser, and Ariosto. They survived in the petty states of Italy a long while; gradually took a less solitary, though hardly less ferocious shape, among the fierce political partisans recorded by Dante; and at length became represented by the men of desperate fortunes, who made such a figure, between the gloomy and the gallant, in Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*. The breaking up of the late kingdom of Italy, with its dependencies, has again revived them in some degree; but not, we believe, in any shape above common robbery. The regular modern thief seems to make his appearance for the first time in the imaginary character of Brunello, as described by Boiardo and Ariosto. He is a fellow that steals every valuable that comes in his way. The way in which he robs Sacripant, king of Circassia, of his horse, has been ridiculed by Cervantes; if indeed he did not rather

repeat it with great zest: for his use of the theft is really not such a caricature as in Boiardo and his great follower. While Sancho is sitting lumpishly asleep upon the back of his friend Dapple, Gines de Passamonte, the famous thief, comes and gently withdraws the donkey from under him, leaving the somniculous squire propped upon a saddle with four sticks. His consternation on waking may be guessed. But in the Italian poets, the Circassian prince has only fallen into a deep meditation, when Brunello draws away his steed. Ariosto appears to have thought this extravagance a hazardous one, though he could not deny himself the pleasure of repeating it; for he has made Sacripant blush, when called upon to testify how the horse was stolen from him. (*Orlando Furio.*, Lib. XXVII., St. 84.)

In the Italian Novels and the old French Tales, are a variety of extremely amusing stories of thieves, all most probably founded on fact. We will give a specimen as we go, by way of making this article the completer. A doctor of laws in Bologna had become rich enough, by scraping money together, to indulge himself in a grand silver cup, which he sent home one day to his wife from the goldsmith's. There were two sharping fellows prowling about that day for a particular object; and getting scent of the cup, they laid their heads together, to contrive how they might indulge themselves in it instead. One of them accordingly goes to a fishmonger's, and buys a fine lamprey, which he takes to the doctor's wife, with her husband's compliments, and he would bring a company of his brother doctors with him to dinner, requesting in the meantime that she would send back the cup by the bearer, as he had forgotten to have his arms engraved upon it. The good lady, happy to obey all these pleasing impulses on the part of master doctor, takes in the fish, and sends out the cup, with equal satisfaction; and sets about getting the dinner ready. The doctor comes home at his usual hour, and finding his dinner so much better than ordinary, asks with an air of wonder, where was the necessity of going to that expense: upon which the wife, putting on an air of wonder in her turn, and proud of possessing the new cup, asks him where are all those brother doctors, whom he said he should bring with him.

"What does the fool mean?" said the testy old gentleman. "Mean!" rejoined the wife—"what does *this* mean?" pointing to the fish. The doctor looked down with his old eyes at the lamprey. "God knows," said he, "what it means. I am sure I don't know what it means more than any other fish, except that I shall have to pay a pretty sum for every mouthful you eat of it." —"Why, it was your own doing, husband," said the wife;" "and you will remember it, perhaps, when you recollect that the same man that brought me the fish, was to take away the cup to have your name engraved upon it." At this the doctor started back, with his eyes as wide open as the fish's, exclaiming, "And you gave it him, did you?"—"To be sure I did," returned the good housewife. The old doctor here began a passionate speech, which he suddenly broke off; and after stamping up and down the room, and crying out that he was an undone advocate, ran quivering out into the street like one frantic, asking everybody if he had seen a man with a lamprey. The two rogues were walking all this time in the neighborhood; and seeing the doctor set off, in his frantic fit, to the goldsmith's, and knowing that he who brought the lamprey had been well disguised, they began to ask one another, in the jollity of their triumph, what need there was for losing a good lamprey, because they had gained a cup. The other therefore went to the doctor's house, and putting on a face of good news, told the wife that the cup was found. "Master doctor," said he, "bade me come and tell you that it was but a joke of your old friend What's-his name." —"Castellani, I warrant me," said the wife, with a face broad with delight. "The same," returned he:—"master doctor says that Signor Castellani, and the other gentlemen he spoke of, are waiting for you at the Signor's house, where they propose to laugh away the choler they so merrily raised, with a good dinner and wine, and to that end they have sent me for the lamprey."— "Take it in God's name," said the good woman; "I am heartily glad to see it go out of the house, and shall follow it myself speedily." So saying, she gave him the fine hot fish, with some sauce, between two dishes; and the knave, who felt already round the corner with glee, slid it under his cloak, and made the best of his way to his companion, who lifted up his hands and eyes

at sight of him, and asked twenty questions in a breath, and chuckled, and slapped his thigh, and snapped his fingers for joy, to think what a pair of fools two rogues had to do with. Little did the despairing doctor, on his return home, guess what they were saying of him as he passed the wall of the house in which they were feasting. "Heyday!" cried the wife, smiling all abroad, as she saw him entering, "what, art thou come to fetch me then, bone of my bone? Well; if this isn't the gallantest day I have seen many a year! It puts me in mind—it puts me in mind"——Here the chirping old lady was about to remind the doctor of the days of his youth, holding out her arms and raising her quivering voice, when (we shudder to relate) she received a considerable cuff on the left cheek. "You make me mad," cried the doctor, "with your eternal idiotical nonsense. What do you mean by coming to fetch you, and the gallantest day of your life? May the devil fetch you, and me, and that invisible fiend that stole the cup."—"What!" exclaimed the wife, suddenly changing her tone from a vociferous complaint which she had unthinkingly set up, "did you send nobody then for the lamprey?" Here the doctor cast his eyes upon the bereaved table; and unable to bear the shame of this additional loss, however trivial, began tearing his hair and beard, and hopping about the room, giving his wife a new and scandalous epithet at every step, as if he was dancing to a catalogue of her imperfections. The story shook all the shoulders in Bologna for a month after.

As we find, by the length to which this article has already reached, that we should otherwise be obliged to compress our recollections of Spanish, French, and English thieves, into a compass that would squeeze them into the merest dry notices, we will postpone them at once to our next number; and relate another story from the same Italian novelist that supplied our last.* Our author is Massuccio of Salerno, a novelist who disputes with Bandello the rank next in popularity to Boccaccio.

* In the original edition of the *Indicator* this article was divided into three numbers. Perhaps it would have been better had the division been retained; but perplexities occur in hastily correcting a work for a new edition, which the reader will have the goodness to excuse.

We have not the original by us, and must be obliged to an English work for the groundwork of our story, as we have been to Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* for the one just related. But we take the liberty usual with the repeaters of these stories; we retain the incidents, but tell them in our own way, and imagine what might happen in the intervals.

Two Neapolitan sharpers, having robbed a Genoese merchant of his purse, made the best of their way to Sienna, where they arrive during the preaching of St. Bernardin. One of them attends a sermon with an air of conspicuous modesty and devotion, and afterwards waits upon the preacher, and addresses him thus: "Reverend father, you see before you a man, poor indeed, but honest. I do not mean to boast; God knows, I have no reason. Who upon earth has reason, unless it be one who will be the last to boast, like yourself, holy father?" Here the saintly orator shook his head. "I do not mean," resumed the stranger, "to speak even of the reverend and illustrious Bernardin, but as of a man among men. For my part, I am, as it were, a creeping thing among them; and yet I am honest. If I have any virtue, it is that. I crawl right onward in my path, looking neither to the right nor to the left; and yet I have my temptations, Reverend father, I have found this purse. I will not deny, that being often in want of the common necessaries of life, and having been obliged last night, in particular, to sit down faint at the city gates, for want of my ordinary crust and onion, which I had given to one (God help him) still worse off than myself, I did cast some looks—I did, I say, just open the purse, and cast a wistful eye at one of those shining pieces, that lay one over the other inside, with something like a wish that I could procure myself a meal with it, unknown to the lawful proprietor. But my conscience, thank Heaven, prevailed. I have to make two requests to you, reverend father. First, that you will absolve me for this my offence; and second, that you will be pleased to mention in one of your discourses, that a poor sinner from Milan, on his road to hear them, has found a purse, and would willingly restore it to the right owner. I would fain give double the contents of it to find him out; but then, what can I do? All the wealth I have consists in my honesty. Be pleased, most illus-

trious father, to mention this in your discourse, as modestly as becomes my nothingness; and to add especially, that the purse was found on the road from Milan, lying, miraculously as it were, upon a sunny bank, open to the view of all, under an olive-tree, not far from a little fountain, the pleasant noise of which peradventure had invited the owner to sleep." The good father, at hearing this detail, smiled at the anxious sincerity of the poor pilgrim, and, giving him the required absolution, promised to his utmost to bring forth the proprietor. In his next sermon, he accordingly dwelt with such eloquence on the opportunities thrown in the way of the rich who lose purses to behave nobly, that his congregation several times half rose from their seats out of enthusiasm, and longed for some convenient loss of property that might enable them to show their disinterestedness. At the conclusion of it, however, a man stepped forward, and said, that anxious as he was to do justice to the finder of the purse, which he knew to be his the moment he saw it (only he was loth to interrupt the reverend father), he had claims upon him at home in the person of his wife and thirteen children,—fourteen perhaps, he might *now* say,—which, to his great sorrow, prevented him from giving the finder more than a quarter of a piece; this however he offered him with the less scruple since he saw the seraphic disposition of the reverend preacher and his congregation, who he had no doubt would make ample amends for this involuntary deficiency on the part of a poor family man, the whole portion of whose wife and children might be said to be wrapped up in that purse. His sleep under the olive-tree had been his last for these six nights (here the other man said, with a tremulous joy of acknowledgment, that it was indeed just six nights since he had found it); and Heaven only knew when he should have had another, if his children's bread, so to speak, had not been found again." With these words, the sharper (for such, of course, he was) presented the quarter of a piece to his companion, who made all but a prostration for it; and hastened with the purse out of the church. The other man's circumstances were then inquired into, and as he was found to have almost as many children as the purse-owner, and no possessions at all, as he said, but his honesty,—all his chil-

dren being equally poor and pious,—a considerable subscription was raised for him; so large, indeed, that on the appearance of a new claimant next day, the pockets of the good people were found empty. This was no other than the Genoese merchant, who having turned back on his road when he missed his purse, did not stop till he came to Sienna, and heard the news of the day before. Imagine the feelings of the deceived people! Saint Bernardin was convinced that the two cheats were devils in disguise. The resident canon had thought pretty nearly as much all along, but had held his tongue, and now hoped it would be a lesson to people not to listen to everybody who could talk, especially to the neglect of Saint Antonio's monastery. As to the people themselves, they thought variously. Most of them were mortified at having been cheated: and some swore they never would be cheated again, let appearances be what they might. Others thought that this was a resolution somewhat equivocal, and more convenient than happy. For our parts, we think the last were right: and this reminds us of a true English story, more good than striking, which we heard a short while ago from a friend. He knew a man of rugged manners, but good heart (not that the two things, as a lover of parentheses will say, are at all bound to go together), who had a wife somewhat given to debating with hackney-coachmen, and disputing acts of settlement respecting half-miles, and quarter-miles, and abominable additional sixpences. The good housewife was lingering at the door, and exclaiming against one of these monstrous charioteers, whose hoarse low voice was heard at intervals, full of lying protestations and bad weather, when the husband called out from a back-room, "Never mind there, never mind:—let her be cheated; let her be cheated."

This is a digression: but it is as well to introduce it, in order to take away a certain bitterness out of the mouth of the other's moral.

We now come to a very unromantic set of rogues; the Spanish ones. In a poetical sense, at least, they are unromantic; though doubtless the mountains of Spain have seen as picturesque vagabonds in their time as any. There are the robbers in *Gil Blas*, who have, at least, a respectable cavern, and loads of polite superfluities. Who can forget the lofty-named Captain Rolando,

with his sturdy height and his whiskers, showing with a lighted torch his treasure to the timid stripling, Gil Blas? The most illustrious theft in Spanish story is one recorded of no less a person than the fine old national hero, the Cid. As the sufferers were Jews, it might be thought that his conscience would not have hurt him in those days; but "My Cid" was a kind of early soldier in behalf of sentiment; and though he went to work roughly, he meant nobly and kindly. "God knows," said he, on the present occasion, "I do this thing more of necessity than of wilfulness; but by God's help I shall redeem all." The case was this. The Cid, who was too good a subject to please his master, the king, had quarrelled with him, or rather, had been banished; and nobody was to give him house-room or food. A number of friends, however, followed him; and by the help of his nephew, Martin Antolinez, he proposed to raise some money. Martin accordingly negotiated the business with a couple of rich Jews, who, for a deposite of two chests full of spoil, which they were not to open for a year, on account of political circumstances, agreed to advance six hundred marks. "Well, then," said Martin Antolinez, "ye see that the night is advancing; the Cid is in haste, give us the marks." "This is not the way of business," said they; we must take first, and then give." Martin accordingly goes with them to the Cid, who in the meantime has filled a couple of heavy chests with sand. The Cid smiled as they kissed his hand, and said, "Ye see I am going out of the land because of the king's displeasure; but I shall leave something with ye." The Jews made a suitable answer, and were then desired to take the chests; but, though strong men, they could not raise them from the ground. This put them in such spirits, that after telling out the six hundred marks (which Don Martin took without weighing), they offered the Cid a present of a fine red skin; and upon Don Martin's suggesting that he thought his own services in the business merited a pair of hose, they consulted a minute with each other, in order to do everything judiciously, and then gave him money enough to buy, not only the hose, but a rich doublet and good cloak into the bargain.*

* See Mr. Southey's excellent compilation entitled *The Chronicles of the Cid*, Book III., Sec. 21. The version at the end of the book, attributed to Mr.

The regular sharping rogues, however, that abound in Spanish books of adventure, have one species of romance about them of a very peculiar nature. It may be called, we fear, as far as Spain is concerned, a "romance of real life." We allude to the absolute want and hunger which is so often the original of their sin. A vein of this craving nature runs throughout most of the Spanish novels. In other countries theft is generally represented as the result of an abuse of plenty, or of some other kind of profligacy, or absolute ruin. But it seems to be an understood thing, that to be poor in Spain is to be in want of the commonest necessaries of life. If a poor man, here and there, happens not to be in so destitute a state as the rest, he thinks himself bound to maintain the popular character for an appetite, and manifests the most prodigious sense of punctuality and anticipation in all matters relating to meals. Who ever thinks of Sancho, and does not think of ten minutes before luncheon? Don Quixote, on the other hand, counts it ungenteel and undignified to be hungry. The cheat who flatters Gil Blas reckons himself entitled to be insultingly triumphant, merely because he has got a dinner out of him.

Of all these ingenious children of necessity, whose roguery has been sharpened by perpetual want, no wit was surely ever kept at so subtle and fierce an edge as that of the never-to-be-decently-treated Lazarillo de Tormes. If we ourselves had not been at a sort of monastic school, and known the beatitude of dry bread and a draught of spring-water, his history would seem to inform us, for the first time, what hunger was. His cunning so truly keeps pace with it, that he seems recompensed for the wants of his stomach by the abundant energies of his head. One-half of his imagination is made up of dry bread and scraps, and the other of meditating how to get at them. Every thought of his mind and every feeling of his affection coalesces and tends to one point with a ventripetal force. It was said of a contriving lady, that she

Hookham Frere, of a passage out of the *Poema del Cid*, is the most naive and terse bit of translation we ever met with. It rides along, like the Cid himself on horseback, with an infinite mixture of ardor and self-possession: bending, when it chooses, with grace, or bearing down everything with mastery.

took her very tea by stratagem. Lazarillo is not so lucky. It is enough for him, if by a train of the most ingenious contrivances, he can lay successful siege to a crust. To rout some broken victuals; to circumvent an onion or so, extraordinary, is the utmost aim of his ambition. An ox-foot is his beau-ideal. He has as intense and circuitous a sense of a piece of cheese, as a mouse at a trap. He swallows surreptitious crumbs with as much zest as a young servant-girl does a plate of preserves. But to his story. He first serves a blind beggar, with whom he lives miserably, except when he commits thefts, which subject him to miserable beatings. He next lives with a priest, and finds his condition worse. His third era of esuriency takes place in the house of a Spanish gentleman; and here he is worse off than ever. The reader wonders, as he himself did, how he can possibly ascend to this climax of starvation. To overreach a blind beggar might be thought easy. The reader will judge by a specimen or two. The old fellow used to keep his mug of liquor between his legs, that Lazarillo might not touch it without his knowledge. He did, however; and the beggar discovering it, took to holding the mug in future by the handle. Lazarillo then contrives to suck some of the liquor off with a reed, till the beggar defeats this contrivance by keeping one hand upon the vessel's mouth. His antagonist, upon this, makes a hole near the bottom of the mug, filling it up with wax, and so tapping the can with as much gentleness as possible, whenever his thirst makes him bold. This stratagem threw the blind man into despair. He "used to swear and domineer," and wish both the pot and its contents at the devil. The following account of the result is a specimen of the English translation of the work, which is done with great tact and spirit, we know not by whom, but it is worthy of De Foe. Lazarillo is supposed to tell his adventures himself. "'You won't accuse me any more, I hope,' cried I, 'of drinking your wine,* after all the fine precautions you have taken to prevent it?' To that he said not a word; but feeling all about the pot, he at last unluckily discovered the hole, which dissembling at that time, he

* The reader is to understand a common southern wine, very cheap

let me alone till next day at dinner. Not dreaming, my reader must know, of the old man's malicious stratagem, but getting in between his legs, according to my wonted custom, and receiving into my mouth the distilling dew, and pleasing myself with the success of my own ingenuity, my eyes upward, but half shut, the furious tyrant, taking up *the sweet but hard pot*, with both his hands, flung it down again with all his force upon my face; with the violence of which blow, imagining the house had fallen upon my head, I lay sprawling without any sentiment or judgment; my forehead, nose, and mouth, gushing out of blood, and the latter full of broken teeth, and broken pieces of the can. From that time forward, I ever abominated the monstrous old cnurl, and in spite of all his flattering stories, could easily observe how my punishment tickled the old rogue's fancy. He washed my sores with wine; and with a smile, 'What sayest thou,' quoth he, 'Lazarillo? the thing that hurt thee, now restores thee to health. Courage, my boy.' But all his raillery could not make me change my mind."

At another time, a countryman giving them a cluster of grapes, the old man, says Lazarillo, "would needs take that opportunity to show me a little kindness, after he had been chiding and beating me the whole day before. So setting ourselves down by a hedge, 'Come hither, Lazarillo,' quoth he, 'and let us enjoy ourselves a little, and eat these raisins together; which that we may share like brothers, do you take but one at a time, and be sure not to cheat me, and I promise you, for my part, I shall take no more.' That I readily agreed to, and so we began our banquet; but at the very second time he took a couple, believing, I suppose, that I would do the same. And finding he had shown me the way, I made no scruple all the while to take two, three, or four at a time; sometimes more and sometimes less, as conveniently I could. When we had done, the old man shook his head, and holding the stalk in his hand, 'Thou hast cheated me, Lazarillo,' quoth he, 'for I could take my oath, that thou hast taken three at a time.' 'Who, I! I beg your pardon,' quoth I, 'my conscience is as dear to me as another.' 'Pass that jest upon another,' answered the old fox; 'you saw me take two at a time without complaining of it, and

therefore you took three.' At that I could nardly forbear laughing; and at the same time admired the justness of his reasoning." Lazarillo at length quitted the service of the old hard-hearted miser, and revenged himself upon him at the same time, in a very summary manner. They were returning home one day on account of bad weather, when they had to cross a kennel which the rain had swelled to a little torrent. The beggar was about to jump over it as well as he could, when Lazarillo persuaded him to go a little lower down the stream, because there was a better crossing; that is, there was a stone pillar on the other side, against which he knew the blind old fellow would nearly dash his brains out. "He was mightily pleased with my advice. 'Thou art in the right on it, good boy,' quoth he; 'and I love thee with all my heart, Lazarillo. Lead me to the place thou speakest of; the water is very dangerous in winter, and especially to have one's feet wet.' And again—'Be sure to set me in the right place, Lazarillo,' quoth he; 'and then do thou go over first.' I obeyed his orders, and set him exactly before the pillar, and so leaping over, posted myself behind it, looking upon him as a man would do upon a mad bull. 'Now your jump,' quoth I; 'and you may get over to rights, without ever touching the water.' I had scarce done speaking, when the old man, like a ram that's fighting, ran three steps backwards, to take his start with the greater vigor, and so his head came with a vengeance against the stone pillar, which made him fall back into the kennel half dead." Lazarillo stops a moment to triumph over him with insulting language; and then, says he, "resigning my blind, bruised, wet, old, cross, cunning master to the care of the mob that was gathered about him, I made the best of my heels, without ever looking about, till I had got the town gate upon my back; and thence marching on a merry pace, I arrived before night at Torrigo."

At the house of the priest, poor Lazarillo gets worse off than before, and is obliged o resort to the most extraordinary shifts to arrive at a morsel of bread. At one time, he gets a key of a tinker, and opening the old trunk in which the miser kept his bread (a sight, he says, like the opening of heaven), he takes small pieces out of three or four, in imitation of a mouse; which

so convinces the old hunks that the mice and rats have been at them, that he is more liberal of the bread than usual. He lets him have in particular "the parings above the parts where he thought the mice had been." Another of his contrivances is to palm off his pickings upon a serpent, with which animal a neighbor told the priest that his house had been once haunted. Lazarillo, who had been used when he lived with the beggar to husband pieces of money in his mouth (substituting some lesser coin in the blind man's hand, when people gave him anything), now employs the same hiding-place for his key; but whistling through it unfortunately one night, as he lay breathing hard in his sleep, the priest concludes he has caught the serpent, and going to Lazarillo's bed with a broomstick, gives him at a venture such a tremendous blow on the head, as half murders him. The key is then discovered, and the poor fellow turned out of doors.

He is now hired by a lofty-looking hidalgo; and follows him home, eating a thousand good things by anticipation. They pass through the markets, however, to no purpose. The squire first goes to church too, and spends an unconscionable time at mass. At length they arrive at a dreary, ominous-looking house, and ascend into a decent apartment, where the squire, after shaking his cloak, and blowing off the dust from a stone seat, lays it neatly down, and so makes a cushion of it to sit upon. There is no other furniture in the room, nor even in the neighboring rooms, except a bed "composed of the anatomy of an old hamper." The truth is, the squire is as poor as Lazarillo, only too proud to own it; and so he starves both himself and his servant at home, and then issues gallantly forth of a morning, with his Toledo by his side, and a countenance of stately satisfaction; returning home every day about noon with "a starched body, reaching out his neck like a greyhound." Lazarillo had not been a day in the house, before he found out how matters went. He was beginning, in his despair of a dinner, to eat some scraps of bread which had been given him in the morning, when the squire observing him, asked wha he was about. "Come hither, boy," said he, "what's that thou art eating?"—"I went," says Lazarillo, "and showed him three

pieces of bread, of which, taking away the best, 'Upon my faith,' quoth he, 'this bread seems to be very good.'—''Tis too stale and hard, sir,' said I, 'to be good.'—'I swear 'tis very good,' said the squire; 'who gave it thee? Were their hands clean that gave it thee?'—'I took it without asking any questions, sir,' answered I, 'and you see I eat it as freely.'—'Pray God it may be so,' answered the miserable squire; and so putting the bread to his mouth, he eat it with no less appetite than I did mine; adding to every mouthful, 'Gadzooks, this bread is excellent."

Lazarillo, in short, here finds the bare table so completely turned upon him, that he is forced to become provider for his master as well as himself; which he does by fairly going out every day and begging: the poor squire winking at the indignity, though not without a hint at keeping the connection secret. The following extract shall be our climax, which it may well be, the hunger having thus ascended into the ribs of Spanish aristocracy. Lazarillo, one lucky day, has an ox-foot and some tripe given him by a butcher-woman. On coming home, with his treasure, he finds the hidalgo impatiently walking up and down, and fears he shall have a scolding for staying so long; but the squire merely asks where he has been, and receives the account with an irrepressible air of delight. "I sate down," says Lazarillo, "upon the end of the stone seat, and began to eat that he might fancy I was feasting; and observed, without seeming to take notice, that his eye was fixed upon my skirt, which was all the plate and table that I had.

"*May God pity me as I had compassion on that poor squire;* daily experience made me sensible of his trouble. I did not know whether I should invite him, for since he had told me he had dined, I thought he would make a point of honor to refuse to eat; but in short, being very desirous to supply his necessity, as I had done the day before, and which I was then much better in a condition to do, having already sufficiently stuffed my own guts, it was not long before an opportunity fairly offered itself; for he taking occasion to come near me in his walks, 'Lazarillo,' quoth he (as soon as he observed me begin to eat), 'I never saw anybody eat so handsomely as thee; a body can

scarce see thee fall to work without desiring to bear thee company; let their stomachs be never so full, or their mouth be never so much out of taste.' Faith, thought I to myself, with such an empty belly as yours, my own mouth would water at a great deal less.

"But finding he was come where I wished him: 'Sir,' said I, 'good stuff makes a good workman. This is admirable bread, and here's an ox-foot so nicely dressed and so well-seasoned, that anybody would delight to taste of it.'

"'How!" cried the squire, interrupting me, 'an ox-foot?'—'Yes, sir,' said I, 'an ox-foot.'—'Ah! *then*,' quoth he, '*thou hast in my opinion the delicatest bit in Spain;* there being neither partridge, pheasant, nor any other thing that I like nearly so well as that.'

"'Will you please to try, sir?' said I (putting the ox-foot in his hand, with two good morsels of bread): 'when you have tasted it you will be convinced that it is a treat for a king, 'tis so well dressed and seasoned.'

"Upon that, sitting down by my side, he began to eat, or rather to devour, what I had given him, so that the bones could hardly escape. 'Oh! the excellent bit,' did he cry, 'that this would be with a little garlic!' Ha! thought I to myself, how hastily thou eatest it without sauce. 'Gad,' said the squire, 'I have eaten this as heartily as if I had not tasted a bit of victuals to-day:' which I did very readily believe.

"He then called for the pitcher with the water, which was as full as I had brought it home; so you may guess whether he had had any. When his squireship had drank, he civilly invited me to do the like; and thus ended our feast."

We hope the reader is as much amused with this prolongation of the subject as ourselves, for we are led on insensibly by these amusing thieves, and find we have more to write upon them, before we have done. We must give another specimen or two of the sharping Spaniard, out of Quevedo. The *Adventures*, by the way, of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, were written in the sixteenth century by a Spanish gentleman, apparently of illustrious family, Don Diego de Mendoza, who was sometime ambassador at Venice. This renders the story of the hidalgo still

more curious. Not that the author perhaps ever felt the proud but condescending pangs which he describes; this is not necessary for a man of imagination. He merely meant to give a hint to the poorer gentry not to overdo the matter on the side of loftiness, for their own sakes; and hunger, whether among the proud or the humble, was too national a thing not to be entered into by his statistic apprehension.

The most popular work connected with sharping adventures is *Gil Blas*, which, though known to us as a French production, seems unquestionably to have originated in the country where the scene is laid. It is a work exquisitely easy and true; but somehow we have no fancy for the knaves in it. They are of too smooth, sneaking, and safe a cast. They neither bespeak one's sympathy by necessity, nor one's admiration by daring. We except, of course, the robbers before-mentioned, who are a picturesque patch in the world, like a piece of rough poetry.

Of the illustrious *Guzman d'Alfarache*, the most popular book of the kind, we believe, in Spain, and admired, we know, in this country by some excellent judges, we cannot with propriety speak, for we have only read a few pages at the beginning; though we read them twice over, at two different times, and each time with the same intention of going on. In truth, as Guzman is called by way of eminence the Spanish Rogue, we must say for him, as far as our slight acquaintance warrants it, that he is also "as tedious as a king." They say, however, he has excellent stuff in him.

We can speak as little of *Marcos de Obregon*, of which a translation appeared a little while ago. We have read it, and, if we remember rightly, were pleased; but want of memory on these occasions is not a good symptom. Quevedo, no ordinary person, is very amusing. His *Visions of Hell*, in particular, though of a very different kind from Dante's, are more edifying But our business at present is with his "*History of Paul the Spanish Sharper, the Pattern of Rogues and Mirror of Vagabonds.*" *We* do not know that he deserves these appellations so much as some others; but they are to be looked upon as titular ornaments, common to the Spanish *Kleptocracy*. He is extremely pleasant, especially in his younger days. His mother, who

is no better than the progenitor of such a personage ought to be, happens to have the misfortune one day of being carted. Paul, who was then a school-boy, was elected king on some boyish holiday; and riding out upon a half-starved horse, it picked up a small cabbage as they went through the market. The market-women began pelting the king with rotten oranges and turnip tops; upon which, having feathers in his cap, and getting a notion in his head that they mistook him for his mother, who, agreeably to a Spanish custom, was tricked out in the same manner when she was carted, he halloo'd out, "Good women, though I wear feathers in my cap, I am none of Alonza Saturuo de Rebillo. She is my mother."

Paul used to be set upon unlucky tricks by the son of a man of rank, who preferred enjoying a joke to getting punished for it. Among others, one Christmas, a counsellor happening to go by of the name of Pontio de Auguirre, the little Don told his companion to call Pontius Pilate, and then to run away. He did so, and the angry counsellor followed after him with a knife in his hand, so that he was forced to take refuge in the house of the schoolmaster. The lawyer laid his indictment, and Paul got a hearty flogging, during which he was enjoined never to call Pontius Pilate again; to which he heartily agreed. The consequence was, that next day, when the boys were at prayers, Paul, coming to the Belief, and thinking that he was never again to name Pontius Pilate, gravely said, "Suffered under Pontio de Auguirre;" which evidence of his horror of the scourge so interested the pedagogue, that, by a Catholic mode of dispensation, he absolved him from the next two whippings he should incur.

But we forget that our little picaro was a thief. One specimen of his talents this way, and we have done with the Spaniards. He went with young Don Diego to the university; and here getting applause for some tricks he played upon people, and dandling, as it were, his growing propensity to theft, he invited his companions one evening to see him steal a box of comfits from a confectioner's. He accordingly draws his rapier, which was stiff and well-pointed; runs violently into the shop; and exclaiming, "You're a dead man!" makes a fierce lunge

at the confectioner between the body and arm. Down drops the man, half dead with fear; the others rush out. But what of the box of comfits? "Where is the box of comfits, Paul?" said the rogues: "we do not see what you have done after all, except frighten the fellow?"—"Look here, my boys," answered Paul. They looked, and at the end of his rapier beheld, with shouts of laughter, the vanquished box. He had marked it out on the shelf; and under pretence of lunging at the confectioner, pinked it away like a muffin.

Upon turning to Quevedo, we find that the story has grown a little upon our memory, as to detail; but this is the spirit of it. The prize here, it is to be observed, is something eatable, and the same yearning is a predominant property of Quevedo's sharpers, as well as the others.

Adieu, ye pleasant rogues of Spain! ye surmounters of bad government, hunger, and misery, by the mere force of a light climate and fingers! The dinner calls;—and to talk about you before it, is as good as taking a ride on horseback.

We must return a moment to the Italian thieves, to relate a couple of stories related of Ariosto and Tasso. The former was for a short period governor of Grafagnana, a disturbed district in the Apennines, which his prudent and gentle policy brought back from its disaffection. Among its other troubles were numerous bands of robbers, two of the names of whose leaders, Domenico Maraco, and Filippo Pacchione, have come down to posterity. Ariosto, during the first days of his government, was riding out with a small retinue, when he had to pass through a number of suspicious-looking armed men. The two parties had scarcely cleared each other, when the chief of the strangers asked a servant, who happened to be at some distance behind the others, who that person was. "It is the captain of the citadel here," said the man, "Lodovico Ariosto." The stranger no sooner heard the name, than he went running back to overtake the governor, who, stopping his horse, waited with some anxiety for the event. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said he, "but I was not aware that so great a person as the Signor Lodovico Ariosto was passing near me. My name is Filippo Pacchione; and

when I knew who it was, I could not go on without returning to pay the respect due to so illustrious a name.'

A doubt is thrown on this story, or rather on the particular person who gave occasion to it, by the similarity of an adventure related of Tasso. Both of them however are very probable, let the similarity be what it may; for both the poets had occasion to go through disturbed districts; robbers abounded in both their times; and the leaders being most probably men rather of desperate fortunes than want of knowledge, were likely enough to seize such opportunities of vindicating their better habits, and showing a romantic politeness. The enthusiasm too is quite in keeping with the national character; and it is to be observed that the particulars of Tasso's adventure are different, though the spirit of it is the same. He was journeying, it is said, in company with others, for better security against the banditti who infested the borders of the papal territory, when they were told that Sciarra, a famous robber, was at hand in considerable force. Tasso was for pushing on, and defending themselves if attacked; but his opinion was overruled; and the company threw themselves, for safety, into the city of Mola. Here Sciarra kept them in a manner blocked up; but hearing that Tasso was among the travellers, he sent him word that he should not only be allowed to pass, but should have safe-conduct whithersoever he pleased. The lofty poet, making it a matter of delicacy, perhaps, to waive an advantage of which his company could not partake, declined the offer; upon which Sciarra sent another message, saying, that upon the sole account of Tasso, the ways should be left open. And they were so.

We can call to mind no particular German thieves, except those who figure in romances, and in the *Robbers* of Schiller. To say the truth, we are writing just now with but few books to refer to; and the better informed reader must pardon any deficiency he meets with in these egregious and furtive memorandums. Of the *Robbers* of Schiller an extraordinary effect is related. It is said to have driven a number of wild-headed young Germans upon playing at banditti, not in the bounds of a school or university, but seriously in a forest. The matter-of-fact spirit in which a German sets about being enthusiastic, is a

metaphysical curiosity which modern events render doubly interesting. It is extremely worthy of the attention of those rare personages, entitled reflecting politicians. But we must take care of that kind of digression. It is very inhuman of these politics, that the habit of attending to them, though with the greatest good-will and sincerity, will always be driving a man upon thinking how his fellow-creatures are going on.

There is a pleasant, well-known story of a Prussian thief and Frederick the Second.

We forget what was the precise valuable found upon the Prussian soldier, and missed from an image of the Virgin Mary; but we believe it was a ring. He was tried for sacrilege, and the case seemed clear against him, when he puzzled his Catholic judges by informing them, that the fact was, the Virgin Mary had *given* him that ring. Here was a terrible dilemma. To dispute the possibility or even probability of a gift from the Virgin Mary, was to deny their religion: while, on the other hand, to let the fellow escape on the pretence, was to canonize impudence itself. The worthy judges, in their perplexity, applied to the king, who, under the guise of behaving delicately to their faith, was not sorry to have such an opportunity of joking it. His majesty therefore pronounced, with becoming gravity, that the allegation of the soldier could not but have its due weight with all Catholic believers; but that in future, it was forbidden any Prussian subject, military or civil, to *accept* a present from the Virgin Mary.

The district, formerly rendered famous by the exploits of Scanderbeg, Prince of Epirus, and since become infamous by the tyranny of Ali Bey, has been very fertile in robbers. And no wonder: for a semi-barbarous people so governed became thieves by necessity. The name indeed, as well as profession, is in such good receipt with an Albanian, that according to late travellers, it is a common thing for him to begin his history by saying, "When I was a robber——" We remember reading of some Albanian or Sclavonian leader of banditti, who made his enemies suppose he had a numerous force with him, by distributing military caps upon the hedges.

There are some other nations who are all thieves, more or

less; or comprise such numbers of them as very much militate against the national character. Such are the piratical Malays; the still more infamous Algerines; and the mongrel tribes between Arabia and Abyssinia. As to the Arabs, they have a prescriptive right, from tradition as well as local circumstances, to plunder everybody. The sanguinary ruffians of Ashantee and other black empires on the coast of Guinea are more like a government of murderers and ogres, than thieves. They are the next ruffians perhaps in existence to slave-dealers. The gentlest nation of pilferers are the Otaheitans: and something is to be said for their irresistible love of hatchets and old nails. Let the European trader that is without sin, cast the first paragraph at them. Let him think what he should feel inclined to do, were a ship of some unknown nation to come upon his coast, with gold and jewels lying scattered about the deck. For no less precious is iron to the South Sea Islander. A Paradisiacal state of existence would be, to him, not the Golden, but the Iron Age. An Otaheitan Jupiter would visit his Danaë in a shower of tenpenny nails.

We are now come to a very multitudinous set of candidates for the halter, the thieves of our own beloved country. For what we know of the French thieves is connected with them, excepting Cartouche; and we remember nothing of him, but that he was a great ruffian, and died upon that worse ruffian, the rack.

There is, to be sure, an eminent instance of a single theft in the *Confessions* of Rousseau; and it is the second greatest blot in his book; for he suffered a girl to be charged with and punished for the theft, and maintained the lie to her face, though she was his friend, and appealed to him with tears. But it may be said for him, at any rate, that the world would not have known the story but for himself: and if such a disclosure be regarded by some as an additional offence (which it may be thought to be by some very delicate as well as dishonest people), we must recollect, that it was the object of his book to give a plain unsophisticated account of a human being's experiences, and that many persons of excellent repute would have been found to have committed actions as bad, had they given accounts of themselves as candid. Dr. Johnson was of opinion that all children

were thieves and liars: and somebody, we believe a Scotchman, answered a fond speech about human nature, by exclaiming that "human nature was a rogue and a vagabond, or so many laws would not have been necessary to restrain it." We venture to differ, on this occasion, with both Englishman and Scotchman. Laws in particular, taking the bad with the good are quite as likely to have made rogues, as restrained them But we see, at any rate, what has been suspected of more orthodox persons than Rousseau; to say nothing of less charitable advantages which might be taken of such opinions. Rousseau committed a petty theft; and miserably did his false shame, the parent of so many crimes, make him act. But he won back to their infants' lips the bosoms of thousands of mothers. He restored to their bereaved and helpless owners thousands of those fountains of health and joy: and before he is abused, even for worse things than the theft, let those whose virtue consists in custom, think of this.

As we have mixed fictitious with real thieves in this article, in a manner, we fear, somewhat uncritical (and yet the fictions are most likely founded on fact; and the life of a real thief is a kind of dream and romance), we will despatch our fictitious English thieves before we come to the others. And we must make shorter work of them than we intended, or we shall never come to our friend Du Vall. The length to which this article has stretched out, will be a warning to us how we render our paper liable to be run away with in future.

There is a very fine story of Three Thieves in Chaucer, which we must tell at large another time. The most prominent of the fabulous thieves in England is that bellipotent and immeasurable wag, Falstaff. If for a momentary freak, he thought it villanous to steal, at the next moment he thought it villanous not to steal.

"Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God though and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street, about you, Sir; but I marked him not. And yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not. And yet he talked wisely; and in the streets, too.

"*P. Henry.* Thou didst well; for 'Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.'

"*Falstaff.* O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

"*P. Henry.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

"*Falstaff.* Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me."

We must take care how we speak of Macheath, or we shall be getting political again. Fielding's *Jonathan Wild the Great* is also, in this sense, "caviare to the multitude." But we would say more if we had room. Count Fathom, a deliberate scoundrel, compounded of the Jonathan Wilds and the more equivocal Cagliostros, and other adventurers, is a thief not at all to our taste. We are continually obliged to call his mother to our recollection, in order to bear him. The only instance in which the character of an absolute profligate pickpocket was ever made comparatively welcome to our graver feelings, is in the extraordinary story of "*Manon l'Escaut,*" by the Abbé Prevost. It is the story of a young man, so passionately in love with a profligate female, that he follows her through every species of vice and misery, even when she is sent as a convict to New Orleans. His love, indeed, is returned. He is obliged to subsist upon her vices, and, in return, is induced to help her with his own, becoming a cheat and a swindler to supply her outrageous extravagances. On board the convict-ship (if we recollect) he waits on her through every species of squalidness, the convict-dress and her shaved head only redoubling his love by the help of pity. This seems a shocking and very immoral book; yet multitudes of very reputable people have found a charm in it. The fact is, not only that Manon is beautiful, sprightly, really fond of her lover, and after all, becomes reformed; but that it is delightful, and ought to be so, to the human heart, to see a vein of sentiment and real goodness look

ing out through all this callous surface of guilt. It is like meeting with a tree in a squalid hole of a city; a flower or a frank face in a reprobate purlieu. The capabilities of human nature are not compromised. The virtue alone seems natural; the guilt, as it so often is, seems artificial, and the result of some bad education or other circumstance. Nor is anybody injured. It is one of the shallowest of all shallow notions to talk of the harm of such works. Do we think nobody is to be harmed but the virtuous; or that there are not privileged harms and vices to be got rid of, as well as unprivileged? No good-hearted person will be injured by reading "Manon l'Escaut." There is the *belief in goodness* in it; a faith, the want of which does so much harm, both to the vicious and the over-righteous.

The prince of all robbers, English or foreign, is undoubtedly Robin Hood. There is a worthy Scottish namesake of his, Rob Roy, who has lately had justice done to all his injuries by a countryman; and the author, it seems, has now come down from the borders to see the Rob of the elder times well treated. We were obliged to tear ourselves away from his first volume,* to go to this ill-repaying article. But Robin Hood will still remain the chief and "gentlest of thieves." He acted upon a larger scale, or in opposition to a larger injustice, to a whole political system. He "shook the superflux" to the poor, and "showed the heavens more just." However, what we have to say of him, we must keep till the trees are in leaf again, and the green-wood shade delightful.

We dismiss, in one rabble-like heap, the real Jonathan Wilds, Avershaws, and other heroes of the *Newgate Calendar*, who have no redemption in their rascality; and after them, for gentlemen-valets, may go the Barringtons, Major Semples, and other sneaking rogues, who held on a tremulous career of iniquity, betwixt pilfering and repenting. Yet Jack Sheppard must not be forgotten, with his ingenious and daring breaks-out of prison; nor Turpin, who is said to have ridden his horse with such swiftness from York to London, that he was enabled to set up an *alibi*. We have omitted to notice the celebrated Bucaniers of

* Of Ivanhoe

America; but these are fellows, with regard to whom we are willing to take Dogberry's advice, and "steal out of their company." Their history disappoints us with its dryness.

All hail! thou most attractive of scape-graces! thou most accomplished of gentlemen of the road! thou, worthy to be called one of "the minions of the moon," Monsieur Claude Du Vall, whom we have come such a long and dangerous journey to see!

Claude du Vall, according to a pleasant account of him in the *Harleian Miscellany*, was born at Domfront, in Normandy, in the year 1643, of Pierre Du Vall, miller, and Marguerite de la Roche, the fair daughter of a tailor. Being a sprightly boy, he did not remain in the country, but became servant to a person of quality at Paris, and with this gentleman he came over to England at the time of the Restoration. It is difficult to say, which came over to pick the most pockets and hearts, Charles the Second or Claude du Vall. Be this as it may, his "courses" of life ("for," says the contemporary historian, "I dare not call them vices"), soon reduced him to the necessity of going upon the road; and here "he quickly became so famous, that in a proclamation for the taking several notorious highwaymen, he had the honor to be named first." "He took," says his biographer, "the generous way of padding;" that is to say, he behaved with exemplary politeness to all coaches, especially those in which there were ladies, making a point of frightening them as amiably as possible, and insisting upon returning any favorite trinkets or keepsakes, for which they chose to appeal to him with "their most sweet voices."

It was in this character that he performed an exploit, which is the eternal feather in the cap of highway gentility. We will relate it in the words of our informer. Riding out with some of his confederates, "he overtakes a coach, which they had set over night, having intelligence of a booty of four hundred pounds in it. In the coach was a knight, his lady, and only one serving-maid, who, perceiving five horsemen making up to them, presently imagined that they were beset; and they were confirmed in this apprehension by seeing them whisper to one another and ride backwards and forwards. The lady, to show she was not afraid, takes a flageolet out of her pocket, and plays; Du Vall

takes the hint, plays also, and excellently well, upon a flageolet of his own, and in this posture he rides up to the coach side. 'Sir,' says he to the person in the coach, 'your lady plays excellently, and I doubt not but that she dances as well; will you please to walk out of the coach, and let me have the honor to dance one coranto with her upon the heath?' 'Sir,' said the person in the coach, 'I dare not deny anything to one of your quality and good mind; you seem a gentleman, and your request is very reasonable;' which said, the lacquey opens the boot, out comes the knight, Du Vall leaps lightly off his horse, and hands the lady out of the coach. They danced, and here it was that Du Vall performed marvels; the best master in London, except those that are French, not being able to show such footing as he did in his great riding French boots. The dancing being over, he waits on the lady to her coach. As the knight was going in, says Du Vall to him, 'Sir, you have forgot to pay the music.' 'No, I have not,' replies the knight, and putting his hand under the seat of the coach, pulls out a hundred pounds in a bag, and delivers it to him, which Du Vall took with a very good grace, and courteously answered, 'Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so; this liberality of yours shall excuse you the other three hundred pounds:' and giving him the word, that if he met with any more of the crew he might pass undisturbed, he civilly takes his leave of him.

"This story, I confess, justifies the great kindness the ladies had for Du Vall; for in this, as in an epitome, are contained all things that set a man off advantageously, and make him appear as the phrase is, *much a gentleman*. First, here was valor, that he and but four more durst assault a knight, a lady, a waiting-gentlewoman, a lacquey, a groom that rid by to open the gates, and the coachman, they being six to five, odds at football; and besides, Du Vall had much the worst cause, and reason to believe, that whoever should arrive, would range themselves on the enemy's party. Then he showed his invention and sagacity, that he could *sur le champ*, and, without studying, make that advantage on the lady's playing on the flageolet. He evinced his skill in instrumental music, by playing on his

flageolet; in vocal, by his singing; for (as I should have told you before) there being no violins, Du Vall sung the coranto himself. He manifested his agility of body, by lightly dismounting off his horse, and with ease and freedom getting up again, when he took his leave; his excellent deportment, by his incomparable dancing, and his graceful manner of taking the hundred pounds; his generosity in taking no more; his wit and eloquence, and readiness at repartees, in the whole discourse with the knight and lady, the greatest part of which I have been forced to omit."

The noise of the proclamation made Du Vall return to Paris; but he came back in a short time for want of money. His reign, however, did not last long after his restoration. He made an unlucky attack, not upon some ill-bred passengers, but upon several bottles of wine, and was taken in consequence at the Hole-in-the-Wall in Chandos-street. His life was interceded for in vain; he was arraigned and committed to Newgate; and executed at Tyburn in the 27th year of his age; showers of tears from fair eyes bedewing his fate, both while alive in prison and when dead at the fatal tree.

Du Vall's success with the ladies of those days, whose amatory taste was of a turn more extensive than delicate, seems to have made some well-dressed English gentlemen jealous. The writer of Du Vall's life, who is a man of wit, evidently has something of bitterness in his railleries upon this point; but he manages them very pleasantly. He pretends that he is an old bachelor, and has never been able to make his way with his fair countrywomen, on account of the French valets that have stood in his way. He says he had two objects in writing the book. "One is, that the next Frenchman that is hanged, may not cause an uproar in this imperial city; which I doubt not but I have effected. The other is a much harder task: to set my countrymen on even terms with the French, as to the English ladies' affections. If I should bring this about, I should esteem myself to have contributed much to the good of this kingdom.

"One remedy there is, which, possibly, may conduce something towards it.

"I have heard that there is a new invention of transfusing the

blood of one animal into another, and that it has been experimented by putting the blood of a sheep into an Englishman. I am against that way of experiments; for, should we make all Englishmen sheep, we should soon be a prey to the *louve*.

"I think I can propose the making that experiment a more advantageous way. I would have all gentlemen, who have been a full year or more out of France, be let blood weekly, or oftener, if they can bear it. Mark how much they bleed; transfuse so much French lacquey's blood into them; replenish these last out of the English footmen, for it is no matter what becomes of them. Repeat this operation *toties quoties*, and in process of time you will find this event: either the English gentlemen will be as much beloved as the French lacqueys, or the French lacqueys as little esteemed as the English gentlemen."

Butler has left an Ode, sprinkled with his usual wit, "*To the happy Memory of the Most Renowned Du Vall*," who,

> — Like a pious man, some years before
> Th' arrival of his fatal hour,
> Made every day he had to live
> To his last minute a preparative;
> Taught the wild Arabs on the road
> To act in a more gentle mode;
> Take prizes more obligingly from those,
> Who never had been bred *filous;*
> And how to hang in a more graceful fashion,
> Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation

As it may be thought proper that we should end this lawless article with a good moral, we will give it two or three sentences from Shakspeare worth a whole volume of sermons against thieving. The boy who belongs to Falstaff's companions, and who begins to see through the shallowness of their cunning and way of life, says that Bardolph stole a lute-case, carried it twelve miles, and sold it for three halfpence.

CHAPTER XXI.

A few Thoughts on Sleep.

THIS is an article for the reader to think of, when he or she is warm in bed, a little before he goes to sleep, the clothes at his ear, and the wind moaning in some distant crevice.

"Blessings," exclaimed Sancho, "on him that first invented sleep! It wraps a man all round like a cloak." It is a delicious moment certainly—that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful: the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one:—the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child;—the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye:—'tis closing;—'tis more closing;—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to make its airy rounds.

It is said that sleep is best before midnight; and Nature herself, with her darkness and chilling dews, informs us so. There is another reason for going to bed betimes: for it is universally acknowledged that lying late in the morning is a great shortener of life. At least, it is never found in company with longevity. It also tends to make people corpulent. But these matters belong rather to the subject of early rising, than of sleep.

Sleep at a late hour in the morning is not half so pleasant as the more timely one. It is sometimes however excusable, especially to a watchful or overworked head; neither can we deny the seducing merits of "t'other doze,"—the pleasing wilfulness of nestling in a new posture, when you know you ought to be

up, like the rest of the house. But then you cut up the day, and your sleep the next night.

In the course of the day, few people think of sleeping, except after dinner; and then it is often rather a hovering and nodding on the borders of sleep than sleep itself. This is a privilege allowable, we think, to none but the old, or the sickly, or the very tired and care-worn; and it should be well understood, before it is exercised in company. To escape into slumber by an argument; or to take it as an affair of course, only between you and your biliary duct; or to assent with involuntary nods to all that you have just been disputing, is not so well: much less, to sit nodding and tottering beside a lady; or to be in danger of dropping your head into the fruit-plate or your host's face; or of waking up, and saying, "Just so," to the bark of a dog; or "Yes, Madam," to the black at your elbow.

Care-worn people, however, might refresh themselves oftener with day-sleep than they do; if their bodily state is such as to dispose them to it. It is a mistake to suppose that all care is wakeful. People sometimes sleep, as well as wake, by reason of their sorrow. The difference seems to depend upon the nature of their temperament; though in the *most* excessive cases, sleep is perhaps Nature's never-failing relief, as swooning is upon the rack. A person with jaundice in his blood shall lie down and go to sleep at noon-day, when another of different complexion shall find his eyes as uncloseable as a statue's, though he has had no sleep for nights together. Without meaning to lessen the dignity of suffering, which has quite enough to do with its waking hours, it is this that may often account for the profound sleeps enjoyed the night before hazardous battles, executions, and other demands upon an over-excited spirit.

The most complete and healthy sleep that can be taken in the day, is in summer-time, out in a field. There is perhaps no solitary sensation so exquisite as that of slumbering on the grass or hay, shaded from the hot sun by a tree, with the consciousness of a fresh but light air running through the wide atmosphere, and the sky stretching far overhead upon all sides. Earth, and heaven, and a placid humanity, seem to have the

[illegible] between the slum-
[illegible] of nature.

[illegible] the most refreshing snatch
[illegible] person takes be-
[illegible] sitting-room.
[illegible] the power
[illegible] unwillingness
[illegible] the sud-
[illegible] sleepi-
[illegible] so luxuri-
[illegible] posture, sit-
[illegible] throwing his
[illegible] It is curi-
[illegible] posture will be
[illegible] The worst of it
[illegible] vanishes; per-
[illegible] for a fireside
[illegible]

Speaking of the [illegible] a sleepy lounger will get himself, [illegible] more fantastic attitudes that [illegible] If we could add any-thing to the [illegible] have been said about sleep by the poets, [illegible] Sleep never shows himself a greater leveller. [illegible] in his waking moments may look as proud [illegible] as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may sit proudly, he may eat his dinner proudly; he may [illegible] himself with an air of infinite superiority; in a word, he may show himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But Sleep plays the petrifying magician. [illegible] the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in [illegible] postures: so that if you could draw a gran-[illegible] without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a [illegible] wilder laughter. The toy with the [illegible] is hardly a posture-master more extrava-[illegible] lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with [illegible] mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, [illegible] hanging helplessly before him like an idi-[illegible] up, and the other leg stretched out, or both

knees huddled up together;—what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!

But Sleep is kindly, even in his tricks; and the poets have treated him with reverence. According to the ancient mythologists, he had even one of the Graces to wife. He had a thousand sons, of whom the chief were Morpheus, or the Shaper; Icelos, or the Likely; Phantasus, the Fancy; and Phobetor, the Terror. His dwelling some writers place in a dull and darkling part of the earth; others, with greater compliment, in heaven; and others, with another kind of propriety, by the seashore. There is a good description of it in Ovid; but in these abstracted tasks of poetry, the moderns outvie the ancients; and there is nobody who has built his bower for him so finely as Spenser. Archimago in the first book of the *Faerie Queene* (Canto I. st. 39), sends a little spirit down to Morpheus to fetch him a Dream:

> He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
> And through the world of waters, wide and deepe,
> To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire
> Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe
> And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
> His dwelling is. There, Tethys his wet bed
> Doth ever wash; and Cynthia still doth steepe
> In silver dew his ever-drouping head,
> Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred
>
> And more to lull him in his slumber soft
> A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe,
> And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
> Mixed with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
> Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoune.
> No other noise, nor people's troublous cryes,
> As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,
> Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes,
> Wrapt in eternall silence, far from enimyes.

Chaucer has drawn the cave of the same god with greater simplicity; but nothing can have a more deep and sullen effect than his cliffs and cold running waters. It seems as real as an actual solitude, or some quaint old picture in a book of travels

in Tartary. He is telling the story of Ceyx and Alcyone in the poem called his Dream. Juno tells a messenger to go to Morpheus and "bid him creep into the body" of the drowned king, to let his wife know the fatal event by his apparition.

> This messenger tooke leave, and went
> Upon his way; and never he stent
> Till he came to the dark valley,
> That stant betweene rockes twey.
> There never yet grew corne, ne gras,
> Ne tree, ne naught that aught was,
> Beast, ne man, ne naught else;
> Save that there were a few wells
> Came running fro the cliffs adowne,
> That made a deadly sleeping soune,
> And runnen downe right by a cave,
> That was under a rocky grave,
> Amid the valley, wonder-deepe.
> There these goddis lay asleepe,
> Morpheus and Eclympasteire,
> That was the god of Sleepis heire,
> That slept and did none other worke.

Where the credentials of this new son and heir Eclympasteire are to be found, we know not; but he acts very much, it must be allowed, like an heir presumptive, in sleeping, and doing "none other work."

We dare not trust ourselves with many quotations upon sleep from the poets: they are so numerous as well as beautiful We must content ourselves with mentioning that our two most favorite passages are one in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, admirable for its contrast to a scene of terrible agony, which it closes; and the other the following address in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of *Valentinian*, the hero of which is also a sufferer under bodily torment. He is in a chair, slumbering; and these most exquisite lines are gently sung with music.

> Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
> Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
> On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud
> In gentle showers: give nothing that is loud
> Or painful to his slumbers: easy, sweet,

> And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
> Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
> Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain:
> Into this prince, gently, oh gently slide,
> And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride.

How earnest and prayer-like are these pauses! How lightly sprinkled, and yet how deeply settling, like rain, the fancy! How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion!

Sleep is most graceful in an infant; soundest, in one who has been tired in the open air; completest, to the seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome, to the mind haunted with one idea; most touching to look at, in the parent that has wept; lightest, in the playful child; proudest, in the bride adored.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Fair Revenge.

THE elements of this story are to be found in the old poem called *Albion's England*, to which we referred in the article on Charles Brandon and Mary Queen of France.

Aganippus, king of Argos, dying without heirs male, bequeathed his throne to his only daughter, the beautiful and beloved Daphles. This female succession was displeasing to a nobleman who held large possessions on the frontiers; and he came for the first time towards the court, not to pay his respects to the new queen, but to give her battle. Doracles (for that was his name) was not much known by the people. He had distinguished himself for as jealous an independence as a subject could well assume; and though he had been of use in repelling invasion during the latter years of the king, he had never made his appearance to receive his master's thanks personally. A correspondence, however, was understood to have gone on between him and several noblemen about the court; and there were those who, in spite of his inattention to popularity, suspected that it would go hard with the young queen, when the two armies came face to face.

But neither these subtle statesmen, nor the ambitious young soldier Doracles, were aware of the effects to be produced by a strong personal attachment. The young queen, amiable as she was beautiful, had involuntarily baffled his expectations from her courtiers, by exciting in the minds of some a real disinterested regard, while others nourished a hope of sharing her throne instead. At least they speculated upon becoming each the favorite minister, and held it a better thing to reign under that title and a charming mistress, than be the servants of a master, wilful and domineering. By the people she was adored;

and when she came riding out of her palace on the morning of the fight, with an unaccustomed spear standing up in its rest by her side, her diademed hair flowing a little off into the wind, her face paler than usual, but still tinted with its roses, and a look in which confidence in the love of her subjects, and tenderness for the wounds they were going to encounter, seemed to contend for the expression, the shout which they sent up would have told a stouter heart than a traitor's that the royal chamber was secure.

The queen, during the conflict, remained in a tent upon an eminence, to which the younger leaders vied who should best spur up their smoking horses, to bring her good news from time to time. The battle was short and bloody. Doracles soon found that he had miscalculated his point; and all his skill and resolution could not set the error to rights. It was allowed, that if either courage or military talent could entitle him to the throne, he would have a right to it; but the popularity of Daphles supplied her cause with all the ardor which a lax state of subjection on the part of the more powerful nobles might have denied it. When her troops charged, or made any other voluntary movement, they put all their hearts into their blows; and when they were compelled to await the enemy, they stood as inflexible as walls of iron. It was like hammering upon metal statuary; or staking the fated horses upon spears riveted in stone. Doracles was taken prisoner. The queen, re-issuing from her tent, crowned with laurel, came riding down the eminence, and remained at the foot with her generals, while the prisoners were taken by. Her pale face kept as royal a countenance of composed pity as she could manage, while the commoner rebels passed along, aching with their wounded arms fastened behind, and shaking back their bloody and blinding locks for want of a hand to part them. But the blood mounted to her cheeks, when the proud and handsome Doracles, whom she now saw for the first time, blushed deeply as he cast a glance at his female conqueror, and then stepped haughtily along, handling his gilded chains, as if they were an indifferent ornament. "I have conquered him," thought she; "it is a heavy blow to so proud a head; and as he looks not unamiable, it might be politic, as well

as courteous and kind in me, to turn his submission into a more willing one." Alas! pity was helping admiration to a kinder set of offices than the generous-hearted queen suspected. The captive went to his prison a conqueror after all, for Daphles loved him.

The second night, after having exhibited in her manners a strange mixture of joy and seriousness, and signified to her counsellors her intention of setting the prisoner free, she released him with her own hands. Many a step did she hesitate as she went down the stairs; and when she came to the door, she shed a full, but soft, and, as it seemed to her, a wilful and refreshing flood of tears, humbling herself for her approaching task. When she had entered, she blushed deeply, and then turning as pale, stood for a minute silent and without emotion. She then said, "Thy queen, Doracles, has come to show thee how kindly she can treat a great and gallant subject, who did not know her;" and with these words, and almost before she was aware, the prisoner was released, and preparing to go. He appeared surprised, but not off his guard, nor in any temper to be over grateful. "Name," said he, "O queen, the conditions on which I depart, and they will be faithfully kept." Daphles moved her lips, but they spoke not. She waved her head and hand with a deadly smile, as if freeing him from all conditions, and he was turning to go, when she fell senseless on the floor. The haughty warrior raised her with more impatience than goodwill. He could guess at love in a woman; but he had but a mean opinion both of it and her sex; and the deadly struggle in the heart of Daphles did not help him to distinguish the romantic passion which had induced her to put all her past and virgin notions of love into his person, from the commonest liking that might flatter his soldierly vanity.

The queen, on awaking from her swoon, found herself compelled, in very justice to the intensity of a true passion, to explain how pity had brought it upon her. "I might ask it," said she, "Doracles, in return," and here she resumed something of her queen-like dignity; "but I feel that my modesty will be sufficiently saved by the name of your wife; and a substantial throne, with a return that shall nothing perplex or interfere with

thee, I do now accordingly offer thee, not as the condition of thy freedom, but as a diversion of men's eyes and thoughts from what they will think ill in me, if they find me rejected." And in getting out that hard word, her voice faltered a little, and her eyes filled with tears.

Doracles, with the best grace his lately-defeated spirit could assume, spoke in willing terms of accepting her offer. They left the prison, and his full pardon having been proclaimed, the courtiers, with feasts and entertainments, vied who should seem best to approve their mistress's choice, for so they were quick to understand it. The late captive, who was really as graceful and accomplished as a proud spirit would let him be, received and returned all their attention in princely sort, and Daphles was beginning to hope that he might turn a glad eye upon her some day, when news was brought her that he had gone from court, nobody knew whither. The next intelligence was too certain. He had passed the frontiers, and was leaguing with her enemies for another struggle.

From that day gladness, though not kindness, went out of the face of Daphles. She wrote him a letter, without a word of reproach in it, enough to bring back the remotest heart that had the least spark of sympathy; but he only answered it in a spirit which showed that he regarded the deepest love but as a wanton trifle. That letter touched her kind wits. She had had a paper drawn up, leaving him her throne in case she should die; but some of her ministers, availing themselves of her enfeebled spirit, had summoned a meeting of the nobles, at which she was to preside in the dress she wore on the day of victory, the sight of which, it was thought, with the arguments which they meant to use, would prevail upon the assembly to urge her to a revocation of the bequest. Her women dressed her whilst she was almost unconscious of what they were doing, for she had now begun to fade quickly, body as well as mind. They put on her the white garments edged with silver waves, in remembrance of the stream of Inachus, the founder of the Argive monarchy; the spear was brought out, to be stuck by the side of the throne, instead of the sceptre; and their hands prepared to put the same laurel on her head which bound its healthy white temples when

she sat on horseback and saw the prisoner go by. But at sight of its twisted and withered green, she took it in her hand, and looking about her in her chair with an air of momentary recollection, began picking it, and letting the leaves fall upon the floor. She went on thus, leaf after leaf, looking vacantly downwards, and when she had stripped the circle half round, she leaned her cheek against the side of her sick chair, and shutting her eyes quietly, so died.

The envoys from Argos went to the court of Calydon, where Doracles then was, and bringing him the diadem upon a black cushion, informed him at once of the death of the queen, and her nomination of him to the throne. He showed little more than a ceremonious gravity at the former news; but could ill contain his joy at the latter, and set off instantly to take possession. Among the other nobles who feasted him, was one who, having been the companion of the late king, had become a second father to his unhappy daughter. The new prince observing the melancholy which he scarcely affected to repress, and seeing him look up occasionally at a picture which had a veil over it, asked him what the picture was that seemed to disturb him so, and why it was veiled. "If it be the portrait of the late king," said Doracles, "pray think me worthy of doing honor to it, for he was a noble prince. Unveil it, pray. I insist upon it. What! am I not worthy to look upon my predecessors, Phorbas?" And at these words he frowned impatiently. Phorbas, with a trembling hand, but not for want of courage, withdrew the black covering; and the portrait of Daphles, in all her youth and beauty, flashed upon the eyes of Doracles. It was not a melancholy face. It was drawn before misfortune had touched it, and sparkled with a blooming beauty, in which animal spirits and good-nature contended for predominance. Doracles paused and seemed struck. "The possessor of that face," said he, inquiring, "could never have been so sorrowful as I have heard?" "Pardon me, sir," answered Phorbas, "I was as another father to her, and knew all." "It cannot be," returned the prince. The old man begged his other guests to withdraw a while, and then told Doracles how many fond and despairing things the queen had said of him, both before her wits began to fail and after.

"Her wits to fail!" murmured the king; "I have known what it is to feel almost a mad impatience of the will; but I knew not that these gentle creatures, women, could so feel for such a trifle." Phorbas brought out the laurel-crown, and told him how the half of it became bare. The impatient blood of Doracles mounted, but not in anger, to his face; and, breaking up the party, he requested that the picture might be removed to his own chamber, promising to return it.

A whole year, however, did he keep it; and as he had no foreign enemies to occupy his time, nor was disposed to enter into the common sports of peace, it was understood that he spent the greatest part of his time, when he was not in council, in the room where the picture hung. In truth, the image of the once smiling Daphles haunted him, wherever he went; and to ease himself of the yearning of wishing her alive again and seeing her face, he was in the habit of being with it as much as possible. His self-will turned upon him, even in that gentle shape. Millions of times did he wish back the loving author of his fortunes, whom he had treated with so clownish an ingratitude; and millions of times did the sense of the impotence of his wish run up in red hurry to his cheeks, and help to pull them into a gaunt melancholy. But this is not a repaying sorrow to dwell upon. He was one day, after being in vain expected at council, found lying madly on the floor of the room, dead. He had torn the portrait from the wall. His dagger was in his heart, and his cheek lay upon that blooming and smiling face, which, had it been living, would never have looked so at being revenged.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Spirit of the Ancient Mythology.

FROM having a different creed of our own, and always encountering the heathen mythology in a poetical and fabulous shape, we are apt to have a false idea of the religious feeling of the ancients. We are in the habit of supposing, whatever we allow when we come to reason upon the point, that they regarded their fables in the same poetical light as ourselves; that they could not possibly put faith in Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto; in the sacrifice of innocent turtle-doves, the libation of wine, and the notions about Tartarus and Ixion.

Undoubtedly there were multitudes of free thinkers in the ancient world. Most of the Greek poets and philosophers appear to have differed with the literal notions of the many.* A system of refined theism is understood to have been taught to the initiated in the celebrated Mysteries. The doctrines of Epicurus were so prevalent in the most intellectual age of Rome, that Lucretius wrote a poem upon them, in which he treats their founder as a divinity; and Virgil, in the well-known passage of the Georgics, "Felix qui potuit," &c., exalts either Epicurus or Lucretius as a blessed being, who put hell and terror under his feet. A sickly temperament appears to have made him wish, rather than be able, to carry his own scepticism so far: yet he insinuates his belief in Tartarus, in the sixth book of his epic poem, where Æneas and the Sibyl, after the

* It is remarkable that Æschylus and Euripides, the two dramatists whose faith in the national religion was most doubted, are said to have met with strange and violent deaths. The latter was torn to pieces by dogs, and the former killed by a tortoise which an eagle let fall upon his bald head, *in mistake for a stone.* These exits from the scene look very like the retributive death-beds which the bigots of all religions are so fond of ascribing to one another.

description of the lower world, go out through the ivory gate, which was the passage of false visions.* Cæsar, according to a speech of his in Sallust, derided the same notions in open senate; and Cicero, in other parts of his writings, as well as in a public pleading, speaks of them as fables and impertinence,—"ineptiis ac fabulis."

But however this plain-dealing may look on the part of the men of letters, there is reason to believe, that even in those times, the people, in general, were strong upon the points of faith. The extension of the Greek philosophy may have insensibly rendered them familiar with latitudes of interpretation on the part of others. They would not think it impious in Cicero and Cato to have notions of the Supreme Being more consistent with the elevation of their minds. But for themselves, they adhered from habit, to the literal creed of their ancestors, as the Greek populace had done before them. The jealous enemies of Socrates contrived to have him put to death on a charge of irreverence for the gods. A frolic of the libertine Alcibiades, which, to say the least of it, was in bad taste—the defacing the statues of Mercury—was followed with important consequences. The history of Socrates had the effect, in after times, at least in the ancient world, of saving philosophical speculators from the vindictive egotism of opinion. But even in the days of Augustus, Ovid wrote a popular work full of mythological fables; and Virgil himself, whose creed, perhaps, only rejected what was unkindly, gave the hero of his intended popular epic the particular appellation of pious. That Augustus should pique himself on the same attribute proves little; for he was a cold-blooded man of the world, and could play the hypocrite for the worst and most despotic purposes. Did he now and then lecture his poetical friends upon this point, respecting their own appearances with the world? There is a curious ode of Horace (Book I., Ode xxxiv.), in which he says, that he finds himself compelled to give up his sceptical notions, and to attend more to public worship, because it had thundered one day when the

* Did Dante forget this, when he took Virgil for his guide through the Inferno?

sky was cloudless. The critics are divided in their opinion of his object in this ode. Some think him in earnest, others in jest. It is the only thing of the sort in his works, and is, at all events, of an equivocal character, that would serve his purpose on either side of the question.

The opinions of the ancients upon religion may be divided into three general classes. The great multitude believed anything; the very few disbelieved everything; the philosophers and poets entertained a refined natural religion, which, while it pronounced upon nothing, rejected what was evidently unworthy of the spirit of creation, and regarded the popular deities as personifications of its various workings. All these classes had their extravagances, in proportion to their ignorance, or viciousness, or metaphysical perplexity. The multitude, whose notions were founded on ignorance, habit, and fear, admitted many absurd, and some cruel imaginations. The mere man of the world measured everything by his own vain and petty standard, and thought the whole goods of the universe a scramble for the cunning and hypocritical. The over-refining followers of Plato, endeavoring to pierce into the nature of things by the mere effort of the will, arrived at conclusions visible to none but their own yearning and impatient eyes, and lost themselves in the ethereal dogmatisms of Plotinus and Porphyry.

The greatest pleasure arising to a modern imagination from the ancient mythology, is in a mingled sense of the old popular belief and of the philosophical refinements upon it. We take Apollo, and Mercury, and Venus, as shapes that existed in popular credulity, as the greater fairies of the ancient world: and we regard them at the same time, as personifications of all that is beautiful and genial in the forms and tendencies of creation. But the result, coming as it does, too, through avenues of beautiful poetry, both ancient and modern, is so entirely cheerful, that we are apt to think it must have wanted gravity to more believing eyes. We fancy that the old world saw nothing in religion but lively and graceful shapes, as remote from the more obscure and awful hintings of the world unknown, as physics appear to be from the metaphysical; as the eye of a

beautiful woman is from the inward speculations of a Brahmin; or a lily at noonday from the wide obscurity of night-time.

This supposition appears to be carried a great deal too far. We will not inquire, in this place, how far the *mass* of mankind, when these shapes were done away, did or did not escape from a despotic anthropomorphitism; nor how far they were driven by the vaguer fears, and the opening of a more visible eternity, into avoiding the whole subject, rather than courting it; nor how it is, that the nobler practical religion which was afforded them, has been unable to bring back their frightened theology from the angry and avaricious pursuits into which they fled for refuge. But, setting aside the portion of terror, of which heathenism partook in common with all faiths originating in uncultivated times, the ordinary run of pagans were perhaps more impressed with a sense of the invisible world, in consequence of the very visions presented to their imagination, than the same description of men under a more shadowy system. There is the same difference between the two things, as between a populace believing in fairies, and a populace not believing. The latter is in the high road to something better, if not drawn aside into new terrors on the one hand or mere worldliness on the other. But the former is led to look out of the mere worldly common-places about it, twenty times to the other's once. It has a sense of a supernatural state of things, however gross. It has a link with another world, from which something like gravity is sure to strike into the most cheerful heart. Every forest, to the mind's eye of a Greek, was haunted with superior intelligences. Every stream had its presiding nymph, who was thanked for the draught of water. Every house had its protecting gods, which had blessed the inmate's ancestors, and which would bless him also, if he cultivated the social affections: for the same word which expressed piety towards the Gods expressed love towards relations and friends. If in all this there was nothing but the worship of a more graceful humanity, there may be worships much worse as well as much better. And the divinest spirit that ever appeared on earth has told us that the extension of human sympathy embraces all that is required of us, either to do or to foresee.

Imagine the feelings with which an ancient believer must have gone by the oracular oaks of Dodona; or the calm groves of the Eumenides; or the fountain where Proserpine vanished under ground with Pluto; or the Great Temple of the mysteries at Eleusis; or the laurelled mountain Parnassus, on the side of which was the temple of Delphi, where Apollo was supposed to be present in person. Imagine Plutarch, a devout and yet a liberal believer, when he went to study theology and philosophy at Delphi: with what feelings must he not have passed along the woody paths of the hill, approaching nearer every instant to the divinity, and not sure that a glance of light through the trees was not the lustre of the god himself going by! This is mere poetry to us, and very fine it is; but to him it was poetry, and religion, and beauty, and gravity, and hushing awe, and a path as from one world to another.

With similar feelings he would cross the ocean, an element that naturally detaches the mind from earth, and which the ancients regarded as especially doing so. He had been in the Carpathian sea, the favorite haunt of Proteus, who was supposed to be gifted above every other deity with a knowledge of the causes of things. Towards evening, when the winds were rising, and the sailors had made their vows to Neptune, he would think of the old "shepherd of the seas of yore," and believe it possible that he might become visible to his eyesight, driving through the darkling waters, and turning the sacred wildness of his face towards the blessed ship.

In all this, there is a deeper sense of another world, than in the habit of contenting oneself with a few vague terms and embodying but Mammon. There is a deeper sense of another world, precisely because there is a deeper sense of the present; of its varieties, its benignities, its mystery. It was a strong sense of this, which made a living poet, who is accounted very orthodox in his religious opinions, give vent, in that fine sonnet, to his impatience at seeing the beautiful planet we live upon, with all its starry wonders about it, so little thought of, compared with what is ridiculously called *the world*. He seems to have dreaded the symptom, as an evidence of materialism, and of the planets being dry self-existing things, peopled with mere

successive mortalities, and unconnected with any superintendence or consciousness in the universe about them. It is abhorrent from all we think and feel, that they should be so: and yet Love might make heavens of them, if they were.

"The world is too much with us. Late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours:
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Getting up on Cold Mornings.

An Italian author—Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit—has written a poem upon insects, which he begins by insisting, that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the north may dispute this piece of theology; but on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow on the house-tops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution; and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those, who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being—a rational creature. How! Why with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh! it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and *lie* before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can.

Candid inquiries into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability

of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, &c., will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following. In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold —from fire to ice. They are "haled" out of their "beds," says Milton, by "harpy-footed furies,"—fellows who come to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster as are exposed to the air of the room, are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways, and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. "It is very cold this morning, is it not?"—"Very cold, sir."—"Very cold indeed, isn't it?"—"Very cold indeed, sir."—"More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" Here the servant's wit and good nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) "Why, sir, ... I think it *is*." (Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.) "I must rise, however—get me some warm water."—Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of "no use?" to get up. The hot water comes. "Is it quite hot?"—"Yes, sir."—"Perhaps too hot for shaving; I must wait a little?"—"No, sir, it will just do." (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) "Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt;—linen gets very damp this weather."—"Yes, sir." Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. "Oh, the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too."—"Very well, sir."—Here another interval. At length everything is ready, except myself. I now, continues ou· incumbent (a happy word, by the

bye, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed).—No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against that degenerate King, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriancy of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture—at Michael Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakspeare's—at Fletcher's—at Spenser's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's—I could name a great man for every tick of my watch.—Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people.—Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bed-ridden Hassan.—Think of Wortley Montague, the worthy son of his mother, above the prejudice of his time.—Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own.—Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

> Sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and a ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows that he has no merit in opposing it.

Thomson, the poet, who exclaims in his Seasons—

> Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?

used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising; but then he could also imagine the good of lying still; and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter. We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three or four

pence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, "What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?" but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious lier in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest is of necessity the best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Old Gentleman.

Our Old Gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious;—nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig; which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favorite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hair-dresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered; in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and, in warm weather, is proud of opening his waistcoat half-way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to show his hardiness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one, when bowed to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning—

When beauteous Mira walks the plain.

He intends this for a common-place book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose, cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns; some of them rather gay. His principal other books are, Shakspeare's Plays and Milton's Paradise Lost; the Spectator, the History of England, the Works of Lady M. W. Montague, Pope and Churchill; Middleton's Geography; the Gentleman's Magazine; Sir John Sinclair on Longevity; several plays with portraits in character: Account of Elizabeth Canning, Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy, Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton, Blair's Works, Elegant Extracts; Junius, as originally published; a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, &c., and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting-rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humorous piece after Penny; and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile, and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers; not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so; the fishmonger soliciting his doubtful eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be

sure to be stale, and the flesh new. He eats no tart; or if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses, as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port; and if he has drunk more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced by some respectful inquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as—

Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,

or

Come, gentle god of soft repose,

or his wife's favorite ballad, beginning—

At Upton on the hill,
There lived a happy pair.

Of course, no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room; but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my lord North," or "my lord Rockingham;" for he rarely says simply, lord; it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteelly off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arm's length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new-comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions he gives an important hem! or so, and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre, or of having a game of cards. If he enjoys the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years; but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific; and the privilege is

extended to younger men of letters; wh:, if ill players, are good losers. Not that he is a miser, but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage; and to win of a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early, whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre, he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes, he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks everything looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he, with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the Duchess of A., the finest woman in England, sir; and Mrs. L., a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan what's her name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire, when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh box-full in Tavistock-street, in his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favorite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady, on the least holiday occasion. If the husband for instance has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, sir, from the country;" and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, sir;" and he kisses the cousin. He "never recollects such weather," except during the "Great Frost," or when he rode down with "Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket." He grows young again in his little grand-children,

especially the one which he thinks most like himself; which is the handsomest. Yet he likes best perhaps the one most resembling his wife; and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence, for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school, he often goes to see them; and makes them blush by telling the master or the upper-scholars, that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast; and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth; "a very sad dog, sir; mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings, and say little or nothing; but informs you, that there is Mrs. Jones (the housekeeper)—"*She*'ll talk."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Dolphins.

Our old book-friend, the Dolphin, used to be confounded with the porpus; but modern writers seem to concur in making a distinction between them. We remember being much mortified at this separation; for having, in our childhood, been shown something dimly rolling in the sea, while standing on the coast at twilight, and told with much whispering solemnity that it was a porpus, we had afterwards learnt to identify it with the Dolphin, and thought we had seen the romantic fish on whom Arion rode playing his harp.

Spenser introduces Arion most beautifully, in all his lyrical pomp, in the marriage of the Thames and Medway. He goes before the bride, smoothing onwards with the sound of his harp, like the very progress of the water.

> Then there was heard a most celestiall sound
> Of dainty musicke, which did next ensue
> Before the Spouse. *That was Arion crowned:*
> Who, playing on his harp, unto him drew
> The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew;
> That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
> Through the Ægean seas from pirates' view,
> Stood still by him astonished at his lore;
> And all the raging seas for joy forgot to roar.
>
> *So went he, playing on the watery plain.*

Perhaps in no one particular thing or image, have some great poets shown the different characters of their genius more than in the use of the Dolphin. Spenser, who of all his tribe lived in a poetical world, and saw things as clearly there as in a real one, has never shown this nicety of realization more than in the

following passage. He speaks of his Dolphins with as familiar a detail, as if they were horses waiting at a door with an equipage.

A team of Dolphins ranged in array
Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoënt.
They were all taught by Triton to obey
To the long reins of her commandëment:
As swift as swallows on the waves they went,
That their broad flaggy finnes no foam did reare,
Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent.
The rest of other fishes drawen were,
Which with their finny oares the swelling sea did sheare.

Soon as they been arrived upon the brim
Of the Rich Strand, their charets they forlore;
And let their teamed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the foamy shore,
Lest they their finnes should bruise, and surbeat sore
Their tender feete upon the stony ground

There are a couple of Dolphins like these, in Raphael's *Galatea*. Dante, with his tendency to see things in a dreary point of view, has given an illustration of the agonies of some of the damned in his *Inferno*, at once new, fine, and horrible. It is in the 22d book, "*Come i delfini*," &c. He says that some wretches, swimming in one of the gulfs of hell, shot out their backs occasionally, like Dolphins, above the pitchy liquid, in order to snatch a respite from torment; but darted them back again like lightning. The devils would prong them as they rose. Strange fancies these for maintaining the character of religion!

Hear Shakspeare, always the noble and the good-natured We forget of what great character he is speaking; but never was an image that more singularly yet completely united superiority and playfulness.

His delights
Were dolphin-like; and showed themselves above
The element he lived in.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ronald of the Perfect Hand.

[The following tale is founded on a Scottish tradition. It was intended to be written in verse; which will account for its present appearance.]

The stern old shepherd of the air,
The spirit of the whistling hair,
The wind, has risen drearily
In the Northern evening sea,
And is piping long and loud
To many a heavy upcoming cloud,
Upcoming heavy in many a row,
Like the unwieldy droves below
Of seals and horses of the sea,
That gather up as drearily,
And watch with solemn-visaged eyes
Those mightier movers in the skies.

'Tis evening quick;—'tis night:—the rain
Is sowing wide the fruitless main,
Thick, thick;—no sight remains the while
From the farthest Orkney isle,
No sight to sea-horse, or to seer,
But of a little pallid sail,
That seems as if 'twould struggle near,
And then as if its pinion pale
Gave up the battle to the gale.
Four chiefs there are of special note,
Laboring in that earnest boat;
Four Orkney chiefs, that yesterday
Coming in their pride away
From there smote Norwegian king
Led their war-boats triumphing
Straight along the golden line
Made by morning's eye divine.
Stately came they, one by one,
Every sail beneath the sun,
As if he their admiral were

Looking down from the lofty air,
Stately, stately through the gold—
But before that day was done
Lo, his eye grew vexed and cold;
And every boat, except that one,
A tempest trampled in its roar;
And every man, except those four,
Was drenched, and driving far from home,
Dead and swift, through the Northern foam.

Four are they, who wearily
Have drank of toil two days at sea;
Duth Maruno, steady and dark,
Cormar, Soul of the Winged Bark;
And bright Clan Alpin, who could leap
Like a torrent from steep to steep;
And he, the greatest of that great band,
Ronald of the Perfect Hand.

Dumbly strain they for the shore,
Foot to board, and grasp on oar.
The billows, panting in the wind,
Seem instinct with ghastly mind;
And climb like crowding savages
At the boat that dares their seas.
Dumbly strain they through and through,
Dumbly, and half blindly too,
Drenched, and buffeted, and bending
Up and down without an ending,
Like ghostly things that could not cease
To row among those savages.

Ronald of the Perfect Hand
Has rowed the most of all that band;
And now he's resting for a space
At the helm, and turns his face
Round and round on every side
To see what cannot be descried,
Shore, nor sky, nor light, nor even
Hope, whose feet are last in heaven.
Ronald thought him of the roar
Of the fight the day before,
And of the young Norwegian prince
Whom in all the worryings
And hot vexations of the fray,
He had sent with life away,

Because he told him of a bride
That if she lost him, would have died;
And Ronald then, in bitter case,
Thought of his own sweet lady's face,
Which upon this very night
Should have blushed with bridal light,
And of her downward eyelids meek,
And of her voice, just heard to speak,
As at the altar, hand in hand,
On ceasing of the organ grand,
'Twould have bound her for weal or wo,
With delicious answers low:
And more he thought of, grave and sweet,
That made the thin tears start, and meet
The wetting of the insolent wave;
And Ronald, who though all so brave,
Had often that hard day before
Wished himself well housed on shore,
Felt a sharp impatient start
Of home-sick wilfulness at heart,
And steering with still firmer hand,
As if the boat could feel command,
Thrill'd with a fierce and forward motion,
As though 'twould shoot it through the ocean.

"Some spirit," exclaimed Duth Maruno, "must pursue us, and stubbornly urge the boat out of its way, or we must have arrived by this time at Inistore."* Ronald took him at his word, and turning hastily round, thought he saw an armed figure behind the stern. His anger rose with his despair; and with all his strength he dashed his arm at the moveless and airy shape. At that instant a fierce blast of the wind half turned the boat round. The chieftains called out to Ronaldo to set his whole heart at the rudder; but the wind beat back their voices, like young birds into the nest, and no answer followed it. The boat seemed less and less manageable, and at last to be totally left to themselves. In the intervals of the wind they again called out to Ronald, but still received no answer. One of them crept forward, and felt for him through the blinding wet and darkness. His place was void. "It was a ghost," said they, "which came

* The old name for the Orkneys.

to fetch him to the spirits of his fathers. Ronald of the Perfect Hand is gone, and we shall follow him as we did in the fight. Hark! the wind is louder and louder: it is louder and many-voiced. Is it his voice which has roused up the others? Is he calling upon us, as he did in the battle, when his followers shouted after his call?"

It was the rocks of an isle beyond Inistore, which made that multitudinous roaring of the wind. The chieftains found that they were not destined to perish in the mid-ocean; but it was fortunate for them that the wind did not set in directly upon the island, or they would have been dashed to pieces upon the rocks. With great difficulty they stemmed their way obliquely; and at length were thrown violently to shore, bruised, wounded, and half inanimate. They remained on this desolate island two days, during the first of which the storm subsided. On the third, they were taken away by a boat of seal-hunters.

The chiefs, on their arrival at home, related how Ronald of the Perfect Hand had been summoned away by a loud-voiced spirit, and disappeared. Great was the mourning in Inistore for the Perfect Hand; for the Hand that with equal skill could throw the javelin and traverse the harp; could build the sudden hut of the hunter; and bind up the glad locks of the maiden tired in the dance. Therefore was he called the Perfect Hand; and therefore with great mourning was he mourned: yet with none half as great as by his love, his betrothed bride Moilena; by her of the Beautiful Voice; who had latterly begun to be called the Perfect Voice, because she was to be matched with him of the Perfect Hand. Perfect Hand and Perfect Voice were they called; but the Hand was now gone, and the Voice sang brokenly for tears.

A dreary winter was it though a victorious, to the people of Inistore. Their swords had conquered in Lochlin; but most of the hands that wielded them had never come back. Their warm pressure was felt no more. The last which they had given their friends was now to serve them all their lives. "Never, with all my yearning," said Moilena, "shall I look upon his again, as I have looked upon it a hundred times, when nobody

suspected. Never." And she turned from the sight of the destructive ocean, which seemed as interminable as her thoughts.

But winter had now passed away. The tears of the sky at least were dried up. The sun looked out kindly again; and the spring had scarcely re-appeared, when Inistore had a proud and gladder day, from the arrival of the young prince of Lochlin with his bride. It was a bitter one to Moilena, for the prince came to thank Ronald for sparing his life in the war, and had brought his lady to thank him too. They thanked Moilena instead; and, proud in the midst of her unhappiness, of being the representative of the Perfect Hand, she lavished hundreds of smiles upon them from her pale face. But she wept in secret. She could not bear this new addition to the store of noble and kind memories respecting her Ronald. He had spared the bridegroom for his bride. He had hoped to come back to his own. She looked over to the north; and thought that her home was as much there as in Inistore.

Meantime, Ronald was not drowned. A Scandinavian boat, bound for an island called the Island of the Circle, had picked him up. The crew, which consisted chiefly of priests, were going thither to propitiate the deities, on account of the late defeat of their countrymen. They recognized the victorious chieftain, who on coming to his senses freely confessed who he was. Instantly they raised a chorus, which rose sternly through the tempest. "We carry," said they, "an acceptable present to the gods. Odin, stay thy hand from the slaughter of the obscure. Thor, put down the mallet with which thou beatest, like red hail, on the skulls of thine enemies. Ye other feasters in Valhalla, set down the skulls full of mead, and pledge a health out of a new and noble one to the King of Gods and Men, that the twilight of heaven may come late. We bring an acceptable present: we bring Ronald of the Perfect Hand." Thus they sang in the boat, laboring all the while with the winds and the waves, but surer now than ever of reaching the shore. And they did so by the first light of the morning. When they came to the circle of sacred stones, from which the island took its name, they placed their late conqueror by the largest, and kindled a fire in the middle. The warm smoke rose thickly against

the cold white morning. Let me be offered up to your gods," said Ronald, "like a man, by the sword; and not like food, by the fire." "We know all," answered the priests: "be thou silent." "Treat not him," said Ronald, "who spared your prince, unworthily. If he must be sacrificed, let him die as your prince would have died by this hand." Still they answered nothing but "We know all: be thou silent." Ronald could not help witnessing these preparations for a new and unexpected death with an emotion of terror; but disdain and despair were uppermost. Once, and but once, his cheek turned deadly pale in thinking of Moilena. He shifted his posture resolutely, and thought of the spirits of the dead whom he was about to join. The priests then encircled the fire and the stone at which he stood, with another devoting song; and Ronald looked earnestly at the ruddy flames, which gave to his body, as in mockery, a kindly warmth. The priests, however, did not lay hands on him. They respected the sparer of their prince so far as not to touch him themselves; they left him to be despatched by the supernatural beings, whom they confidently expected to come down for that purpose as soon as they had retired.

Ronald, whose faith was of another description, saw their departure with joy; but it was damped the next minute. What was he to do in winter-time on an island, inhabited only by the fowls and other creatures of the northern sea, and never touched at but for a purpose hostile to his hopes? For he now recollected, that this was the island he had so often heard of, as the chief seat of the Scandinavian religion; whose traditions had so influenced countries of a different faith, that it was believed in Scotland as well as the continent, that no human being could live there many hours. Spirits, it was thought, appeared in terrible superhuman shapes, like the bloody idols which the priests worshipped, and carried the stranger off.

The warrior of Inistore had soon too much reason to know the extent of this belief. He was not without fear himself, but disdained to yield to any circumstances without a struggle. He refreshed himself with some snow-water; and after climbing the highest part of the island to look for a boat in vain (nothing was to be seen but the waves tumbling on all sides after the

storm), he set about preparing a habitation. He saw at a little distance, on a slope, the mouth of a rocky cave. This he destined for his shelter at night; and looking round, for a defence for the door, as he knew not whether bears might not be among the inhabitants, he cast his eyes among the thinnest of the stones which stood upright about the fire. The heart of the warrior, though of a different faith, misgave him as he thought of appropriating this mystical stone, carved full of strange figures; but half in courage, and half in the despair of fear, he suddenly twisted it from its place. No one appeared. The fire altered not. The noise of the fowl and other creatures was no louder on the shore. Ronald smiled at his fears, and knew the undiminished vigor of the Perfect Hand.

He found the cavern already fitted for shelter; doubtless by the Scandinavian priests. He had bitter reason to know how well it sheltered him; for day after day he hoped in vain that some boat from Inistore would venture upon the island. He beheld sails at a distance, but they never came. He piled stone upon stone, joined old pieces of boats together, and made flags of the sea-weed; but all in vain. The vessels, he thought, came nearer, but none so near as to be of use; and a new and sickly kind of impatience cut across the stout heart of Ronald, and set it beating. He knew not whether it was with the cold or with misery, but his frame would shake for an hour together, when he lay down on his dried weeds and feathers to rest. He remembered the happy sleeps that used to follow upon toil; and he looked with double activity for the eggs and shell-fish on which he sustained himself, and smote double the number of seals, half in the very exercise of his anger: and then he would fall dead asleep with fatigue.

In this way he bore up against the violences of the winter season, which had now passed. The sun looked out with a melancholy smile upon the moss and the poor grass, chequered here and there with flowers almost as poor. There was the buttercup, struggling from a dirty white into a yellow; and a faint-colored poppy, neither the good nor the ill of which was then known; and here and there by the thorny underwood a shrinking violet. The lark alone seemed cheerful, and startled the

ear of the desolate chieftain with its climbing triumph in the air. Ronald looked up. His fancy had been made wild and wilful by strange and sickened blood; and he thought impatiently, that if he were up there like the lark, he might see his friends and his love in Inistore.

Being naturally, however, of a gentle as well as courageous disposition, the Perfect Hand found the advantage as well as the necessity of turning his violent impulses into noble matter for patience. He had heard of the dreadful bodily sufferings which the Scandinavian heroes underwent from their enemies with triumphant songs. He knew that no such sufferings which were fugitive, could equal the agonies of a daily martyrdom of mind; and he cultivated a certain humane pride of patience, in order to bear them.

His only hope of being delivered from the island now depended on the Scandinavian priests; but it was a moot point whether they would respect him for surviving, or kill him on that very account, out of a mixture of personal and superstitious resentment. He thought his death the more likely; but this, at least, was a termination to the dreary prospect of a solitude for life; and partly out of that hope, and partly from a courageous patience, he cultivated as many pleasant thoughts and objects about him as he could. He adorned his cavern with shells and feathers; he made himself a cap and cloak of the latter, and boots and a vest of seal-skin, girding it about with the glossy sea-weed; he cleared away a circle before the cavern, planted it with the best grass, and heaped about it the mossiest stones: he strung some bones of a fish with sinews, and fitting a shell beneath it, the Perfect Hand drew forth the first gentle music that had been heard in that wild island. He touched it one day in the midst of a flock of seals, who were basking in the sun; they turned their heads towards the sound; he thought he saw in their mild faces a human expression; and from that day forth no seal was ever slain by the Perfect Hand. He spared even the huge and cloudy visaged-walrusses, in whose societies he beheld a dull resemblance to the gentler affections; and his new intimacy with these possessors of the place was completed by one of the former animals, who having been rescued by him

from a contest with a larger one, followed him about, as well as its half-formed and dragging legs would allow, with the officious attachment of a dog.

But the summer was gone, and no one had appeared. The new thoughts and deeper insight into things, which solitude and sorrowful necessity had produced, together with a diminution of his activity, had not tended to strengthen him against the approach of winter: and autumn came upon him like the melancholy twilight of the year. He had now no hope of seeing even the finishers of his existence before the spring. The rising winds among the rocks, and the noise of the whales blowing up their spouts of water, till the caverns thundered with their echoes, seemed to be like heralds of the stern season which was to close him in against approach. He had tried one day to move the stone at the mouth of his habitation a little further in, and found his strength fail him. He laid himself half reclining on the ground, full of such melancholy thoughts as half bewildered him. Things, by turns, appeared a fierce dream, and a fiercer reality. He was leaning and looking on the ground, and idly twisting his long hair, when his eyes fell upon the hand that held it. It was livid and emaciated. He opened and shut it, opened and shut it again, turned it round, and looked at its ribbed thinness and laid-open machinery; many thoughts came upon him, some which he understood not, and some which he recognized but too well; and a turbid violence seemed rising at his heart, when the seal, his companion, drew nigh, and began licking that weak memorial of the Perfect Hand. A shower of self-pitying tears fell upon the seal's face and the hand together.

On a sudden he heard a voice. It was a deep and loud one, and distinctly called out "Ronald!" He looked up, gasping with wonder. Three times it called out, as if with peremptory command, and three times the rocks and caverns echoed the word with a dim sullenness.

Recollecting himself, he would have risen and answered; but the sudden change of sensations had done what all his sufferings had not been able to do, and he found himself unable either to rise or to speak. The voice called again and again; but it was now more distant, and Ronald's heart sickened as he heard it

retreating. His strength seemed to fail him in proportion as it became necessary. Suddenly the voice came back again. It advances. Other voices are heard, all advancing. In a short time, figures come hastily down the slope by the side of his cavern, looking over into the area before it as they descend. They enter. They are before him and about him. Some of them, in a Scandinavian habit, prostrate themselves at his feet, and address him in an unknown language. But these are sent away by another, who remains with none but two youths. Ronald has risen a little, and leans his back against the rock. One of the youths puts his arm between his neck and the rock, and half kneels beside him, turning his face away and weeping. "I am no god, nor a favorite of gods, as these people supposed me," said Ronald, looking up at the chief who was speaking to the other youth: "if thou wilt despatch me then, do so. I only pray thee to let the death be fit for a warrior, such as I once was." The chief appeared agitated. "Speak not ill of the gods, Ronald," said he, "although thou wert blindly brought up. A warrior like thee must be a favorite of heaven. I come to prove it to thee. Dost thou not know me? I come to give thee life for life." Ronald looked more steadfastly. It was the Scandinavian prince whom he had spared, because of his bride, in battle. He smiled, and lifted up his hand to him, which was intercepted and kissed by the youth who held his arm round his neck "Who are these fair youths?" said Ronald, half turning his head to look in his supporter's face. "This is the bride I spoke of," answered the prince, "who insisted on sharing this voyage with me, and puts on this dress to be the bolder in it." "And who is the other?" The *other*, with dried eyes, looked smiling into his, and intercepted the answer also. "Who," said the sweetest voice in the world, "can it be, but one?" With a quick and almost fierce tone, Ronald cried out aloud, "I know the voice;" and he would have fallen flat on the earth, if they had not all three supported him.

It was a mild return to Inistore, Ronald gathering strength all the way, at the eyes and voice of Moilena, and the hands of all three. Their discovery of him was easily explained. The crews of the vessels, who had been afraid to come nearer, had

repeatedly seen a figure on the island making signs. The Scandinavian priests related how they had left Ronald there; but insisted that no human being could live upon it, and that some god wished to manifest himself to his faithful worshippers. The heart of Moilena was quick to guess the truth. The prince proposed to accompany the priests. His bride and the destined bride of his savior went with him, and returned as you heard; and from that day forth many were the songs in Inistore, upon the fortunes of the Perfect Hand and the kindness of the Perfect Voice. Nor were those forgotten who forgot not others.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Chapter on Hats.

We know not what will be thought of our taste in so important a matter, but we must confess we are not fond of a new hat. There is a certain insolence about it: it seems to value itself upon its finished appearance, and to presume upon our liking before we are acquainted with it. 'n the first place, it comes home more like a marmot or some other living creature, than a manufacture. It is boxed up, and wrapt in silver paper, and brought delicately. It is as sleek as a lap-dog. Then we are to take it out as nicely, and people are to wonder how we shall look in it. Maria twitches one this way, and Sophia that, and Caroline that, and Catharine t'other. We have the difficult task, all the while, of looking easy, till the approving votes are pronounced; our only resource (which is also difficult) being to say good things to all four; or to clap the hat upon each of their heads, and see what pretty milk-women they make. At last the approving votes are pronounced; and (provided it is fine) we may go forth. But how uneasy the sensation about the head! How unlike the old hat, to which we had become used, and which must now make way for this fop of a stranger! We might do what we liked with the former. Dust, rain, a gale of wind, a fall, a squeeze,—nothing affected it. It was a true friend, a friend for all weathers. Its appearance only was against it: in everything else it was the better for wear. But if the roads or the streets are too dry, the new hat is afraid of getting dusty: if there is wind, and it is not tight, it may be blown off into the dir:: we may have to scramble after it through dust or mud; just reaching it with our fingers, only to see it blown away again. And if rain comes on! Oh ye gallant apprenti ces, who have issued forth on a Sunday morning, with Jane o

Susan, careless either of storms at night-fall, or toils and scoldings next day! Ye, who have received new hats and boots but an hour before ye set out; and then issue forth triumphantly, the charmer by your side! She, with arm in yours, and handkerchief in hand, blushing, or eating gingerbread, trips on: ye, admiring, trudge: we ask ye, whether love itself has prevented ye from feeling a certain fearful consciousness of that crowning glory, the new and glossy hat, when the first drops of rain announce the coming of a shower! Ah, hasten, while yet it is of use to haste; ere yet the spotty horror fixes on the nap! Out with the protecting handkerchief, which, tied round the hat, and flowing off in a corner behind, shall gleam through the thickening night like a suburb comet! Trust not the tempting yawn of stable-yard or gate-way, or the impossible notion of a coach! The rain will continue; and, alas! ye are not so rich as in the morning. Hasten! or think of a new hat's becoming a rain-spout! Think of its well-built crown, its graceful and well-measured fit, the curved-up elegance of its rim, its shadowing gentility when seen in front, its arching grace over the ear when beheld sideways! Think of it also the next day! How altered, how dejected!

> How changed from him,
> That life of measure and that soul of rim!

Think of the paper-like change of its consistence; of its limp sadness—its confused and flattened nap, and of that polished and perfect circle, which neither brush nor hot iron shall restore!

We have here spoken of the beauties of a new hat; but abstractedly considered, they are very problematical. Fashion makes beauty for a time. Our ancestors found a grace in the cocked hats now confined to beadles, Chelsea pensioners, and coachmen. They would have laughed at our chimney-tops with a border: though upon the whole we do think them the more graceful of the two. The best modern covering for the head was the imitation of the broad Spanish hat in use about thirty years back, when Mr. Stothard made his designs for the *Novelist's Magazine*. But in proportion as society has been put

into a bustle, our hats seem to have narrowed their dimensions: their flaps were clipped off more and more till they became a rim; and now the rim has contracted to a mere nothing; so that what with our close heads and our tight succinct mode of dress, we look as if we were intended for nothing but to dart backwards and forwards on matters of business, with as little hindrance to each other as possible.

This may give us a greater distaste to the hat than it deserves; but good-looking or not, we know of no situation in which a new one can be said to be useful. We have seen how the case is during bad weather: but if the weather is in the finest condition possible, with neither rain nor dust, there may be a hot sunshine; and then the hat is too narrow to shade us: no great evil, it is true; but we must have our pique out against the knave, and turn him to the only account in our power:—we must write upon him. For every other purpose, we hold him as naught. The only place a new hat can be carried into with safety, is a church; for there is plenty of room there. There also takes place its only union of the ornamental with the useful, if so it is to be called: we allude to the preparatory ejaculation whispered into it by the genteel worshipper, before he turns round and makes a bow to Mr. and Mrs. Jones and the Miss Thompsons. There is a formula for this occasion; and doubtless it is often used, to say nothing of extempore effusions: but there are wicked imaginations, who suspect that instead of devouter whisperings, the communer with his lining sometimes ejaculates no more than Swallow, St. James's-street; or, Augarde and Spain, Hatters, No. 51, Oxford-street, London:—after which he draws up his head with infinite gravity and preparation, and makes the gentle recognitions aforesaid.

But wherever there is a crowd, the new hat is worse than useless. It is a pity that the general retrenchment of people's finances did away with the flat opera hat, which was a very sensible thing. The round one is only in the way. The matting over the floor of the Opera does not hinder it from getting dusty; not to mention its chance of a kick from the inconsiderate. But from the pit of the other theatres, you may bring it away covered with sawdust, or rubbed up all the wrong way of the

nap, or monstrously squeezed into a shapeless lump. The least thing to be expected in a pressure, is a great poke in its side like a sunken cheek.

Boating is a mortal enemy to new hats. A shower has you fast in a common boat; or a sail-line, or an inexperienced oar, may knock the hat off: and then fancy it tilting over the water with the tide, soaked all the while beyond redemption, and escaping from the tips of your outstretched fingers, while you ought all to be pulling the contrary way home.

But of all wrong boxes for a new hat, avoid a mail-coach. If you keep it on, you will begin nodding perhaps at midnight, and then it goes jamming against the side of the coach, to the equal misery of its nap and your own. If you take it off, where is its refuge? Will the clergyman take the least heed of it, who is snoring comfortably in one corner in his night-cap? Or will the farmer, jolting about inexorably? Or the regular traveller, who, in his fur-cap and infinite knowledge of highway conveniences, has already beheld it with contempt? Or the old market-woman, whom it is in vain to request to be tender? Or the young damsel, who wonders how you can think of sleeping in such a thing? In the morning you suddenly miss your hat, and ask after it with trepidation. The traveller smiles. They all move their legs, but know nothing of it; till the market-woman exclaims, "Deary me! Well—lord, only think! A hat is it, sir? Why I do believe,—but I 'm sure I never thought o' such a thing more than the child unborn,—that it must be a hat then which I took for a pan I 've been a buying; and so I 've had my warm foot in it, Lord help us, ever since five o'clock this blessed morning!"

It is but fair to add, that we happen to have an educated antipathy to the hat. At our school no hats were worn, and the cap is too small to be a substitute. Its only use is to astonish the old ladies in the street, who wonder how so small a thing can be kept on; and to this end we used to rub it into the back or side of the head, where it hung like a worsted wonder. It is after the fashion of Catharine's cap in the play: it seems as if

> Moulded on a porringer:
> Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
A custard coffin, a bauble.

But we may not add

I love thee well, in that thou likest it not

Ill befall us, if we ever dislike anything about thee, old nurse of our childhood! How independent of the weather used we to feel in our old friar's dress,—our thick shoes, yellow worsted stockings, and coarse long coat or gown! Our cap was oftener in our hand than on our head, let the weather be what it would. We felt a pride as well as pleasure, when everybody else was hurrying through the streets, in receiving the full summer showers with uncovered poll, sleeking our glad hair like the feathers of a bird.

It must be said for hats in general, that they are a very ancient part of dress, perhaps the most ancient; for a negro, who has nothing else upon him, sometimes finds it necessary to guard off the sun with a hat of leaves or straw. The Chinese, who carry their records farther back than any other people, are a hatted race, both narrow-brimmed and broad. We are apt to think of the Greeks as a bare-headed people; and they liked to be so; but they had hats for journeying in, such as may be seen on the statues of Mercury, who was the god of travellers. They were large and flapped, and were sometimes fastened round under the chin like a lady's bonnet. The Eastern nations generally wore turbans, and do still, with the exception of the Persians, who have exchanged them for large conical caps of felt. The Romans copied the Greeks in their dress, as in everything else; but the poorer orders wore a cap like their boasted Phrygian ancestors, resembling the one which the reader may see about the streets upon the bust of Canova's Paris. The others would put their robes about their heads, upon occasion,—after the fashion of the hoods of the middle ages, and of the cloth head-dresses which we see in the portraits of Dante and Petrarch. Of a similar mode are the draperies on the heads of our old Plantagenet kings and of Chaucer. The velvet cap which succeeded, appears to have come from Italy, as seen in

the portraits of Raphael and Titian; and it would probably have continued till the French times of Charles the Second, for our ancestors, up to that period, were great admirers of Italy, had not Philip the Second of Spain come over to marry our Queen Mary. The extreme heats of Spain had forced the natives upon taking to that ingenious compound of the hat and umbrella, still known by the name of the Spanish hat. We know not whether Philip himself wore it. His father, Charles the Fifth, who was at the top of the world, is represented as delighting in a little humble-looking cap. But we conceive it was either from Philip, or some gentleman in his train, that the hat and feather succeeded among us to the cap and jewels of Henry the Eighth. The ascendency of Spain in those times carried it into other parts of Europe. The French, not requiring so much shade from the sun, and always playing with and altering their dress, as a child does his toy, first covered the brim with feathers, then gave them a pinch in front; then came pinches up at the side; and at last appeared the fierce and triple-daring cocked hat. This disappeared in our childhood, or only survived among the military, the old, and the reverend, who could not willingly part with their habitual dignity. An old beau or so would also retain it, in memory of its victories when young. We remember its going away from the heads of the foot-guards. The heavy dragoons retained it till lately. It is now almost sunk into the mock-heroic, and confined, as we before observed, to beadles and coachmen, &c. The modern clerical beaver, agreeably to the deliberation with which our establishments depart from all custom, is a cocked hat with the front flap let down, and only a slight pinch remaining behind. This is worn also by the judges, the lawyers being of clerical extraction. Still, however, the true cocked hat lingers here and there with a solitary old gentleman; and wherever it appears in such company, begets a certain retrospective reverence. There was a something in its connexion with the high-bred drawing-room times of the seventeenth century; in the gallant though quaint ardor of its look; and in its being lifted up in salutations with that deliberate loftiness, the arm arching up in front and the hand slowly raising it by the front angle with finger and thumb

—that could not easily die. We remember, when our steward at school, remarkable for his inflexible air of precision and dignity, left off his cocked hat for a round one; there was, undoubtedly, though we dared only half confess it to our minds, a sort of diminished majesty about him. His infinite self-possession began to look remotely finite. His Crown Imperial was a little blighted. It was like divesting a column of its capital. But the native stateliness was there, informing the new hat. He

> Had not yet lost
> *All* his original beaver: nor appeared
> Less than arch-steward ruined, and the excess
> Of glory obscured.

The late Emperor Paul had conceived such a sense of the dignity of the cocked hat, aggravated by its having been deposed by the round one of the French republicans, that he ordered all persons in his dominions never to dare be seen in public with round hats, upon pain of being knouted and sent to Siberia.

Hats being the easiest part of the European dress to be taken off, are doffed among us out of reverence. The Orientals, on the same account, put off their slippers instead of turbans, which is the reason why the Jews still keep their heads covered during worship. The Spanish grandees have the privilege of wearing their hats in the royal presence, probably in commemoration of the free spirit in which the Cortes used to crown the sovereign; telling him (we suppose in their corporate capacity) that they were better men than he, but chose him of their own free will for their master. The grandees only claim to be as good men, unless their families are older. There is a well-known story of a picture, in which the Virgin Mary is represented with a label coming out of her mouth, saying to a Spanish gentleman who has politely taken off his hat, "Cousin, be covered." But the most interesting anecdote connected with a hat belongs to the family of the De Courcys, Lord Kinsale. One of their ancestors, at an old period of our history, having overthrown a huge and insolent champion, who had challenged the whole court, was desired by the king to ask him some favor. He requested that his descendants should have the privilege of keep-

ing their heads covered in the royal presence, and they do so to this day. The new lord, we believe, always comes to court on purpose to vindicate his right. We have heard, that on the last occasion, probably after a long interval, some of the courtiers thought it might as well have been dispensed with: which was a foolish as well as a jealous thing, for these exceptions only prove the royal rule. The Spanish grandees originally took their privilege instead of receiving it; but, when the spirit of it nad gone, their covered heads were only so many intense recognitions of the king's dignity, which it was thought such a mighty thing to resemble. A Quaker's hat is a more formidable thing than a grandee's.

CHAPTER XXX.

Seamen on Shore.

THE sole business of a seaman on shore, who has to go to sea again, is to take as much pleasure as he can. The moment he sets his foot on dry ground, he turns his back on all salt beef and other salt-water restrictions. His long absence, and the impossibility of getting land pleasures at sea, put him upon a sort of desperate appetite. He lands, like a conqueror taking possession. He has been debarred so long, that he is resolved to have that matter out with the inhabitants. They must render an account to him of their treasures, their women, their victualling-stores, their entertainments, their everything; and in return he will behave like a gentleman, and scatter his gold.

His first sensation at landing, is the strange firmness of the earth, which he goes treading in a sort of heavy light way, half wagoner and half dancing-master, his shoulders rolling, and his feet touching and going; the same way, in short, in which he keeps himself prepared for all the chances of the vessel, when on deck. There is always this appearance of lightness of foot and heavy strength of upper works, in a sailor. And he feels it himself. He lets his jacket fly open, and his shoulder slouch, and his hair grow long, to be gathered into a heavy pig-tail; but when full dressed, he prides himself on a certain gentility of toe, on a white stocking and a *natty* shoe, issuing lightly out of the flowing blue trowser. His arms are neutral, hanging and swinging in a curve aloof; his hands half open, as if they had just been handling ropes, and had no object in life but to handle them again. He is proud of appearing in a new hat and slops, with a Belcher handkerchief flowing loosely round his neck, and the corner of another out of his pocket. Thus equipped, with pinchbeck buckles in his shoes (which he bought for gold), he puts some tobacco in his mouth, not as if he were going to use it

directly, but as if he stuffed it in a pouch on one side, as a pelican does fish, to employ it hereafter; and so, with Bet Monson at his side, and perhaps a cane or whanghee twisted under his other arm, sallies forth to take possession of the Lubberland. He buys everything that he comes athwart—nuts, gingerbread, apples, shoe-strings, beer, brandy, gin, buckles, knives, a watch (two, if he has money enough), gowns and handkerchiefs for Bet and his mother and sisters, dozens of "Superfine Best Men's Cotton Stockings," dozens of "Superfine Best Women's Cotton Ditto," best good Check for Shirts (though he has too much already), infinite needles and thread (to sew his trowsers with some day), a footman's laced hat, Bear's Grease, to make his hair grow (by way of joke), several sticks, all sorts of Jew articles, a flute (which he can't play, and never intends), a leg of mutton, which he carries somewhere to roast, and for a piece of which the landlord of the *Ship* makes him pay twice what he gave for the whole; in short, all that money can be spent upon, which is everything but medicine gratis, and this he would insist on paying for. He would buy all the painted parrots on an Italian's head, on purpose to break them, rather than not spend his money. He has fiddles and a dance at the *Ship*, with oceans of flip and grog; and gives the blind fiddler tobacco for sweetmeats, and half-a-crown for treading on his toe. He asks the landlady, with a sigh, after her daughter Nanse, who first fired his heart with her silk stockings; and finding that she is married and in trouble, leaves five crowns for her, which the old lady appropriates as part payment for a shilling in advance. He goes to the Port playhouse with Bet Monson, and a great red handkerchief full of apples, gingerbread nuts, and fresh beef; calls out for the fiddlers and *Rule Britannia;* pelts Tom Sikes in the pit; and compares Othello to the black ship's cook in his white nightcap. When he comes to London, he and some messmates take a hackney-coach, full of Bet Monsons and tobacco-pipes, and go through the streets smoking and lolling out of window. He has ever been cautious of venturing on horseback, and among his other sights in foreign parts, relates with unfeigned astonishment how he has seen the Turks ride: "Only," says he, guarding against the hearer's incredulity, "they have sad-

dle-boxes to hold 'em in, fore and aft, and shovels like for stirrups." He will tell you how the Chinese drink, and the *Negurs* dance, and the monkeys pelt you with cocoa-nuts; and how King Domy would have built him a mud hut and made him a peer of the realm, if he would have stopped with him, and taught him to make trowsers. He has a sister at a "School for Young Ladies," who blushes with a mixture of pleasure and shame at his appearance; and whose confusion he completes by slipping fourpence into her hand, and saying out loud that he has "no more copper" about him. His mother and elder sisters at home doat on all he says and does; telling him, however, that he is a great sea fellow, and was always wild ever since he was a hop-o'-my-thumb, no higher than the window locker. He tells his mother that she would be a duchess in Paranaboo; at which the good old portly dame laughs and looks proud. When his sisters complain of his romping, he says that they are only sorry it is not the baker. He frightens them with a mask made after the New Zealand fashion, and is forgiven for his learning. Their mantel-piece is filled by him with shells and shark's teeth; and when he goes to sea again, there is no end of tears, and "God bless you's!" and home-made gingerbread.

His Officer on shore does much of all this, only, generally speaking, in a higher taste. The moment he lands, he buys quantities of jewellery and other valuables, for all the females of his acquaintance; and is taken in for every article. He sends in a cart-load of fresh meat to the ship, though he is going to town next day; and calling in at a chandler's for some candles, is persuaded to buy a dozen of green wax, with which he lights up the ship at evening; regretting that the fine moonlight hinders the effect of the color. A man, with a bundle beneath his arm, accosts him in an under tone; and, with a look in which respect for his knowledge is mixed with an avowed zeal for his own interest, asks if his Honor will just step under the gangway here, and inspect some real India shawls. The gallant Lieutenant says to himself, "This fellow knows what's what, by his face;" and so he proves it, by being taken in on the spot. When he brings the shawls home, he says to his sister with an air of triumph, "There, Poll, there's something for you

only cost me twelve, and is worth twenty if it 's worth a dollar." She turns pale—" Twenty what, my dear George? Why, you haven't given twelve dollars for it, I hope?" "Not I, by the Lord." "That's lucky; because you see, my dear George, that all together is not worth more than fourteen or fifteen shillings." "Fourteen or fifteen what! Why it's real India, en't it? Why the fellow told me so; or I'm sure I'd as soon"—(here he tries to hide his blushes with a bluster)—I'd as soon have given him twelve douses on the chaps as twelve guineas." "Twelve *guineas!*" exclaims the sister; and then drawling forth, "Why—my—*dear*—George," is proceeding to show him what the articles would have cost at Condell's when he interrupts her by requesting her to go and choose for herself a tea-table service. He then makes his escape to some messmates at a coffee-house, and drowns his recollection of the shawls in the best wine, and a discussion on the comparative merits of the English and West-Indian beauties and tables. At the theatre afterwards, where he has never been before, he takes a lady at the back of one of the boxes for a woman of quality; and when after returning his long respectful gaze with a smile, she turns aside and puts her handkerchief to her mouth, he thinks it is in derision, till his friend undeceives him. He is introduced to the lady; and ever afterwards, at first sight of a woman of quality (without any disparagement either to those charming personages), expects her to give him a smile. He thinks the other ladies much better creatures than they are taken for; and for their parts, they tell him, that if all men were like himself, they would trust the sex again:—which, for aught we know, is the truth. He has, indeed, what he thinks a very liberal opinion of ladies in general: judging them all, in a manner, with the eye of a seaman's experience. Yet he will believe nevertheless in the "true-love" of any given damsel whom he seeks in the way of marriage, let him roam as much, or remain as long at a distance, as he may. It is not that he wants feeling; but that he has read of it, time out of mind, in songs; and he looks upon constancy as a sort of exploit, answering to those which he performs at sea. He is nice in his watches and linen. He makes you presents of cornelians, antique seals, cocoa-nuts set in silver, and other valu-

ables. When he shakes hands with you, it is like being caught in a windlass. He would not swagger about the streets in his uniform, for the world. He is generally modest in company, though liable to be irritated by what he thinks ungentlemanly behavior. He is also liable to be rendered irritable by sickness; partly because he has been used to command others, and to be served with all possible deference and alacrity; and partly, because the idea of suffering pain, without any honor or profit to get by it, is unprofessional, and he is not accustomed to it. He treats talents unlike his own with great respect. He often perceives his own so little felt, that it teaches him this feeling for that of others. Besides, he admires the quantity of information which people can get, without travelling like himself; especially when he sees how interesting his own becomes, to them as well as to everybody else. When he tells a story, particularly if full of wonders, he takes care to maintain his character for truth and simplicity, by qualifying it with all possible reservations, concessions, and anticipations of objection; such as "in case, at such times as, so to speak, as it were, at least, at any rate." He seldom uses sea-terms but when jocosely provoked by something contrary to his habits of life; as for instance, if he is always meeting you on horseback, he asks if you never mean to walk the deck again; or if he finds you studying day after day, he says you are always overhauling your log-book. He makes more new acquaintances, and forgets his old ones less, than any other man in the busy world; for he is so compelled to make his home everywhere, remembers his native one as such a place of enjoyment, has all his friendly recollections so fixed upon his mind at sea, and has so much to tell and to hear when he returns, that change and separation lose with him the most heartless part of their nature. He also sees such a variety of customs and manners, that he becomes charitable in his opinions altogether; and charity, while it diffuses the affections, cannot let the old ones go. Half the secret of human intercourse is to make allowance for each other.

When the Officer is superannuated or retires, he becomes, if intelligent and inquiring, one of the most agreeable old men in the world, equally welcome to the silent for his card-playing

and to the conversational for his recollections. He is fond of astronomy and books of voyages, and is immortal with all who know him for having been round the world, or seen the transit of Venus, or had one of his fingers carried off by a New Zealand hatchet, or a present of feathers from an Otaheitan beauty.

not elevated by his acquirements above some of his humbler tastes, he delights in a corner-cupboard holding his cocoa-nuts and punch-bowl; has his summer-house castellated and planted with wooden cannon; and sets up the figure of his old ship, the Britannia or the Lovely Nancy, for a statue in the garden, where it stares eternally with red cheeks and round black eyes, as if in astonishment at its situation.

Chaucer, who wrote his Canterbury Tales about four hundred and thirty years ago, has among his other characters in that work a SHIPMAN, who is exactly of the same cast as the modern sailor,—the same robustness, courage, and rough-drawn virtue, doing its duty, without being very nice in helping itself to its recreations. There is the very dirk, the complexion, the jollity, the experience, and the bad horsemanship. The plain unaffected ending of the description has the air of a sailor's own speech; while the line about the beard is exceedingly picturesque, poetical, and comprehensive. In copying it out, we shall merely alter the old spelling, where the words are still modern.

A shipman was there, wonned far by west;
For aught I wot, he was of Dartëmouth.
He rode opon a rouncie, as he couth*,
All in a gown of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a lace had he,
About his neck, under his arm adown:
The hot summer had made his hew all brown:
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Full many a draught of wine he haddë draw
From Bourdeaux ward, while that the chapman slep
Of nice conscience took he no keep.
If that he fought and had the higher hand,
By water he sent 'em home to every land.
But of his craft, to reckon well his tides,
His streamës and his strandës him besides,

* He rode upon a hack-horse, as well as he could.

His harborough, his moon, and his lode manage,
There was not such from Hull unto Carthage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake;
With many a tempest had his beard been shake
He knew well all the havens, as they were,
From Gothland to the Cape de Finisterre,
And every creek in Briton and in Spain.
His barge ycleped was the Magdelain.

When about to tell his Tale, he tells his fellow-travellers that he shall clink them so merry a bell,

That it shall waken all this company:
But it shall not be of philosophy,
Nor of physick, nor of terms quaint of law,
There is but little Latin in my maw.

The story he tells is a well-known one in the Italian novels, of a monk who made love to a merchant's wife, and borrowed a hundred francs of the husband to give her. She accordingly admits his addresses during the absence of her good man on a journey. When the latter returns, he applies to the cunning monk for repayment, and is referred to the lady; who thus finds her mercenary behavior outwitted.

CHAPTER XXXI.

On the Realities of Imagination.

THERE is not a more unthinking way of talking, than to say such and such pains and pleasures are only imaginary, and herefore to be got rid of or undervalued accordingly. There is nothing imaginary, in the common acceptation of the word. The logic of Moses in the *Vicar of Wakefield* is good argument here:—"Whatever is, is." Whatever touches us, whatever moves us, does touch and does move us. We recognize the reality of it, as we do that of a hand in the dark. We might as well say that a sight which makes us laugh, or a blow which brings tears into our eyes, is imaginary, as that anything else is imaginary which makes us laugh or weep. We can only judge of things by their effects. Our perception constantly deceives us, in things with which we suppose ourselves perfectly conversant; but our reception of their effect is a different matter. Whether we are materialists or immaterialists, whether things be about us or within us, whether we think the sun is a substance, or only the image of a divine thought, an idea, a thing imaginary, we are equally agreed as to the notion of its warmth. But on the other hand, as this warmth is felt differently by different temperaments, so what we call imaginary things affect different minds. What we have to do is not to deny their effect, because we do not feel in the same proportion, or whether we even feel it at all; but to see whether our neighbors may not be moved. If they are, there is, to all intents and purposes, a moving cause. But we do not see it? No;—neither perhaps do they. They only feel it; they are only sentient,—a word which implies the sight given to the imagination by the feelings. But what do you mean, we may ask in return, by seeing? Some rays of light come in contact with the

eye; they bring a sensation to it; in a word, they touch it; and the impression left by this touch we call sight. How far does this differ in effect from the impression left by any other touch, however mysterious? An ox knocked down by a butcher, and a man knocked down by a fit of apoplexy, equally feel themselves compelled to drop. The tickling of a straw and of a comedy, equally move the muscles about the mouth. The look of a beloved eye will so thrill the frame, that old philosophers have had recourse to a doctrine of beams and radiant particles flying from one sight to another. In fine, what is contact itself, and why does it affect us? There is no one cause more mysterious than another, if we look into it.

Nor does the question concern us like moral causes. We may be content to know the earth by its fruits; but how to increase and improve them is a more attractive study. If instead of saying that the causes which moved in us this or that pain or pleasure were imaginary, people were to say that the causes themselves were removeable, they would be nearer the truth. When a stone trips us up, we do not fall to disputing its existence: we put it out of the way. In like manner, when we suffer from what is called an imaginary pain, our business is not to canvass the reality of it. Whether there is any cause or not in that or any other perception, or whether everything consist not in what is called effect, it is sufficient for us that the effect is real. Our sole business is to remove those second causes, which always accompany the original idea. As in deliriums, for instance, it would be idle to go about persuading the patient that he did not behold the figures he says he does. He might reasonably ask us, if he could, how we know anything about the matter; or how we can be sure, that in the infinite wonders of the universe, certain realities may not become apparent to certain eyes, whether diseased or not. Our business would be to put him into that state of health, in which human beings are not diverted from their offices and comforts by a liability to such imaginations. The best reply to his question would be, that such a morbidity is clearly no more a fit state for a human being, than a disarranged or incomplete state of works is for a watch; and that seeing the general tendency of nature to this complete-

ness or state of comfort, we naturally conclude, that the imaginations in question, whether substantial or not, are at least not of the same lasting or prevailing description.

We do not profess metaphysics. We are indeed so little conversant with the masters of that art, that we are never sure whether we are using even its proper terms. All that we may know on the subject comes to us from some reflection and some experience; and this all may be so little as to make a metaphysician smile; which, if he be a true one, he will do good-naturedly. The pretender will take occasion, from our very confession, to say that we know nothing. Our faculty, such as it is, is rather instinctive than reasoning; rather physical than metaphysical; rather sentient because it loves much, than because it knows much; rather calculated by a certain retention of boyhood, and by its wanderings in the green places of thought, to light upon a piece of the old golden world, than to tire ourselves, and conclude it unattainable, by too wide and scientific a search. We pretend to see farther than none but the worldly and the malignant. And yet those who see farther, may not all see so well. We do not blind our eyes with looking upon the sun in the heavens. We believe it to be there, but we find its light upon earth also; and we would lead humanity, if we could, out of misery and coldness into the shine of it. Pain might still be there; must be so, as long as we are mortal;

> For oft we still must weep, since we are human:

but it should be pain for the sake of others, which is noble; not unnecessary pain inflicted by or upon them, which it is absurd not to remove. The very pains of mankind struggle towards pleasures; and such pains as are proper for them have this inevitable accompaniment of true humanity,—that they cannot but realize a certain gentleness of enjoyment. Thus the true bearer of pain would come round to us; and he would not grudge us a share of his burden, though in taking from his trouble it might diminish his pride. Pride is but a bad pleasure at the expense of others. The great object of humanity is to enrich everybody. If it is a task destined not to succeed, it is

a good one from its very nature; and fulfils at least a glad destiny of its own. To look upon it austerely is in reality the reverse of austerity. It is only such an impatience of the want of pleasure as leads us to grudge it in others; and this impatience itself, if the sufferer knew how to use it, is but another impulse, in the general yearning, towards an equal wealth of enjoyment.

But we shall be getting into other discussions.—The groundwork of all happiness is health. Take care of this ground; and the doleful imaginations that come to warn us against its abuse, will avoid it. Take care of this ground, and let as many glad imaginations throng to it as possible. Read the magical works of the poets, and they will come. If you doubt their existence, ask yourself whether you feel pleasure at the idea of them; whether you are moved into delicious smiles, or tears as delicious. If you are, the result is the same to you, whether they exist or not. It is not mere words to say, that he who goes through a rich man's park, and sees things in it which never bless the mental eyesight of the possessor, is richer than he. He is richer. More results of pleasure come home to him. The ground is actually more fertile to him: the place haunted with finer shapes. He has more servants to come at his call, and administer to him with full hands. Knowledge, sympathy, imagination, are all divining-rods, with which he discovers treasure. Let a painter go through the grounds, and he will see not only the general colors of green and brown, but their combinations and contrasts, and the modes in which they might again be combined and contrasted. He will also put figures in the landscape if there are none there, flocks and herds, or a solitary spectator, or Venus lying with her white body among the violets and primroses. Let a musician go through, and he will hear "differences discreet" in the notes of the birds and the lapsing of the water-fall. He will fancy a serenade of wind instruments in the open air at a lady's window, with a voice rising through it; or the horn of the hunter; or the musical cry of the hounds,

> Matched in mouth like bells,
> Each under each;

or a solitary voice in a bower, singing for an expected lover; or the chapel organ, waking up like the fountain of the winds. Let a poet go through the grounds, and he will heighten and increase all these sounds and images. He will bring the colors from heaven, and put an unearthly meaning into the voice. He will have stories of the sylvan inhabitants; will shift the population through infinite varieties; will put a sentiment upon every sight and sound; will be human, romantic, supernatural; will make all nature send tribute into that spot.

> Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
> While the landskip round it measures;
> Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
> Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
> Mountains, on whose barren breast
> The laboring clouds do often rest;
> Meadows trim with daisies pied,
> Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
> Towers and battlements it sees,
> Bosomed high in tufted trees,
> Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
> The Cynosure of neighboring eyes.

But not to go on quoting lines which are ever in people's mouths like a popular tune, take a passage from the same poet less familiar to one's every-day recollections. It is in his Arcadian Masque, which was performed by some of the Derby family at their seat at Harefield, near Uxbridge. The Genius of the place, meeting the noble shepherds and shepherdesses, accosts them:—

> Stay, gentle swains, for though in this disguise,
> I see bright honor sparkle through your eyes;
> Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
> Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
> Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
> Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
> And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
> Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good;
> I know this quest of yours, and free intent,
> Was all in honor and devotion meant
> To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,

Whom with low reverence I adore as mine;
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I, full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
In ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove:
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill;
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the arms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words and murmurs made to bless.
But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw,
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.

"Milton's Genius of the Grove," says Warton, "being a spirit sent from Jove, and commissioned from heaven to exercise a preternatural guardianship over the 'saplings tall,' to avert every noxious influence, and 'to visit every sprout with puissant words, and murmurs made to bless,' had the privilege, not indulged to gross mortals, of hearing the celestial syrens' harmony.

This enjoyment," continues the critic, in the spirit of a true reader, luxuriating over a beautiful thought, "this enjoyment, which is highly imagined, was a relaxation from the duties of his peculiar charge, in the depth of midnight, when the world is locked up in sleep and silence."* The music of the spheres is the old Platonic or Pythagorean doctrine; but it remained for Milton to render it a particular midnight recreation to "purged ears," after the earthly toils of the day. And we partake of it with the Genius. We may say of the love of nature, what Shakspeare says of another love, that it

Adds a precious seeing to the eye.

And we may say also, upon the like principle, that it adds a precious hearing to the ear. This and imagination, which ever follows upon it, are the two purifiers of our sense, which rescue us from the deafening babble of common cares, and enable us to hear all the affectionate voices of earth and heaven. The starry orbs, lapsing about in their smooth and sparkling dance, sing to us. The brooks talk to us of solitude. The birds are the animal spirits of nature, carolling in the air, like a careless lass.

The gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes; and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.—*Paradise Lost*, Book iv.

The poets are called creators (Ποιηταί, Makers) because with their magical words they bring forth to our eyesight the abundant images and beauties of creation. They put them there, if the reader pleases; and so are literally creators. But whether put there or discovered, whether created or invented (for invention

* If the reader wishes to indulge himself in a volume full of sheer poetry with a pleasant companion, familiar with the finest haunts of the Muses, he cannot do better than get *Warton's Edition of the Minor Poems of Milton.* The principal notes have been transferred by Mr. Todd to the sixth volume of his own valuable edition of *Milton's Poetical Works* but it is better to have a good thing entire.

means nothing but finding out), there they are. If they touch us, they exist to as much purpose as anything else which touches us. If a passage in *King Lear* brings the tears into our eyes, it is real as the touch of a sorrowful hand. If the flow of a song of Anacreon's intoxicates us, it is as true to a pulse within us as the wine he drank. We hear not their sounds with ears, nor see their sights with eyes; but we hear and see both so truly, that we are moved with pleasure; and the advantage, nay even the test, of seeing and hearing, at any time, is not in the seeing and hearing, but in the ideas we realize, and the pleasure we derive. Intellectual objects, therefore, inasmuch as they come home to us, are as true a part of the stock of nature, as visible ones; and they are infinitely more abundant. Between the tree of a country clown and the tree of a Milton or Spenser, what a difference in point of productiveness! Between the plodding of a sexton through a church-yard, and the walk of a Gray, what a difference! What a difference between the Bermudas of a ship-builder and the Bermoothes of Shakspeare! the isle

> Full of noises,
> Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not;

the isle of elves and fairies, that chased the tide to and fro on the sea-shore; of coral-bones and the knell of sea-nymphs: of spirits dancing on the sands, and singing amidst the hushes of the wind; of Caliban, whose brute nature enchantment had made poetical; of Ariel, who lay in cowslip bells, and rode upon the bat; of Miranda, who wept when she saw Ferdinand work so hard, and begged him to let her help; telling him,

> I am your wife, if you will marry me;
> If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
> You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
> Whether you will or no.

Such are the discoveries which the poets make for us: worlds, to which that of Columbus was but a handful of brute matter. America began to be richer for us the other day, when Hum-

bold came back and told us of its luxuriant and gigantic vegetation; of the myriads of shooting lights, which revel at evening in the southern sky; and of that grand constellation at which Dante seems to have made so remarkable a guess (*Purgatorio*, Cant. i., V. 22). The natural warmth of the Mexican and Peruvian genius, set free from despotism, will soon do all the rest for it; awaken the sleeping riches of its eye-sight, and call forth the glad music of its affections.

To return to our parks or landscapes, and what the poets can make of them. It is not improbable that Milton, by his Genius of the Grove at Harefield, covertly intended himself. He had been applied to by the Derbys to write some holiday poetry for them. He puts his consent in the mouth of the Genius, whose hand, he says, curls the ringlets of the grove, and who refreshes himself at midnight with listening to the music of the spheres; that is to say, whose hand confers new beauty on it by its touch, and who has pleasure in solitude far richer and loftier than those of mere patrician mortals.

See how finely Ben Jonson enlivens his description of Penshurst, the family-seat of the Sydneys: now with the creations of classical mythology, and now with the rural manners of the time.

> Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show,
> Or touch, of marble; nor canst boast a row
> Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold;
> Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told:
> Or stairs, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile:
> And these, grudged at, are reverenced the while.
> Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
> Of wood, of water: therein thou art fair.
> Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport;
> Thy mount, to which the Dryads do resort;
> Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made
> Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade;
> That taller tree, which of a nut was set
> At his great birth, where all the Muses met.*
> There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
> Of many a Sylvan, taken with his flames:

* Sir Philip Sydney.

And thence the ruddy Satyrs oft provoke
The lighter fawns to reach thy lady's oak.
Thy copse too, named of Gamage, thou hast there,
That never fails to serve thee seasoned deer,
When thou wouldst feast, or exercise thy friends.
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed,
The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed:
Each bank doth yield thee conies; and thy tops
Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sydney copse,
To crown,—thy open table doth provide
The purple pheasant with the speckled side.
* * * * * *
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come
The blushing apricot, and woolly peach,
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach:
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're rear'd with no man's ruin, no man's groan;
There's none that dwell about them wish them down
But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
And no one empty-handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses, bring 'em; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.

Imagination enriches everything. A great library contains not only books, but

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.
Davenant.

The moon is Homer's and Shakspeare's moon, as well as the one we look at. The sun comes out of his chamber in the east, with a sparkling eye, "rejoicing like a bridegroom." The commonest thing becomes like Aaron's rod, that budded. Pope called up the spirits of the Cabala to wait upon a lock of hair, and justly gave it the honors of a constellation; for he has hung it, sparkling for ever, in the eyes of posterity. A common mea-

dow is a sorry thing to a ditcher or a coxcomb; but by the help of its dues from imagination and the love of nature, the grass brightens for us, the air soothes us, we feel as we did in the daisied hours of childhood. Its verdures, its sheep, its hedge-row elms,—all these, and all else which sight, and sound, and associations can give it, are made to furnish a treasure of pleasant thoughts. Even brick and mortar are vivified, as of old, at the harp of Orpheus. A metropolis becomes no longer a mere collection of houses or of trades. It puts on all the grandeur of its history, and its literature; its towers, and rivers; its art, and jewellery, and foreign wealth; its multitude of human beings all intent upon excitement, wise or yet to learn; the huge and sullen dignity of its canopy of smoke by day; the wide gleam upwards of its lighted lustre at night-time; and the noise of its many chariots, heard at the same hour, when the wind sets gently towards some quiet suburb.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Deaths of Little Children.

A GRECIAN philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend, that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil on which they pour, would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist, or bow quietly and drily down, in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but, in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness: and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction —from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself: to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our window the trees about it, and the church spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling over-head, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far-distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of our childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field: and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realizing her hopes; and gaiety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die.

Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly pain (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, anything about abilities or otherwise), they are misunderstood, if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain: for it endeavors, at all times, to turn pain into pleasure: or at least to set off the one with the other, to make the former a zest and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this, and, if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasures, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. We are far, indeed, from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain when most unselfish, if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind (and ill-health, for instance, may draw it), we should not quarrel with it if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindliness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible, though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbors with the same idea.* The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "Of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

"I sighed," says old Captain Dalton, "when I envied you the two bonnie children; but I sigh not now to call either the monk or the soldier mine own.—*Monastery*, vol. iii. p. 341.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Poetical Anomalies of Shape.

It is not one of the least instances of the force of habit to see how poetry and mythology can reconcile us to shapes, or rather combinations of shape, unlike anything in nature. The dog-headed deities of the Egyptians were doubtless not so monstrous in their eyes as in ours. The Centaurs of the Greeks, as Ovid has shown us, could be imagined possessing beauty enough for a human love story; and our imaginations find nothing at all monstrous in the idea of an angel, though it partakes of the nature of the bird. The angel, it is true, is the least departure from humanity. Its wings are not an alteration of the human shape, but an addition to it. Yet, leaving a more awful wonder out of the question, we should be startled to find pinions growing out of the shoulder-blades of a child; and we should wait with anxiety to see of what nature the pinions were, till we became reconciled to them. If they turned out to be ribbed and webbed, like those of the imaginary dragon, conceive the horror! If, on the other hand, they became feathers, and tapered off, like those of a gigantic bird, combining also grace and splendor, as well as the power of flight, we can hardly fancy ourselves reconciled to them. And yet again, on the other hand, the flying women, described in the *Adventures of Peter Wilkins*, do not shock us, though their wings partake of the ribbed and webbed nature, and not at all of the feathered. We admire Peter's gentle and beautiful bride, notwithstanding the phenomenon of the graundee, its light whalebone-like intersections, and its power of dropping about her like drapery. It even becomes a matter of pleasant curiosity. We find it not at all in the way. We can readily apprehend the delight he felt at possessing a creature so kind

and sensitive; and can sympathize with him in the happiness of that bridal evening, equally removed from prudery and grossness, which he describes with a mixture of sentiment and voluptuousness beyond all the bridals we ever read.

To imagine anything like a sympathy of this kind, it is of course necessary that the difference of form should consist in addition, and not in alteration. But the un-angel-like texture of the flying apparatus of fair Youwarkee (such, if we remember, is her name) helps to show us the main reason why we are able to receive pleasure from the histories of creatures only half-human. The habit of reading prevents the first shock; but we are reconciled in proportion to their possession of what we are pleased to call human qualities. Kindness is the great elevator. The Centaurs may have killed all the Lapithæ, and shown considerable generalship to boot, without reconciling us to the brute part of them; but the brutality melts away before the story of their two lovers in Ovid. Drunkenness and rapine made beasts of them;—sentiment makes human beings. Polyphemus in Homer is a shocking monster, not because he has only one eye, but because he murders and eats our fellow-creatures. But in Theocritus, where he is Galatea's lover, and sits hopelessly lamenting his passion, we only pity him. His deformity even increases our pity. We blink the question of beauty, and become one-eyed for his sake. Nature seems to do him an injustice in gifting him with sympathies so human, and at the same time prevent them from being answered; and we feel impatient with the all-beautiful Galatea, if we think she ever showed him scorn as well as unwillingness. We insist upon her avoiding him with the greatest possible respect.

These fictions of the poets, therefore, besides the mere excitement which they give the imagination, assist remotely to break the averseness and uncharitableness of human pride. And they may blunt the point of some fancies that are apt to come upon melancholy minds. When Sir Thomas Brown, in the infinite range of his metaphysical optics, turned his glass, as he no doubt often did, towards the inhabitants of other worlds, the stories of angels and Centaurs would help his imaginative good.

nature to a more willing conception of creatures in other planets unlike those on earth: to other "lords of creation;" and other, and perhaps nobler humanities, noble in spirit, though different in form. If indeed there can be anything in the starry endlessness of existence, nobler than what we can conceive of love and generosity.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Spring and Daisies.

SPRING, while we are writing, is complete. The winds have done their work. The shaken air, well tempered and equalised, has subsided; the genial rains, however thickly they may come, do not saturate the ground, beyond the power of the sun to dry it up again. There are clear crystal mornings; noons of blue sky and white cloud; nights, in which the growing moon seems to lie looking at the stars, like a young shepherdess at her flock. A few days ago she lay gazing in this manner at the solitary evening star, like Diana, on the slope of a valley, looking up at Endymion. His young eye seemed to sparkle out upon the world; while she, bending inwards, her hands behind her head, watched him with an enamored dumbness.

But this is the quiet of Spring. Its voices and swift movements have come back also. The swallow shoots by us, like an embodied ardor of the season. The glowing bee has his will of the honied flowers, grappling with them as they tremble. We nave not yet heard the nightingale or the cuckoo; but we can hear them with our imagination, and enjoy them through the content of those who have.

Then the young green. This is the most apt and perfect mark of the season,—the true issuing forth of the Spring. The trees and bushes are putting forth their crisp fans; the lilac is loaded with bud; the meadows are thick with the bright young grass, running into sweeps of white and gold with the daisies and buttercups. The orchards announce their riches, in a shower of silver blossoms. The earth in fertile woods is spread with yellow and blue carpets of primroses, violets, and hyacinths, over which the birch-trees, like stooping nymphs, hang with their thickening hair. Lilies-of-the-valley, stocks, columbines, ladv-

smocks, and the intensely red piony which seems to anticipate the full glow of summer-time, all come out to wait upon the season, like fairies from their subterraneous palaces.

Who is to wonder that the idea of love mingles itself with that of this cheerful and kind time of the year, setting aside even common associations? It is not only its youth, and beauty, and budding life, and the "passion of the groves," that exclaim with the poet,

> Let those love now, who never loved before;
> And those who always loved, now love the more.*

All our kindly impulses are apt to have more sentiment in them, than the world suspect; and it is by fetching out this sentiment, and making it the ruling association, that we exalt the impulse into generosity and refinement, instead of degrading it, as is too much the case, into what is selfish, and coarse, and pollutes all our systems. One of the greatest inspirers of love is gratitude,—not merely on its common grounds, but gratitude for pleasures, whether consciously or unconsciously conferred. Thus we are thankful for the delight given us by a kind and sincere face; and if we fall in love with it, one great reason is, that we long to return what we have received The same feeling has a considerable influence in the love that has been felt for men of talents, whose person or address have not been much calculated to inspire it. In spring-time joy awakens the heart; with joy, awakes gratitude and nature; and in our gratitude, we return, on its own principle of participation, the love that has been shown us.

This association of ideas renders solitude in spring, and solitude in winter, two very different things. In the latter, we are better content to bear the feelings of the season by ourselves: in the former they are so sweet as well as so overflowing, that we long to share them. Shakspeare, in one of his sonnets, describes himself as so identifying the beauties of the Spring with the thought of his absent mistress, that he says he forgot them in heir own character, and played with them only as with her

* *Pervigilium Veneris*—Farnell's translation

shadow. See how exquisitely he turns a common-place into this fancy; and what a noble brief portrait of April he gives us at the beginning. There is indeed a wonderful mixture of softness and strength in almost every one of the lines.

> From you have I been absent in the spring
> When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
> Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
> That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
> Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
> Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
> Could make me any summer's story tell,
> Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew,
> Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
> Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose:
> They were but sweet, but patterns of delight,
> Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
> Yet seemed it winter still; and, you away,
> As with your shadow, I with these did play.

Shakspeare was fond of alluding to April. He did not allow May to have all his regard, because she was richer. Perdita, crowned with flowers, in the *Winter's Tale*, is beautifully compared to

> Flora,
> Peering in April's front.

There is a line in one of his sonnets, which, agreeably to the image he had in his mind, seems to strike up in one's face, hot and odorous, like perfume in a censer.

> In process of the seasons have I seen
> Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned.

His allusions to Spring are numerous in proportion. We all know the song, containing that fine line, fresh from the most brilliant of palettes:

> When daisies pied, and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
> *Do paint the meadows with delight.*

We owe a long debt of gratitude to the daisy; and we take this opportunity of discharging a millionth part of it. If we undertook to pay it all, we should have had to write such a book, as is never very likely to be written,—a journal of numberless nappy hours in childhood, kept with the feelings of an infant and the pen of a man. For it would take, we suspect, a depth of delight and a subtlety of words, to express even the vague joy of infancy, such as our learned departures from natural wisdom would find it more difficult to put together, than criticism and comfort, or an old palate and a young relish.—But knowledge is the widening and the brightening road that must conduct us back to the joys from which it led us; and which it is destined perhaps to secure and extend. We must not quarrel with its asperities, when we can help.

We do not know the Greek name of the daisy, nor do the dictionaries inform us; and we are not at present in the way of consulting books that might. We always like to see what the Greeks say to these things, because they had a sentiment in their enjoyments. The Latins called the daisy Bellis or Bellus, as much as to say Nice One. With the French and Italians it has the same name as a Pearl,—Marguerite, Margarita, or, by way of endearment, Margheretina.* The same word was the name of a woman, and occasioned infinite intermixtures of compliment about pearls, daisies, and fair mistresses. Chaucer, in his beautiful poem of the *Flower and the Leaf*, which is evidently imitated from some French poetess, says,

> And at the laste there began anon
> A lady for to sing right womanly
> A bargaret† in praising the daisie,
> For as me thought among her notes sweet,
> She said "Si douset est la Margarete."

"The Margaret is so sweet." Our Margaret, however, in this allegorical poem, is undervalued in comparison with the laurel;

* This word is originally Greek,—Margarites; and as the Franks probably brought it from Constantinople, perhaps they brought its association with the daisy also.

† Bargaret, Bergerette, a little pastoral

yet Chaucer perhaps was partly induced to translate it on account of its making the figure that it does; for he has informed us more than once, in a very particular manner, that it was his favorite flower. There is an interesting passage to this effect in his *Legend of the Good Women;* where he says, that nothing but the daisied fields in spring could take him from his books.

And as for me, though that I can but lite*
On bookès for to read I me delight,
And to hem give I faith and full credence,
And in my heart have hem in reverence,
So heartily, that there is game none.
That from my bookès maketh me to gone,
But it be seldom, on the holy day;
Save certainly, when that the month of May
Is comen, and that I hear the foulès sing,
And that the flowers ginnen for to spring,
Farewell my booke, and my devotion.
Now have I then eke this condition,
That of all the flowers in the mead,
Then love I most those flowers white and red,
Such that men callen daisies in our town.
To hem I have so great affection,
As I said erst, when comen is the May,
That in the bed there daweth† me no day,
That I nam up and walking in the mead,
To seen this flower agenst the sunnè spread,
When it upriseth early by the morrow,
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow.
So glad am I, when that I have presence
Of it, to done it all reverence,
As she that is of all flowers the flower.

He says that he finds it ever new, and that he shall love it till his "heart dies:" and afterwards, with a natural picture of his resting on the grass,

Adown full softèley I gan to sink,
And leaning on my elbow and my side,
The long day I shope‡ me for to abide
For nothing else, and I shall not lie,
But for to look upon the daisie;
That well by reason men it call may
The daisie, or else the eye of day.

* Know but little † Dawneth. ‡ Shaped.

This etymology, which we have no doubt is the real one, is repeated by Ben Jonson, who takes occasion to spell the word "days-eyes;" adding, with his usual tendency to overdo a matter of learning,

> Days-eyes, and the lippes of cows;

videlicet, cowslips: which is a disentanglement of compounds, in the style of our pleasant parodists:

> ———Puddings of the plum,
> And fingers of the lady.

Mr. Wordsworth introduces his homage to the daisy with a passage from George Wither; which, as it is an old favorite of ours, and extremely applicable both to this article and our whole work, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of repeating. It is the more interesting, inasmuch as it was written in prison, where the freedom of the author's opinions had thrown him.* He is speaking of his Muse, or Imagination.

> Her divine skill taught me this;
> That from every thing I saw
> I could some instruction draw,
> And raise pleasure to the height
> From the meanest object's sight.
> By the murmur of a spring,
> Or the least bough's rustelling;
> By a daisy, whose leaves spread
> Shut, when Titan goes to bed;
> Or a shady bush or tree;
> She could more infuse in me,
> Than all Nature's beauties can
> In some other wiser man.

Mr. Wordsworth undertakes to patronise the *Celandine*, because nobody else will notice it; which is a good reason. But though he tells us, in a startling piece of information, that

* It is not generally known that Chaucer was four years in prison, in his old age, on the same account. He was a Wickliffite—one of the precursors of the Reformation. His prison, doubtless, was no diminisher of his love of the daisy.

Poets, vain men in their mood,
Travel with the multitude,

yet he falls in with his old brethren of England and Normandy, and becomes loyal to the daisy.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs chuse;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed, by many a claim,
The poet's darling.
* * * * *
A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seem to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten or defy,—
That thought comes next, and instantly
The freak is over;
The freak will vanish, and behold!
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar;
And then thou art a pretty star,
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air, thou seem'st to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee.

Sweet flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast;
Sweet silent creature!

That breath'st with me in sun and air.
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature.

Mr. Wordsworth calls the daisy "an unassuming common place of Nature," which it is; and he praises it very becomingly for discharging its duties so cheerfully, in that universal character. But we cannot agree with him in thinking that it has a "homely face." Not that we should care, if it had; for homeliness does not make ugliness; but we appeal to everybody, whether it is proper to say this of *la belle Marguerite*. In the first place, its shape is very pretty and slender, but not too much so. Then it has a boss of gold, set round and irradiated with silver points. Its yellow and fair white are in so high a taste of contrast, that Spenser has chosen the same colors for a picture of Leda reposing:

Oh wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!
That her in daffodillies sleeping laid,
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade.

It is for the same reason, that the daisy, being chiefly white, makes such a beautiful show in company with the buttercup. But this is not all; for look at the back, and you find its fair petals blushing with a most delightful red. And how compactly and delicately is the neck set in green! *Belle et douce Marguerite, aimable sœur du roi Kingcap*, we would tilt for thee with a hundred pens, against the stoutest poet that did not find perfection in thy cheek.

But here somebody may remind us of the spring showers, and what drawbacks they are upon going into the fields.—Not at all so, when the spring is really confirmed, and the showers but April-like and at intervals. Let us turn our imaginations to the bright side of spring, and we shall forget the showers. You see they have been forgotten just this moment. Besides, we are not likely to stray too far into the fields; and if we should, are there not hats, bonnets, barns, cottages, elm-trees, and good-wills? We may make these things zests, if we please, instead of drawbacks.

CHAPTER XXXV.

May-Day.

MAY-DAY is a word, which used to awaken in the minds of our ancestors all the ideas of youth, and verdure, and blossoming, and love, and hilarity; in short, the union of the two best things in the world, the love of nature, and the love of each other. It was the day, on which the arrival of the year at maturity was kept, like that of a blooming heiress. They caught her eye as she was coming, and sent up hundreds of songs of joy.

> Now the bright Morning-Star, Day's harbinger,
> Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
> The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
> The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
> Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
> Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:
> Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
> Hill and dale, doth boast thy blessing.
> Thus we salute thee with our early song,
> And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

These songs were stopped by Milton's friends the Puritans, whom in his old age he differed with, most likely on these points among others. But till then, they appear to have been as old, all over Europe, as the existence of society. The Druids are said to have had festivals in honor of May. Our Teutonic ancestors had, undoubtedly; and in the countries which had constituted the Western Roman Empire, Flora still saw thanks paid for her flowers, though her worship had gone away.*

* The great May holiday observed over the West of Europe was known for centuries, up to a late period, under the name of the Belte, or Beltane. Such a number of etymologies, all perplexingly probable, have been found for this word, that we have been surprised to miss among them that of *Beltemps*, the Fine Time or Season. Thus *Printemps*, the First Time, or Prime Season is the Spring.

The homage which was paid to the Month of Love and flowers, may be divided into two sorts, the general and the individual. The first consisted in going with others to gather May, and in joining in sports and games afterwards. On the first of the month, "the juvenile part of both sexes," says Bourne, in his *Popular Antiquities*, "were wont to rise a little after midnight and walk to some neighboring wood, where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this was done, they returned with their booty about the rising of the sun, and made their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day was chiefly spent in dancing round a May-pole, which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stood there, as it were, consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least violation offered to it, in the whole circle of the year." Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, has detailed the circumstances, in a style like a rustic dance.

Younge folke now flocken in—every where
To gather May-buskets*—and swelling brere;
And home they hasten—the postes to dight,
And all the kirk-pilours—eare day-light,
With hawthorne buds—and sweet eglantine,
And girlonds of roses—and soppes in wine.
* * * * * * * * *
Sicker this morrowe, no longer agoe,
I saw a shole of shepherds outgoe
With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere;
Before them yode† a lustie tabrere‡
That to the many a hornpipe played,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see these folks make such jovisaunce,
Made my heart after the pipe to daunce.
Tho§ to the greene wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall;
And home they bringen, in a royall throne,
Crowned as king; and his queen attone‖
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of faëries, and a fresh bend

* *Buskets—Boskets*—Bushes—from *Boschetti, Ital.*
† *Yode*, Went. ‡ *Tabrere*, a Tabourer.
§ *Tho*, Then. ‖ *Attone*, At once—With him

Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there
To helpen the ladies their May-bush beare.

The day was passed in sociality and manly sports;—in archery, and running, and pitching the bar,—in dancing, singing, playing music, acting Robin Hood and his company, and making a well-earned feast upon all the country dainties in season. It closed with an award of prizes.

As I have seen the Lady of the May,
Set in an arbor (on a holiday)
Built by the Maypole, where the jocund swains
Dance with the maidens to the bag-pipe's strains,
When envious night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
And for their well performance soon disposes,
To this a garland interwove with roses,
To that a carved hook, or well-wrought scrip,
Gracing another with her cherry lip;
To one her garter, to another then
A handkerchief cast o'er and o'er again;
And none returneth empty, that hath spent
His pains to fill their rural merriment.*

Among the gentry and at court the spirit of the same enjoyments took place, modified according to the taste or rank of the entertainers. The most universal amusement, agreeably to the general current in the veins, and the common participation of flesh and blood (for rank knows no distinction of legs and knee-pans), was dancing. Contests of chivalry supplied the place of more rural gymnastics. But the most poetical and elaborate entertainment was the Mask. A certain flowery grace was sprinkled over all; and the finest spirits of the time thought they

* *Britannia's Pastorals*, by William Browne. Song the 4th. Browne, like his friend Wither, from whom we quoted a passage last week, wanted strength and the power of selection; though not to such an extent. He is, however, well worth reading by those who can expatiate over a pastoral subject, like a meadowy tract of country: finding out the beautiful spots, and gratified, if not much delighted, with the rest. His genius, which was by no means destitute of the social part of passion, seems to have been turned almost wholly to description, by the beauties of his native county Devonshire.

showed both their manliness and wisdom, in knowing how to raise the pleasures of the season to their height. Sir Philip Sydney, the idea of whom has come down to us as a personification of all the refinement of that age, is fondly recollected by Spenser in this character.

> His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,
> Sweet without soure, and honey without gall:
> And he himself seemed made for merriment,
> Merrily masking both in bowre and hall.
> There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
> When Astrophel soever was away.
>
> For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
> Amongst the shepherds in their shearing feast;
> As somer's larke that with her song doth greet
> The dawning day forth comming from the East.
> And layes of love he also could compose;
> Thrice happie she, whom he to praise did choose.
>
> *Astrophel*, St. 5.

Individual homage to the month of May consisted in paying respect to it though alone, and in plucking flowers and flowering boughs to adorn apartments with.

> This maiden, in a morn betime,
> Went forth when May was in the prime
> To get sweet setywall,
> The honey-suckle, the harlock,
> The lily, and the lady-smock,
> To deck her summer-hall.
>
> *Drayton's Pastorals*, Eclog. 4.

But when morning pleasures are to be spoken of, the lovers of poetry who do not know Chaucer, are like those who do not know what it is to be up in the morning. He has left us two exquisite pictures of the solitary observance of May, in his *Palamon and Arcite*. They are the more curious, inasmuch as the actor in one is a lady, and in the other a knight. How far they owe any of their beauty to the original, the *Theseide of Boccaccio*, we cannot say; for we never had the happiness of meeting with that rare work. The Italians have so neglected it, that they have not only never given it a rifacimento or re-

modelling, as in the instance of Boiardo's poem, but are almost as much unacquainted with it, we believe, as foreign nations. Chaucer thought it worth his while to be both acquainted with it, and to make others so; and we may venture to say, that we know of no Italian after Boccaccio's age who was so likely to understand him to the core, as his English admirer, Ariosto not excepted. Still from what we have seen of Boccaccio's poetry, we can imagine the *Theseide* to have been too lax and long. If Chaucer's *Palamon and Arcite* be all that he thought proper to distil from it, it must have been greatly so; for it was an epic. But at all events the essence is an exquisite one. The tree must have been a fine old enormity, from which such honey could be drawn.

To begin, as in duty bound, with the lady. How she sparkles through the antiquity of the language, like a young beauty in an old hood!

> Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
> Till it felle ones in a morowe of May,
> That Emelie—

But we will alter the spelling where we can, as in a former instance, merely to let the reader see what a notion is in his way, if he suffers the look of Chaucer's words to prevent his enjoying him.

> Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
> Till it fell once, in a morrow of May,
> That Emily, that fairer was to seen
> Than is the lily upon his stalk green,
> And fresher than the May with flowers new,
> (For with the rosy color strove her hue;
> I n'ot which was the finer of them two)
> Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
> She was arisen and all ready dight,
> For May will have no sluggardy a-night:
> The season pricketh every gentle heart,
> And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
> And saith, "Arise, and do thine observance."
> This maketh Emily have remembrance
> To do honor to May, and for to rise.

Yclothed was she, fresh for to devise:
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,
Behind her back, a yardè* long I guess:
And in the garden, at the sun uprist,
She walketh up and down where as her list;
She gathereth flowers, party white and red
To make a subtle garland for her head;
And as an angel, heavenly she sung.
The great tower, that was so thick and strong,
Which of the castle was the chief dongeon
(Where as these knightès weren in prison,
Of which I toldè you, and tellen shall),
Was even joinant to the garden wall,
There as this Emily had her playing.
Bright was the sun, and clear that morwèning-

[How finely, to our ears at least, the second line of the couplet always rises up from this full stop at the first!]

Bright was the sun, and clear that morwèning,
And Palamon, this woeful prisoner,
As was his wont, by leave of his jailèr,
Was risen, and roamed in a chamber on high,
In which he all the noble city sight†,
And eke the garden, full of branches green,
There as this fresh Emilia the sheen‡
Was in her walk, and roamed up and down.

Sir Walter Scott, in his edition of Dryden, says upon the passage before us, and Dryden's version of it, that "the modern must yield the palm to the ancient, in spite of the beauty of his versification." We quote from memory, but this is the substance of his words. For our parts, we agree with them, as to the consignment of the palm, but not as to the exception about the versification. With some allowance as to our present mode of accentuation, it appears to us to be touched with a finer sense of music even than Dryden's. It is more delicate, without any inferiority in strength, and still more various.

But to our other portrait. It is as sparkling with young

* These additional syllables are to be read slightly, like the *e* in French verse.

† Saw. ‡ The shining.

manhood, as the former is with a gentler freshness. What a burst of radiant joy is in the second couplet; what a vital quickness in the comparison of the horse, "starting as the fire;" and what a native and happy ease in the conclusion!

The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saleweth * in her song the morrow grey;
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight;
And with his strèmes drieth in the greves †
The silver droppès hanging in the leaves;
And Arcite, that is in the court real ‡
With Theseus the squier principal,
Is risen, and looketh on the merry day;
And for to do his observance to May,
Rememb'ring on the point of his desire,
He on the courser, starting as the fire,
Is ridden to the fieldès him to play,
Out of the court, were it a mile or tway:
And to the grove, of which that I you told,
By aventure his way 'gan to hold,
To maken him a garland of the greves,
Were it of woodbind or of hawthorn leaves,
And loud he sung against the sunny sheen:
"O May, with all thy flowers and thy green,
Right welcome be thou, fairè freshè May:
I hope that I some green here getten may."
And from his courser, with a lusty heart,
Into the grove full hastily he start,
And in the path he roamed up and down.

The versification of this is not so striking as the other, but Dryden again falls short in the freshness and feeling of the sentiment. His lines are beautiful; but they do not come home to us with so happy and cordial a face. Here they are. The word morning in the first line, as it is repeated in the second, we are bound to consider as a slip of the pen; perhaps for mounting.

The morning-lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morning grey;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,

* Saluteth. † Groves. ‡ Royal.

That all the horizon laughed to see the joyous sight:
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves and dries the dew.
When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
Observance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At ease he seemed, and prancing o'er the plains,
Turned only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I named before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
Then turned his face against the rising day,
And raised his voice to welcome in the May:
"For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
When thy short reign is past, the feverish Sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wandering steps to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind,"
His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd.

How poor is this to Arcite's leaping from his courser "with a lusty heart!" How inferior the common-place of the "fiery steed," which need not involve any actual notion in the writer's mind, to the courser "starting as the fire;"—how inferior the turning his face to "the rising day" and raising his voice to the singing "loud against the sunny sheen;" and lastly, the whole learned invocation and adjuration of May, about guiding his "wandering steps" and "so may thy tender blossoms," &c., to the call upon the "fair fresh May," ending with that simple, quick-hearted line, in which he hopes he shall get "some green here;" a touch in the happiest vivacity! Dryden's genius, for the most part, wanted faith in nature. It was too gross and sophisticate. There was as much difference between him and his original, as between a hot noon in perukes at St. James's, and one of Chaucer's lounges on the grass, of a May-morning.

All this worship of May is over now. There is no issuing forth, in glad companies, to gather boughs; no adorning of houses

with "the flowery spoil;" no songs, no dances, no village sports and coronations, no courtly poetries, no sense and acknowledgment of the quiet presence of nature, in grove or glade.

O dolce primavera, o fior novelli,
O aure, o arboscelli, o fresche erbette,
O piagge benedette; o colli, o monti,
O valli, o fiumi, o fonti, o verdi rivi,
Palme lauri, ed olive, edere e mirti;
O gloriosi spiriti de gli boschi;
O Eco, o antri foschi, o chiare linfe,
O faretrate ninfe, o agresti Pani,
O Satiri e Silvani, o Fauni e Driadi,
Naiadi ed Amadriadi, o Semidee,
Oreadi e Napee,—or siete sole.—*Sannazzaro.*

O thou delicious spring, O ye new flowers,
O airs, O youngling bowers; fresh thickening grass,
And plains beneath heaven's face; O hills and mountains,
Valleys, and streams, and fountains; banks of green,
Myrtles, and palms serene, ivies, and bays;
And ye who warmed old lays, spirits o' the woods,
Echoes, and solitudes, and lakes of light;
O quivered virgins bright, Pans rustical,
Satyres and Sylvans all, Dryads, and ye
That up the mountains be; and ye beneath
In meadow or flowery heath,—ye are alone.

Two hundred years ago, our ancestors used to delight in anticipating their May holidays. Bigotry came in, and frowned them away; then Debauchery, and identified all pleasures with the town; then Avarice, and we have ever since been mistaking the means for the end.

Fortunately, it does not follow that we shall continue to do so. Commerce, while it thinks it is only exchanging commodities, is helping to diffuse knowledge. All other gains,—all selfish and extravagant systems of acquisition,—tend to over-do themselves, and to topple down by their own undiffused magnitude. The world, as it learns other things, may learn not to confound the means with the end, or at least (to speak more philosophically), a really poor means with a really richer. The veriest cricket-player on a green has as sufficient a quantity of excitement as

a fundholder or a partisan; and health, and spirits, and manliness to boot. Knowledge may go on; must do so, from necessity; and should do so, for the ends we speak of; but knowledge, so far from being incompatible with simplicity of pleasures, is the quickest to perceive its wealth. Chaucer would lie for hours, looking at the daisies. Scipio and Lælius could amuse themselves with making ducks and drakes on the water. Epaminondas, the greatest of all the active spirits of Greece, was a flute-player and dancer. Alfred the Great could act the whole part of a minstrel. Epicurus taught the riches of temperance and intellectual pleasure in a garden. The other philosophers of his country walked between heaven and earth in the colloquial bowers of Academus; and "the wisest heart of Solomon," who found everything vain because he was a king, has left us panegyrics on the Spring and the "voice of the turtle," because he was a poet, a lover, and a wise man.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Shakspeare's Birth-Day.

THE fifth of May, making the due allowance of twelve days from the twenty-third of April, according to the change of the Style, is the birth-day of Shakspeare. Pleasant thoughts must be associated with him in everything. If he is not to be born in April, he must be born in May. Nature will have him with her on her blithest holidays, like her favorite lover.

O thou divine human creature—greater name than even divine poet or divine philosopher—and yet thou wast all three—a very spring and vernal abundance of all fair and noble things is to be found in thy productions! They are truly a second nature. We walk in them, with whatever society we please; either with men, or fair women, or circling spirits, or with none but the whispering airs and leaves. Thou makest worlds of green trees and gentle natures for us, in thy forests of Arden, and thy courtly retirements of Navarre. Thou bringest us amongst the holiday lasses on the green sward; layest us to sleep among fairies in the bowers of midsummer; wakest us with the song of the lark and the silver-sweet voices of lovers: bringest more music to our ears, both from earth and from the planets; anon settest us upon enchanted islands, where it welcomes us again, from the touching of invisible instruments; and after all, restorest us to our still desired haven, the arms of humanity. Whether grieving us or making us glad, thou makest us kinder and happier. The tears which thou fetchest down, are like the rains of April, softening the times that come after them. Thy smiles are those of the month of love, the more blessed and universal for the tears.

The birth-days of such men as Shakspeare ought to be kept,

in common gratitude and affection, like those of relations whom we love. He has said, in a line full of him, that

> One touch of nature makes the whole world kin

How near does he become to us with his thousand touches! The lustre and utility of intellectual power is so increasing in the eyes of the world, that we do not despair of seeing the time when his birth-day will be a subject of public rejoicing; when the regular feast will be served up in tavern and dwelling-house, the bust crowned with laurel, and the theatres sparkle with illuminations.

In the mean time, it is in the power of every admirer of Shakspeare to honor the day privately. Rich or poor, busy or at leisure, all may do it. The busiest finds time to eat his dinner, and may pitch one considerate glass of wine down his throat. The poorest may call him to mind, and drink his memory in honest water. We had mechanically written *health*, as if he were alive. So he is in spirit;—and the spirit of such a writer is so constantly with us, that it would be a good thing, a judicious extravagance, a contemplative piece of jollity, to drink his health instead of his memory. But this, we fear, should be an impulse. We must content ourselves with having felt it here, and drinking it in imagination. To act upon it, as a proposal of the day before yesterday, might be too much like getting up an extempore gesture, or practising an unspeakable satisfaction.

An outline, however, may be drawn of the manner in which such a birth-day might be spent. The tone and coloring would be filled up, of course, according to the taste of the parties.—If any of our readers, then, have leisure as well as inclination to devote a day to the memory of Shakspeare, we would advise them, in the first place, to walk out, whether alone or in company, and enjoy during the morning as much as possible of those beauties of nature, of which he has left us such exquisite pictures. They would take a volume of him in their hands the most suitable to the occasion; not to hold themselves bound to sit down and read it, nor even to refer to it, if the original work of nature should occupy them too much; but to read it, if they

read anything; and to feel that Shakspeare was with them substantially as well as spiritually;—that they had him with them under their arm. There is another thought connected with his presence, which may render the Londoner's walk the more interesting. Shakspeare had neither the vanity which induces a man to be disgusted with what everybody can enjoy; nor, on the other hand, the involuntary self-degradation which renders us incapable of enjoying what is abased by our own familiarity of acquaintanceship. About the metropolis, therefore, there is perhaps not a single rural spot, any more than about Stratford-upon-Avon, which he has not himself enjoyed. The south side of London was the one nearest his theatre. Hyde Park was then, as it is now, one of the fashionable promenades. Richmond also was in high pride of estimation. At Greenwich Elizabeth held her court, and walked abroad amid the gallant service of the Sydneys and Raleighs. And Hampstead and Highgate, with the country about them, were, as they have been ever since, the favorite resort of the lovers of natural productions. Nay, without repeating what we said in a former number about the Mermaid in Cornhill, the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and other town associations with Shakspeare, the reader who cannot get out of London on his birth-day, and who has the luck to be hard at work in Chancery-lane or the Borough, may be pretty certain that Shakspeare has admired the fields and the May flowers there; for the fields were close to the latter, perhaps came up to the very walls of the theatre; and the suburban mansion and gardens of his friend Lord Southampton occupied the spot now called Southampton-buildings. It was really a country neighborhood. The Old Bourne (Holborn) ran by with a bridge over 't; and Gray's Inn was an Academic bower in the fields.

The dinner does not much signify. The sparest or the most abundant will suit the various fortunes of the great poet; only it will be as well for those who can afford wine, to pledge Falstaff in a cup of "sherris sack," which seems to have been a sort of sherry negus. After dinner Shakspeare's volumes will come well on the table; lying among the dessert like laurels, where there is one, and supplying it where there is not. Instead of

songs, the persons present may be called upon for scenes. But no stress need be laid on this proposition, if they do not like to read out aloud. The pleasure of the day should be as much at liberty as possible; and if the company prefer conversation, it will not be very easy for them to touch upon any subject which Shakspeare shall not have touched upon also. If the enthusiasm is in high taste, the ladies should be crowned with violets, which (next to the roses of their lips) seem to have been his favorite flower. After tea should come singing and music, especially the songs which Arne set from his plays, and the ballad of *Thou soft-flowing Avon*. If an engraving or bust of him could occupy the principal place in the room, it would look like the "present deity" of the occasion; and we have known a very pleasant effect produced by everybody's bringing some quotation applicable to him from his works, and laying it before his image, to be read in the course of the evening.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

La Belle Dame Sans Mercy.

AMONG the pieces printed at the end of Chaucer's works, and attributed to him, is a translation, under this title, of a poem of the celebrated Alain Chartier, secretary to Charles the Sixth and Seventh. It was the title which suggested to a friend the verses at the end of our present Number.* We wish Alain could have seen them. He would have found a Troubadour air for them, and sung them to *La Belle Dame* Agnes Sorel, who was, however, not *Sans Mercy*. The union of the imaginative and the real is very striking throughout, particularly in the dream. The wild gentleness of the rest of the thoughts and of the music are alike old, and they are also alike young; for love and imagination are always young, let them bring with them what times and accompaniments they may. If we take real flesh and blood with us, we may throw ourselves, on the facile wings of our sympathy, into what age we please. It is only by trying to feel, as well as to fancy, through the medium of a costume, that writers become fleshless masks and cloaks—things like the trophies of the ancients, when they hung up the empty armor of an enemy.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

AH, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

* The late Mr. Keats. This beautiful little effusion is reprinted in the *Indicator*, where it originally appeared, because it is not to be found in the collected works of that delightful poet.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
So haggard and so wo-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest 's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful, a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean and sing
A fairy's song.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gazed and sighed deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
So kiss'd to sleep.

And there we slumber'd on the moss,
And there I dream'd, ah wo betide,
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cried, "La Belle Dame Sans Mercy
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloom
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

CAVIARE *

* "Caviare to the multitude."—*Hamlet.* The signature was of Mr. Keats's own putting; a touching circumstance, when we call to mind the treatment he met with, and consider how his memory has triumphed over it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Of Sticks

AMONG other comparative injuries which we are accustomed to do to the characters of things animate and inanimate, in order to gratify our human vanity, such as calling a rascal a dog (which is a great compliment), and saying that a tyrant makes a beast of himself (which it would be a very good thing, and a lift in the world, if he could), is a habit in which some persons indulge themselves, of calling insipid things or persons *sticks*. Such and such a one is said to write a stick; and such another is himself called a stick;—a poor stick, a mere stick, a stick of a fellow.

We protest against this injustice done to those useful and once flourishing sons of a good old stock. Take, for instance, a common cherry-stick, which is one of the favorite sort. In the first place, it is a very pleasant substance to look at, the grain running round it in glossy and shadowy rings. Then it is of primæval antiquity, handed down from scion to scion through the most flourishing of genealogical trees. In the third place, it is of Eastern origin; of a stock, which it is possible may have furnished Haroun Al Raschid with a djereed, or Mahomet with a camel-stick, or Xenophon in his famous retreat with fences, or Xerxes, with tent-pins, or Alexander with a javelin, or Sardanapalus with tarts, or Solomon with a simile for his mistress' lips, or Jacob with a crook, or Methusalem with shadow, or Zoroaster with mathematical instruments, or the builders of Babel with scaffolding. Lastly, how do you know but that you may have eaten cherries off this very stick? for it was once alive with sap, and rustling with foliage, and powdered with blossoms, and red and laughing with fruit. Where the leathern tassel now hangs, may have dangled a bunch of berries; and instead of the brass ferule poking in the mud, the tip was growing into the air with its youngest green.

The use of sticks in general is of the very greatest antiquity. It is impossible to conceive a state of society in which boughs should not be plucked from trees for some purpose of utility or amusement. Savages use clubs, hunters require lances, and shepherds their crooks. Then came the sceptre, which is originally nothing but a staff, or a lance, or a crook, distinguished from others. The Greek word for sceptre signifies also a walking-stick. A mace, however plumped up and disguised with gilding and a heavy crown, is only the same thing in the hands of an inferior ruler; and so are all other sticks used in office, from the baton of the Grand Constable of France down to the tipstaff of a constable in Bow-street. As the shepherd's dog is the origin of the gentlest whelp that lies on a hearth-cushion, and of the most pompous barker that jumps about a pair of greys, so the merest stick used by a modern Arcadian, when he is driving his flock to Leadenhall-market with a piece of candle in his hat, and No. 554 on his arm, is the first great parent and original of all authoritative staves, from the beadle's cane wherewith he terrifies charity-boys who eat bull's-eyes in church-time, up to the silver mace of the verger, to the wands of parishes and governors,—the tasselled staff, wherewith the Band-Major so loftily picks out his measured way before the musicians, and which he holds up when they are to cease; to the White Staff of the Lord Treasurer; the court-officer emphatically called the Lord Gold Stick; the Bishop's Crosier (Pedum Episcopale), whereby he is supposed to pull back the feet of his straying flock; and the royal and imperial sceptre aforesaid, whose holders, formerly called Shepherds of the people (Ποιμένες Λαῶν) were seditiously said to fleece more than to protect. The Vaulting-Staff, a luxurious instrument of exercise, must have been used in times immemorial for passing streams and rough ground with. It is the ancestor of the staff with which Pilgrims travelled. The Staff and Quarter-Staff of the country Robin Hoods is a remnant of the war-club. So is the Irish Shilelah, which a friend has well defined to be "a stick with two butt-ends." The originals of all these, that are not extant in our own country, may still be seen wherever there are nations uncivilized. The Negro Prince, who asked our countrymen what

was sain of him in Europe, was surrounded in state with a parcel of ragged fellows with shilelahs over their shoulders—Lord Gold Sticks.

But sticks have been great favorites with civilized as well as uncivilised nations; only the former have used them more for help and ornament. The Greeks were a sceptropherous people. Homer probably used a walking-stick because he was blind; but we have it on authority that Socrates did. On his first meeting with Xenophon, which was in a narrow passage, he barred up the way with his stick, and asked him, in his good-natured manner, where provisions were to be had. Xenophon having told him, he asked again if he knew where virtue and wisdom were to be had; and this reducing the young man to a nonplus, he said, "Follow me, and learn;" which Xenophon did, and became the great man we have all heard of. The fatherly story of Agesilaus, who was caught amusing his little boy with riding on a stick, and asked his visitor whether he was a father, is too well known for repetition.

There is an illustrious anecdote connected with our subject in Roman history. The highest compliment which his countrymen thought they could pay to the first Scipio, was to call him a walking-stick; for such is the signification of his name. It was given him for the filial zeal with which he used to help his old father about, serving his decrepit age instead of a staff. But the Romans were not remarkable for sentiment. What we hear in general of their sticks, is the thumpings which servants get in their plays; and above all, the famous rods which the lictors carried, and which being actual sticks, must have inflicted horrible dull bruises and malignant stripes. They were pretty things, it must be confessed, to carry before the chief magistrate! just as if the King or Lord Chancellor were to be preceded by a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Sticks are not at all in such request with modern times as they were. Formerly, we suspect, most of the poorer ranks in England used to carry them, both on account of the prevalence of manly sports, and for security in travelling; for before the invention of posts and mail-coaches, a trip to Scotland or Northumberland was a thing to make a man write his will.

As they came to be ornamented, fashion adopted them. The Cavaliers of Charles the First's time were a sticked race, as well as the apostolic divines and puritans, who appear to have carried staves, because they read of them among the patriarchs. Charles the First, when at his trial, held out his stick to forbid the Attorney-General's proceeding. There is an interesting little story connected with a stick, which is related of Andrew Marvell's father (worthy of such a son), and which, as it is little known, we will repeat; though it respects the man more than the machine. He had been visited by a young lady, who in spite of a stormy evening persisted in returning across the Humber, because her family would be alarmed at her absence. The old gentleman, high-hearted and cheerful, after vainly trying to dissuade her from perils which he understood better than she, resolved in his gallantry to bear her company. He accordingly walked with her down to the shore, and getting into the boat, threw his stick to a friend, with a request, in a lively tone of voice, that he would preserve it for a keepsake. He then cried out merrily, "Ho-hoy for heaven!" and put off with his visitor. They were drowned.

As commerce increased, exotic sticks grew in request from the Indies. Hence the Bamboo, the Whanghee, the Jambee which makes such a genteel figure under Mr. Lilly's auspices in the Tatler; and our light modern cane, which the Sunday stroller buys at sixpence the piece, with a twist of it at the end for a handle. The physicians, till within the last few score of years, retained among other fopperies which they converted into gravities, the wig and gold-headed cane. The latter had been an indispensable sign-royal of fashion, and was turned to infinite purposes of accomplished gesticulation. One of the most courtly personages in the Rape of the Lock is

> Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Sir Richard Steele, as we have before noticed, is reproached by a busy-body of those times for a habit of jerking his stick against the pavement as he walked. When swords were abolished by Act of Parliament, the tavern-boys took to pinking each other,

as injuriously as they could well manage, with their walking-sticks. Macklin the player was tried for his life for poking a man's eye out in this way. Perhaps this helped to bring the stick into disrepute; for the use of it seems to have declined more and more, till it is now confined to old men, and a few among the younger. It is unsuitable to our money-getting mode of rushing hither and thither. Instead of pinking a man's ribs or so, or thrusting out his eye from an excess of the jovial, we break his heart with a bankruptcy.

Canes became so common before the decline of the use of sticks, that whenever a man is beaten with a stick, let it be of what sort it may, it is still common to say that he has had a "caning:" which reminds us of an anecdote more agreeable than surprising; though the patient doubtless thought the reverse. A gentleman, who was remarkable for the amenity of his manners, accompanied by a something which a bully might think it safe to presume upon, found himself compelled to address a person who did not know how to "translate his style," in the following words, which were all delivered in the sweetest tone in the world, with an air of almost hushing gentility:—"Sir, I am extremely sorry—to be obliged to say,—that you appear to have a very erroneous notion of the manners that become your situation in life;—and I am compelled with great reluctance to add" (here he became still softer and more delicate) "that, if you do not think fit, upon reflection, to alter this very extraordinary conduct towards a gentleman, I shall be under the necessity of——caning you." The other treated the thing as a joke; and to the delight of the bystanders, received a very grave drubbing.

There are two eminent threats connected with caning, in the history of Dr. Johnson. One was from himself, when he was told that Foote intended to mimic him on the stage. He replied, that if "the dog" ventured to play his tricks with him, he would step out of the stage-box, chastise him before the audience, and then throw himself upon their candor and common sympathy. Foote desisted, as he had good reason to do. The Doctor would have read hi n a stout lesson, and then made a speech to the audience as forcible; so that the theatrical annals have to

regret, that the subject and Foote's shoulders were not afforded him to expatiate upon. It would have been a fine involuntary piece of acting,—the part of Scipio by Dr. Johnson.—The other threat was against the Doctor himself from Macpherson, the compounder of Ossian. It was for denying the authenticity of that work; a provocation the more annoying, inasmuch as he did not seem duly sensible of its merits. Johnson replied to Macpherson's letter by one of contemptuous brevity and pith; and contented himself with carrying about a large stick, with which he intended to repel Macpherson in case of an assault. Had they met, it would have been like "two clouds over the Caspian;" for both were large-built men.

We recollect another bacular Johnsonian anecdote. When he was travelling in Scotland, he lost a huge stick of his in the little treeless island of Mull. Boswell told him he would recover it: but the Doctor shook his head. "No no," said he; "let anybody in Mull get possession of it, and it will never be restored. Consider, sir, the value of such a piece of timber here."

The most venerable sticks now surviving are the smooth amber-colored canes, in the possession of old ladies. They have sometimes a gold head, but oftener a crook of ivory. But they have latterly been much displaced by light umbrellas, the handles of which are imitations of them; and these are gradually retreating before the young parasol, especially about town. The old ladies take the wings of the stage-coaches, and are run away with by John Pullen, in a style of infinite convenience. The other sticks in use are for the most part of cherry, oak, and crab, and seldom adorned with more than a leathern tassel: often with nothing. Bamboo and other canes do not abound, as might be expected from our intercourse with India; but commerce in this as in other respects has overshot its mark. People cannot afford to use sticks, any more than bees could in their hives. Of the common sabbatical cane we have already spoken. There is a sufficing little manual, equally light and lissom, yclept an ebony switch; but we have not seen it often.

That sticks, however, are not to be despised by the leisurely, any one who has known what it is to want words, or to slice off the head of a thistle, will allow. The utility of the stick seem

divisible into three heads; first, to give a general consciousness of power; second, which may be called a part of the first, to help the demeanor; and third, which may be called a part of the second, to assist a man over the gaps of speech—the little awkward intervals, called want of ideas.

Deprive a man of his stick, who is accustomed to carry one, and with what a diminished sense of vigor and gracefulness he issues out of his house! Wanting his stick, he wants himself. His self-possession, like Acres's on the duel-ground, has gone out of his fingers' ends; but restore it him, and how he resumes his energy! If a common walking-stick, he cherishes the top of it with his fingers, putting them out and back again, with a fresh desire to feel it in his palm! How he strikes it against the ground, and feels power come back to his arm! How he makes the pavement ring with the ferule, if in a street; or decapitates the downy thistles aforesaid, if in a field! Then if it be a switch, how firmly he jerks his step at the first infliction of it on the air! How he quivers the point of it as he goes, holding the handle with a straight-dropped arm and a tight grasp! How his foot keeps time to the switches! How he twigs the luckless pieces of lilac or other shrubs, that peep out of a garden railing! And if a sneaking-looking dog is coming by, how he longs to exercise his despotism and his moral sense at once, by giving him an invigorating twinge!

But what would certain men of address do without their cane or switch? There is an undoubted Rhabdosophy, Sceptrosophy, or Wisdom of the Stick, besides the famous Divining Rod, with which people used to discover treasures and fountains. It supplies a man with inaudible remarks, and an inexpressible number of graces. Sometimes, breathing between his teeth, he will twirl the end of it upon his stretched-out toe; and this means, that he has an infinite number of easy and powerful things to say, if he had a mind. Sometimes he holds it upright between his knees, and tattoos it against his teeth or underlip, which implies that he meditates coolly. On other occasions he switches the side of his boot with it, which announces elegance in general. Lastly, if he has not a bon-mot ready in answer to one, he has only to thrust his stick at your ribs, and say, "Ah! you rogue!"

which sets him above you in an instant, as a sort of patronising wit, who can dispense with the necessity of joking.

At the same time, to give it its due zest in life, a stick has its inconveniences. If you have yellow gloves on, and drop it in the mud, a too hasty recovery is awkward. To have it stick between the stones of a pavement is not pleasant, especially if it snap the ferule off; or more especially if an old gentleman or lady is coming behind you, and after making them start back with winking eyes, it threatens to trip them up. To lose the ferule on a country road, renders the end liable to the growth of a sordid brush, which, not having a knife with you, or a shop in which to borrow one, goes pounding the wet up against your legs. In a crowded street you may have the stick driven into a large pane of glass; upon which an unthinking tradesman, utterly indifferent to a chain of events, issues forth and demands twelve and sixpence.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Of the Sight of Shops.

THOUGH we are such lovers of the country, we can admire London in some points of view; and among others, from the entertainment to be derived from its shops. Their variety and brilliancy can hardly fail of attracting the most sluggish attention: and besides reasons of this kind, we can never look at some of them without thinking of the gallant figure they make in the *Arabian Nights*, with their Bazaars and Bezesteins; where the most beautiful of unknowns goes shopping in a veil, and the most graceful of drapers is taken blindfold to see her. He goes, too, smitten at heart to think of the danger of his head; and finds her seated among her slaves (exquisite themselves, only very inferior), upon which she encourages him to sit near her, and lutes are played; upon which he sighs, and cannot help looking tenderly; upon which she claps her hands, and a charming collation is brought in; upon which they eat, but not much. A dance ensues, and the ocular sympathy is growing tenderer, when an impossible old woman appears, and says that the Sultan is coming. Alas! How often have we been waked up, in the person of the young draper or jeweller, by that ancient objection! How have we received the lady in the veil, through which we saw nothing but her dark eyes and rosy cheeks! How have we sat cross-legged on cushions, hearing or handling the lute, whose sounds faded away like our enamored eyes! How often have we not lost our hearts and left-hands, like one of the Calendars? Or an eye, like another? Or a head; and resumed it at the end of the story? Or slept (no, not slept) in the Sultan's garden at Schiraz with the fair Persian.

But to return (as well as such enamored persons can) to our shops. We prefer the country a million times over for walking

in generally, especially if we have the friends in it that enjoy it as well; but there are seasons when the very streets may vie with it. If you have been solitary, for instance, for a long time, it is pleasant to get among your fellow-creatures again, even to be jostled and elbowed. If you live in town, and the weather is showery, you may get out in the intervals of rain, and then a quickly-dried pavement and a set of brilliant shops are pleasant. Nay, we have known days, even in spring, when a street shall outdo the finest aspects of the country; but then it is only when the ladies are abroad, and there happens to be a run of agreeable faces that day. For whether it is fancy or not, or whether certain days do not rather bring out certain people, it is a common remark, that one morning you shall meet a succession of good looks, and another encounter none but the reverse. We do not merely speak of handsome faces; but of those which are charming, or otherwise, whatever be the cause. We suppose, that the money-takers are all abroad one day, and the heart-takers the other.

It is to be observed, that we are not speaking of utility in this article, except indeed the great utility of agreeableness. A candid leather-cutter therefore will pardon us, if do we not find anything very attractive in his premises. So will his friend the shoemaker, who is bound to like us rural pedestrians. A stationer too, on obvious accounts, will excuse us for thinking his a very dull and bald-headed business. We cannot bear the horribly neat monotony of his shelves, with their load of virgin paper, their slates and slate pencils that set one's teeth on edge, their pocket-books, and above all, their detestable ruled account-books, which at once remind one of the necessity of writing, and the impossibility of writing anything pleasant on such pages. The only agreeable thing, in a stationer's shop when it has it, is the ornamental work, the card-racks, hand-screens, &c., which remind us of the fair morning fingers that paste and gild such things, and surprise their aunts with presents of flowery boxes. But we grieve to add, that the prints which the stationers furnish for such elegancies, are not in the very highest taste. They are apt to deviate too scrupulously from the originals. Their well-known heads become too anonymous. Their young

ladies have casts in their eyes, a little too much on one side even for the sidelong divinities of Mr. Harlowe.

In a hatter's shop we can see nothing but the hats; and the reader is acquainted with our pique against them. The beaver is a curious animal, but the idea of it is not entertaining enough to convert a window full of those requisite nuisances into an agreeable spectacle. It is true, a hatter, like some other tradesmen, may be pleasanter himself, by reason of the adversity of his situation. We cannot say more for the *cruel*-shop next door, a name justly provocative of a pun. It is customary, however, to have sign-paintings of Adam and Eve at these places; which is some relief to the monotony of the windows; only they remind us but too well of these cruel necessities to which they brought us. The baker's next ensuing is a very dull shop, much inferior to the gingerbread baker's, whose parliament we used to munch at school. The tailor's makes one as melancholy to look at it, as the sedentary persons within. The hosier's is worse; particularly if it has a Golden Leg over it; for that precious limb is certainly not symbolical of the weaver's. The windows, half board and half dusty glass, which abound in the City, can scarcely be turned to a purpose of amusement, even by the most attic of dry-salters. We own we have half a longing to break them, and let in the light of nature upon their recesses; whether they belong to those more piquant gentlemen, or to bankers, or any other high and wholesale personages. A light in one of these windows in the morning is, to us, one of the very dismallest reflections on humanity. We wish we could say something for a tallow-chandler's, because everybody abuses it; but we cannot. It must bear its fate like the man. A good deal might be said in behalf of candle-light; but in passing from shop to shop, the variety is so great, that the imagination has not time to dwell on any one in particular. The ideas they suggest must be obvious and on the surface. A grocer's and tea-dealer's is a good thing. It fills the mind instantly with a variety of pleasant tastes, as the ladies in Italy on certain holidays pelt the gentlemen with sweetmeats. An undertaker's is as great a baulk to one's spirits, as a loose stone to one's foot. It gives one a deadly jerk. But it is pleasant upon the whole

to see the inhabitant looking carelessly out of doors, or hammering while humming a tune; for why should he die a death at every fresh order for a coffin? An undertaker walking merrily drunk by the side of a hearse, is a horrid object; but an undertaker singing and hammering in his shop, is only rapping death himself on the knuckles. The dead are not there; the altered fellow-creature is not there; but only the living man, and the abstract idea of death; and he may defy that as much as he pleases. An apothecary's is the more deadly thing of the two; for the coffin may be made for a good old age, but the draught and the drug are for the sickly. An apothecary's looks well, however, at night-time, on account of the colored glasses. It is curious to see two or three people talking together in the light of one of them, and looking profoundly blue. There are two good things in the Italian warehouse,—its name and its olives; but it is chiefly built up of gout. Nothing can be got out of a brazier's windows, except by a thief: but we understand that it is a good place to live at for those who cannot procure water-falls. A music-shop with its windows full of title-pages, is provokingly insipid to look at, considering the quantity of slumbering enchantment inside, which only wants waking. A bookseller's is interesting, especially if the books are very old or very new, and have frontispieces. But let no author, with or without money in his pocket, trust himself in the inside, unless, like the bookseller, he has too much at home. An author is like a baker; it is for him to make the sweets, and others to buy and enjoy them. And yet not so. Let us not blaspheme the "divinity that stirs within us." The old comparison of the bee is better; for even if his toil at last is his destruction, and he is killed in order to be plundered, he has had the range of nature before he dies. His has been the summer air, and the sunshine, and the flowers; and gentle ears have listened to him, and gentle eyes have been upon him. Let others eat his honey that please, so that he has had his morsel and his song.—A book-stall is better for an author than a regular shop; for the books are cheaper, the choice often better and more ancient; and he may look at them, and move on without the horrors of not buying anything; unless indeed the master or mistress stands looking at

him from the shop-door; which is a vile practice. It is necessary, we suppose, to guard against pilferers; but then ought not a stall-keeper, of any perception, to know one of us real magnanimous spoilers of our gloves from a sordid thief? A tavern and coffee-house is a pleasant sight, from its sociality; not to mention the illustrious club memories of the times of Shakspeare and the Tatlers. We confess that the commonest public-house in town is not such an eyesore to us as it is to some. There may be a little too much drinking and roaring going on in the middle of the week; but what, in the mean time, are pride, and avarice, and all the unsocial vices about? Before we object to public-houses, and above all to their Saturday evening recreations, we must alter the systems that make them a necessary comfort to the poor and laborious. Till then, in spite of the vulgar part of the polite, we shall have an esteem for the "Devil and the Bag o' Nails;" and like to hear, as we go along on Saturday night, the applauding knocks on the table that follow the song of "*Lovely Nan*," or "*Brave Captain Death*," or "*Tobacco is an Indian Weed*," or "*Why, Soldiers, why;*" or "*Says Plato, why should man be vain;*" or that judicious and unanswerable ditty commencing

> Now what can man more desire
> Nor sitting by a sea-coal fire.
> And on his knees, &c.

We will even refuse to hear anything against a gin-shop, till the various systems of the moralists and economists are discussed, and the virtuous leave off seduction and old port. In the mean time, we give up to anybody's dislike the butcher's and fishmonger's. And yet see how things go by comparison. We remember, in our boyhood, a lady from the West Indies, of a very delicate and high-bred nature, who could find nothing about our streets that more excited her admiration than the butchers' shops. She had no notion, from what she had seen in her own country, that so ugly a business could be carried on with so much neatness, and become actually passable. An open potato-shop is a dull bleak-looking place, except in the height of summer. A cheesemonger's is then at its height of annoyance,

unless you see a pavior or bricklayer coming out with his three penn'orth on his bread—a better sight than the glutton's waddling away from the fishmonger's. A poulterer's is a dead-bodied business, with its birds and their lax necks. We dislike to see a bird anywhere but in the open air, alive and quick. Of all creatures, restraint and death become its winged vivacity the least. For the same reason we hate aviaries. Dog-shops are tolerable. A cook-shop does not mingle the agreeable with the useful. We hate its panes, with *Ham and Beef* scratched upon them in white letters. An ivory-turner's is pleasant, with its red and white chessmen, and little big-headed Indians on elephants; so is a toy-shop, with its endless delights for children. A coach-maker's is not disagreeable, if you can see the painting and panels. An umbrella-shop only reminds one of a rainy day, unless it is a shop for sticks also, which, as we have already shown, are meritorious articles. The curiosity-shop is sometimes very amusing, with its mandarins, stuffed birds, odd old carved faces, and a variety of things as indescribable as bits of dreams. The green-grocer carries his recommendation in his epithet. The hair-dressers are also interesting as far as their hair goes, but not as their heads—we mean the heads in their windows. One of the shops we like least is an angling repository, with its rod for a sign, and a fish dancing in the agonies of death at the end of it. We really cannot see what equanimity there is in jerking a lacerated carp out of the water by the jaws, merely because it has not the power of making a noise; for we presume that the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shrieking fish. An optician's is not very amusing, unless it has those reflecting-glasses in which you see your face run off on each side into attenuated width, or upwards and downwards in the same manner, in dreary longitude. A saddler's is good, because it reminds one of horses. A Christian sword-maker's or gun-maker's is edifying. A glass-shop is a beautiful spectacle; it reminds one of the splendors of a fairy palace. We like a blacksmith's for the sturdy looks and thumpings of the men, the swarthy color, the fiery sparkles and the thunder-breathing throat of the furnace. Of other houses of traffic, not common in the streets, there is

something striking to us in the large, well-conditioned horses of the brewers, and the rich smoke rolling from out their chimneys. We also greatly admire a wharf, with its boats, barrels, and packages, and the fresh air from the water, not to mention the smell of pitch. It carries us at once a hundred miles over the water. For similar reasons, the crabbedest old lane has its merits in our eyes, if there is a sail-maker's in it, or a boat-builder's and water at the end. How used old Roberts of Lambeth to gratify the aspiring modesty of our school-coats, when he welcomed us down to his wherries and captains on a holiday, and said, "Blue against Black at any time," meaning the Westminster boys! And the colleges will ratify his praise, taking into consideration the difference of the numbers that go there from either cloisters. But of all shops in the streets a print-seller's pleases us the most. We would rather pay a shilling to Mr. Colnaghi, Mr. Molteno, or Messieurs Moon and Boys, to look at their windows on one of their best-furnished days, than we would for many an exhibition. We can see fine engravings there, translations from Raphael and Titian, which are newer than hundreds of originals. We do not despise a pastry-cook's, though we would rather not eat tarts and puffs before the half-averted face of the prettiest of accountants, especially with a beggar watching and praying all the while at the door. We need not expatiate on the beauties of a florist's, where you see unwithering leaves, and roses made immortal. A dress warehouse is sometimes really worth stopping at, for its flowered draperies and richly-colored shawls. But one's pleasure is apt to be disturbed (ye powers of gallantry! bear witness to the unwilling pen that writes it) by the fair faces that come forth, and the half-polite, half-execrating expression of the tradesman that bows them out; for here takes place the chief enjoyment of the mystery yclept shopping; and here, while some ladies give the smallest trouble unwillingly, others have an infinity of things turned over, for the mere purpose of wasting their own time and the shopman's. We have read of a choice of a wife by cheese. It is difficult to speak of preference in such matters, and all such single modes of trial must be something equivocal; but we must say, that of all modes of the

kind, we should desire no better way of seeing what ladies we admired most, and whom least, than by witnessing this trial of them at a linen-draper's counter.

CHAPTER XL.

A nearer View of some of the Shops.

In the general glance that we have taken at shops, we found ourselves unwillingly compelled to pass some of them too quickly. It is the object therefore of the present article to enter into those more attractive thresholds, and look a little about us. We imagine a fine day; time, about noon; scene, any good brilliant street. The ladies are abroad in white and green; the beaux lounging, conscious of their waists and neckcloths; the busy pushing onward, conscious of their bills; the dogs and coaches—but we must reserve this out-of-door view of the streets for a separate article.

To begin then, where our shopping experience began, with the toy-shop:

> Visions of glory, spare our aching sight!
> Ye just-breech'd ages, crowd not on our soul!

We still seem to have a lively sense of the smell of that gorgeous red paint, which was on the handle of our first wooden sword! The pewter guard also—how beautifully fretted and like silver did it look! How did we hang it round our shoulder by the proud belt of an old ribbon;—then feel it well suspended; then draw it out of the sheath, eager to cut down four savage men for ill-using ditto of damsels! An old muff made an excellent grenadier's cap; or one's hat and feather, with the assistance of three surreptitious large pins, became fiercely modern and military. There it is, in that corner of the window—the same identical sword, to all appearance, which kept us awake the first night behind our pillow. We still feel ourselves little boys, while standing in this shop; and for that matter, so we do on other occasions. A field has as much merit in our eyes, and gingerbread almost as much in our mouths, as at that

daisy-plucking and cake-eating period of life. There is the trigger-rattling gun fine of its kind, but not so complete a thing as the sword. Its memories are not so ancient: for Alexander or St. George did not fight with a musket. Neither is it so true a thing; it is not "like life." The trigger is too much like that of a cross-bow; and the pea which it shoots, however hard, produces even to the imaginative faculties of boyhood a humiliating flash of the mock-heroic. It is difficult to fancy a dragon killed with a pea: but the shape and appurtenances of the sword being genuine, the whole sentiment of massacre is as much in its wooden blade, as if it were steel of Damascus. The drum is still more real, though not so heroic.—In the corner opposite are battle-doors and shuttle-cocks, which have their maturer beauties; balls, which possess the additional zest of the danger of breaking people's windows;—ropes, good for swinging and skipping, especially the long ones which others turn for you, while you run in a masterly manner up and down, or skip in one spot with an easy and endless exactitude of toe, looking alternately at their conscious faces;—blood-allies, with which he possessor of a crisp finger and thumb-knuckle causes the smitten marbles to vanish out of the ring; kites, which must appear to more vital birds a ghastly kind of fowl, with their grim long white faces, no bodies, and endless tails; cricket-bats, manly to handle;—trap-bats, a genteel inferiority;—swimming-corks, despicable; horses on wheels, an imposition on the infant public;—rocking horses, too much like Pegasus, ardent yet never getting on;—Dutch toys, so like life, that they ought to be better;—Jacob's ladders, flapping down one over another their tintinnabulary shutters;—dissected maps, from which the infant statesmen may learn how to dovetail provinces and kingdoms;—paper posture-makers, who hitch up their knees against their shoulder-blades, and dangle their legs like an opera dancer;—Lilliputian plates, dishes, and other household utensils, in which a grand dinner is served up out of half an apple;—boxes of paints, to color engravings with, always beyond the outline; ditto of bricks, a very sensible and lasting toy, which we except from a grudge we have against the gravity of infant geometrics;—whips, very useful for cutting people's eyes unawares

—hoops, one of the most ancient as well as excellent of toys;—sheets of pictures, from A apple-pie up to farming, military, and zoological exhibitions, always taking care that the Fly is as large as the Elephant, and the letter X exclusively appropriated to Xerxes;—musical deal-boxes, rather complaining than sweet, and more like a peal of bodkins than bells;—penny trumpets, awful at Bartlemy-tide;—jew's harps, that thrill and breathe between the lips like a metal tongue;—carts—carriages—hobby-horses, upon which the infant equestrian prances about proudly on his own feet;—in short, not to go through the whole representative body of existence—dolls, which are so dear to the maternal instincts of little girls. We protest, however, against that abuse of them, which makes them full-dressed young ladies in body, while they remain infant in face; especially when they are of frail wax. It is cultivating finery instead of affection. We prefer good honest plump limbs of cotton and saw-dust, dressed in baby-linen; or even our ancient young friends, with their staring dotted eyes, red varnished faces, triangular noses, and Rosinante wooden limbs—not, it must be confessed, excessively shapely or feminine, but the reverse of fragile beauty, and prepared against all disasters.

The next step is to the Pastry-cook's, where the plain bun is still the pleasantest thing in our eyes, from its respectability in those of childhood. The pastry, less patronised by judicious mothers, is only so much elegant indigestion: yet it is not easy to forget the pleasure of nibbling away the crust all round a raspberry or currant tart, in order to enjoy the three or four delicious semicircular bites at the fruity plenitude remaining. There is a custard with a wall of paste round it, which provokes a siege of this kind; and the cheese-cake has its amenities of approach. The acid flavor is a relief to the mawkishness of the biffin or pressed baked apple, and an addition to the glib and quivering lightness of the jelly. Twelfth Cake, which when cut looks like the side of a rich pit of earth covered with snow, is pleasant from warmer associations. Confectionery does not seem in the same request as of old; its paint has hurt its reputation. Yet the school-boy has still much to say for its humbler suavities. Kisses are very amiable and allegorical. Eight or ten of

them, judiciously wrapped up in pieces of letter paper, have saved many a loving heart the trouble of a less eloquent billet-doux. Candied citron we look upon to be the very acmé and atticism of confectionery grace. Preserves are too much of a good thing, with the exception of the jams that retain their fruit-skins. "Jam satis." They qualify the cloying. Yet marmalade must not be passed over in these times, when it has been raised to the dignity of the peerage. The other day there was a Duke of Marmalade in Hayti, and a Count of Lemonade,—so called, from places in which those eminent relishes are manufactured. After all, we must own that there is but one thing for which we care much at a pastry-cook's, except our old acquaintance the bun; especially as we can take up that, and go on. It is an ice. Fancy a very hot day; the blinds down; the loungers unusually languid; the pavement burning one's feet; the sun, with a strong outline in the street, baking one whole side of it like a brick-kiln; so that everybody is crowding on the other, except a man going to intercept a creditor bound for the Continent. Then think of a heaped-up ice, brought upon a salver with a spoon. What statesman, of any warmth of imagination, would not pardon the Neapolitans in summer, for an insurrection on account of the want of ice? Think of the first sidelong dip of the spoon in it, bringing away a well-sliced lump; then of the sweet wintry refreshment, that goes lengthening down one's throat; and lastly, of the sense of power and satisfaction resulting from having *had* the ice.

> Not heaven itself can do away that slice;
> But what has been, has been; and I have had my ice.

We unaccountably omitted two excellent shops last week,—the fruiterer's and the sculptor's. There is great beauty as well as agreeableness in a well-disposed fruiterer's window. Here are the round piled-up oranges, deepening almost into red, and heavy with juice; the apple with its brown red cheek, as if it had slept in the sun; the pear, swelling downwards; thronging grapes, like so many tight little bags of wine; the peach, whose handsome leathern coat strips off so finely; the pearly or

ruby-like currants, heaped in light long baskets; the red little mouthful of strawberries; the larger purple ones of plums; cherries, whose old comparison with lips is better than anything new; mulberries, dark and rich with juice, fit to grow over what Homer calls the deep black-watered fountains; the swelling pomp of melons; the rough inexorable-looking cocoa-nut, milky at heart; the elaborate elegance of walnuts; the quaint cashoo-nut; almonds, figs, raisins, tamarinds, green leaves,—in short,

> Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
> In India East or West, or middle shore
> In Pontus or the Punick coast, or where
> Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
> Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell.
>
> *Milton.*

There is something of more refined service in waiting upon a lady in a fruit-shop, than in a pastry-cook's. The eating of tarts, as Sir Walter Scott handsomely saith in his *Life of Dryden* (who used to enjoy them, it seems, in company with "Madam Reeves"), is "no inelegant pleasure;" but there is something still more graceful and suitable in the choosing of the natural fruit, with its rosy lips and red cheeks. A white hand looks better on a basket of plums, than in the doubtful touching of syrupy and sophisticated pastry. There is less of the kitchen about the fair visitor. She is more Pomona-like, native, and to the purpose. We help her, as we would a local deity.

> Here be grapes whose lusty blood
> Is the learned poets' good,
> Sweeter yet did never crown
> The head of Bacchus;—nuts more brown
> Than the squirrels' teeth that crack them;
> Deign, O fairest fair, to take them.
> For these black-ey'd Driope
> Hath often times commanded me,
> With my clasped knee to climb;
> See how well the lusty time
> Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
> Such as on your lips is spread.
> Here be berries for a Queen,

Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great God Pan himself doth eat.
All these, and what the woods can yield
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong.
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.

FLETCHER'S *Faithful Shepherdess.*

How the poets double every delight for us, with their imagination and their music!

In the windows of some of the sculptors' shops, artificial fruit may be seen. It is a better thing to put upon a mantel-piece than many articles of greater fashion; but it gives an abominable sensation to one's imaginary teeth. The incautious epicure who plunges his teeth into "a painted snow-ball" in Italy (see *Brydone's Tour in Sicily and Malta*), can hardly receive so jarring a balk to his gums, as the bare apprehension of a bite at a stone peach; but the farther you go in a sculptor's shop the better. Many persons are not aware that there are show-rooms in these places, which are well worth getting a sight of by some small purchase. For the best plaster casts the Italian shops, such as Papera's in Marylebone-street, Golden-square, and Sarti's in Greek-street, are the best. Of all the shop-pleasures that are "not inelegant," an hour or two passed in a place of this kind is surely one of the most polite. Here are the gods and heroes of old, and the more beneficent philosophers, ancient and modern. You are looked upon, as you walk among them, by the paternal majesty of Jupiter, the force and decision of Minerva, the still more arresting gentleness of Venus, the budding compactness of Hebe, the breathing inspiration of Apollo. Here the celestial Venus, naked in heart and body, ties up her locks, her drapery hanging upon her lower limbs. Here the Belvidere Apollo, breathing forth his triumphant disdain, follows with an earnest eye the shaft that has killed the serpent. Here the Graces, linked in an affectionate group, mee

you in the naked sincerity of their innocence and generosity, their hands "open as day," and two advancing for one receding. Here Hercules, like the building of a man, looks down from his propping club, as if half disdaining even that repose. There Mercury, with his light limbs, seems just to touch the ground, ready to give a start with his foot and be off again. Bacchus, with his riper cheek, and his thicker hanging locks, appears to be eyeing one of his nymphs. The Vatican Apollo near him, leans upon the stump of a tree, the hand which hangs upon it holding a bit of his lyre, the other arm thrown up over his head, as if he felt the air upon his body, and heard it singing through the strings. In a corner on another side, is the Crouching Venus of John of Bologna, shrinking just before she steps into the bath. The Dancing Faun is not far off, with his animal spirits, and the Piping Faun, sedater because he possesses an art more accomplished. Among the other divinities, we look up with veneration to old Homer's head, resembling an earthly Jupiter. Plato beholds us with a bland dignity—a beauty unimpairable by years. How different from the brute impulse of Mars, the bloated self-will of Nero, or the dull and literal effeminacy of some of the other emperors! There is a sort of presence in sculpture, more than in any other representations of art. It is curious to see how instinctively people will fall into this sentiment when they come into a place with busts and statues in it, however common. They hush, as if the images could hear them. In our boyhood, some of our most delightful holidays were spent in the gallery of the late Mr. West, in Newman-street. It runs a good way back from the street, crossing a small garden, and opening into loftier rooms on the other side of it. We remember how the world used to seem shut out from us the moment the street-door was closed, and we began stepping down those long carpeted aisles of pictures, with statues in the angles where they turned. We had observed everybody walk down them in this way, like the mild possessor of the mansion, and we went so likewise. We have walked down with him at night to his painting-room, as he went in his white flannel gown, with a lamp in his hand, which shot a lustrous twilight upon the pictured walls in passing; and everything looked so

quiet and graceful, that we should have thought it sacrilege to hear a sound beyond the light tread of his footsteps. But it was the statues that impressed us still more than the pictures. It seemed as if Venus and Apollo waited our turning at the corners; and there they were, always the same, placid and intuitive, more human and bodily than the paintings, yet too divine to be over real. It is to that house with the gallery in question, and the little green plot of ground, surrounded with an arcade and busts, that we owe the greatest part of our love for what is Italian and belongs to the fine arts. And if this is a piece of private history, with which the readers have little to do, they will excuse it for the sake of the greatest of all excuse, which is Love.

END OF PART I.

INDICATOR.

PART II.

21*

THE INDICATOR.

THERE is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land; but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters, where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognized, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the CUCULUS INDICATOR of Linnæus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.

> There he arriving, round about doth flie,
> And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
> Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

CHAPTER XLI.

A word or two more on Sticks.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to us on this subject, says:—"In my day I have indulged an extravagant fancy for canes and sticks; but, like the children of the fashionable world, I have, in running the round, grown tired of all my favorites, except one of a plain and useful sort. Conceive my mortification in finding this my last prop not included in your catalogue of sticks most in use; especially since it has become, among us men of sticks, the description most approved. The present day, which is one of mimicry, boasts scarcely any protection in the very stick I allude to; and yet, because it is so unpresuming in its appearance, and so cheap, the gentlemen 'of a day' will not condescend to use it. We, Sir, who make a stick our constant companion (notwithstanding our motives may be misunderstood),

value the tough, the useful, the highly picturesque 'Ash Plant.' Its still and gentlemanly color; its peculiar property of bending round the shoulders of a man, without breaking (in the event of our using it that way); the economy of the thing, as economy is the order of the day (at least in minor concerns); its being the best substitute for the old-fashioned horse-whip in a morning-ride, and now so generally used in lieu of the long hunting-whip in the sports of the chase; answering every purpose for gates, &c., without offering any temptation to do the work of a whipper-in;—all this, and much more, might be said of the neglected Ground Ash."

We must cry mercy on the estimable stick here referred to, and indeed on several other sorts of wood, unjustly omitted in our former article. We also neglected to notice those ingenious and pregnant walking-sticks, which contain swords, inkstands, garden-seats, &c., and sometimes surprise us with playing a tune. As the ancient poets wrote stories of gods visiting people in human shapes, in order to teach a considerate behavior to strangers; so an abstract regard ought to be shown to all sticks, inasmuch as the irreverent spectator may not know what sort of stuff he is encountering. If he does not take care, a man may beat him and "write him down an ass" with the same accomplished implement; or sit down upon it before his face, where there is no chair to be had; or follow up his chastisement with a victorious tune on the flute. As to the ash, to which we would do especial honor, for the sake of our injured, yet at the same time polite and forgiving, Correspondent, we have the satisfaction of stating that it hath been reputed the very next wood, in point of utility, to the oak; and hath been famous, time immemorial, for its staffian qualities. Infinite are the spears with which it has supplied the warlike, the sticks it has put into the hands of a less sanguinary courage, the poles it has furnished for hops, vines, &c., and the arbors which it has run up for lovers. The Greek name for it was Melia, or the Honied; from a juice or manna which it drops, and which has been much used in medicine and dyeing. There are, or were, about forty years back, when Count Ginnani wrote his *History of the Ravenna Pine Forest*, large ash woods in Tuscany, which used to be

tapped for those purposes. Virgil calls it the handsomest tree in the forest; Chaucer, "the hardie ashe;" and Spenser, "the ash for nothing ill." The ground-ash flourishes the better, the more it is cut and slashed;—a sort of improvement, which it sometimes bestows in return upon human kind.

CHAPTER XLII.

The Daughter of Hippocrates

In the time of the Norman reign in Sicily, a vessel bound from that island for Smyrna was driven by a westerly wind upon the island of Cos. The crew did not know where they were, though they had often visited the island; for the trading towns lay in other quarters, and they saw nothing before them but woods and solitudes. They found however a comfortable harbor; and the wind having fallen in the night, they went on shore next morning for water. The country proved as solitary as they thought it; which was the more extraordinary, inasmuch as it was very luxuriant, full of wild figs and grapes, with a rich uneven ground, and stocked with goats and other animals, who fled whenever they appeared. The bees were remarkably numerous; so that the wild honey, fruits, and delicious water, especially one spring which fell into a beautiful marble basin, made them more and more wonder, at every step, that they could see no human inhabitants.

Thus idling about and wondering, stretching themselves now and then among the wild thyme and grass, and now getting up to look at some specially fertile place which another called them to see, and which they thought might be turned to fine trading purpose, they came upon a mound covered with trees, which looked into a flat wide lawn of rank grass, with a house at the end of it. They crept nearer towards the house along the mound, still continuing among the trees, for fear they were trespassing at last upon somebody's property. It had a large garden wall at the back, as much covered with ivy as if it had been built of it. Fruit-trees looked over the wall with an unpruned thickness; and neither at the back nor front of the house were there any signs of humanity. It was an ancient marble building, where glass was not to be expected in the windows; but it was much dilapidated, and the grass grew up over the steps. They

listened again and again; but nothing was to be heard like a sound of men; nor scarcely of anything else. There was an intense noonday silence. Only the hares made a rustling noise as they ran about the long hiding grass. The house looked like the tomb of human nature, amidst the vitality of earth.

"Did you see?" said one of the crew, turning pale, and hastening to go. "See what?" said the others. "What looked out of window." They all turned their faces towards the house, but saw nothing. Upon this they laughed at their companion, who persisted however with great earnestness, and with great reluctance at stopping, to say that he saw a strange hideous kind of face look out of window. "Let us go, Sir," said he, to the Captain;—"for I tell ye what: I know this place now: and you, Signor Gualtier," continued he, turning to a young man, "may now follow that adventure I have often heard you wish to be engaged in." The crew turned pale, and Gualtier among them. "Yes," added the man, "we are fallen upon the enchanted part of the island of Cos, where the daughter of—Hush! Look there!" They turned their faces again, and beheld the head of a large serpent looking out of window. Its eyes were direct upon them; and stretching out of window, it lifted back its head with little sharp jerks like a fowl; and so stood keenly gazing.

The terrified sailors would have begun to depart quicklier than they did, had not fear itself made them move slowly. Their legs seemed melting from under them. Gualtier tried to rally his voice. "They say," said he, "it is a gentle creature. The hares that feed right in front of the house are a proof of it:—let us all stay." The others shook their heads, and spoke in whispers, still continuing to descend the mound as well as they could. "There is something unnatural in that very thing," said the Captain: "but we will wait for you in the vessel, if you stay. We will, by St. Ermo." The Captain had not supposed that Gualtier would stay an instant; but seeing him linger more than the rest, he added the oath in question, and in the mean time was hastening with the others to get away. The truth is, Gualtier was, in one respect, more frightened than any of them. His legs were more rooted to the spot. But the same force of imagination that helped to detain him, enabled him to muster up

courage beyond those who found their will more powerful: and in the midst of his terror he could not help thinking what a fine adventure this would be to tell in Salerno, even if he did but conceal himself a little, and stay a few minutes longer than the rest. The thought, however, had hardly come upon him, when it was succeeded by a fear still more lively; and he was preparing to follow the others with all the expedition he could contrive, when a fierce rustling took place in the trees behind him, and in an instant the serpent's head was at his feet. Gualtier's brain as well as heart seemed to sicken, as he thought the monstrous object scented him like a bear; but despair coming in aid of a courage naturally fanciful and chivalrous, he bent his eyes more steadily, and found the huge jaws and fangs not only abstaining from hurting him, but crouching and fawning at his feet like a spaniel. At the same time, he called to mind the old legend respecting the creature, and, corroborated as he now saw it, he ejaculated with good firmness, "In the name of God and his saints, what art thou?"

"Hast thou not heard of me?" answered the serpent in a voice whose singular human slenderness made it seem the more horrible. "I guess who thou art," answered Gualtier;—"the fearful thing in the island of Cos."

"I am that loathly thing," replied the serpent; "once not so." And Gualtier thought that its voice trembled sorrowfully.

The monster told Gualtier that what was said of her was true; that she had been a serpent hundreds of years, feeling old age and renewing her youth at the end of each century; that it was a curse of Diana's which had changed her; and that she was never to resume a human form, till somebody was found kind and bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. As she spoke this word, she raised her crest, and sparkled so with her fiery green eyes, dilating at the same time the corners of her jaws, that the young man thrilled through his very scalp. He stept back, with a look of the utmost horror and loathing. The creature gave a sharp groan inwardly, and after rolling her neck franticly on the ground, withdrew a little back likewise, and seemed to be looking another way. Gualtier heard two or three little sounds as of a person weeping piteously, yet trying to subdue its voice;

and looking with breathless curiosity, he saw the side of the loathly creature's face bathed in tears.

"Why speakest thou, lady," said he, "if lady thou art, of the curse of the false goddess Diana, who never was, or only a devil? I cannot kiss thee,"—and he shuddered with a horrible shudder, as he spoke, "but I will bless thee in the name of the true God, and even mark thee with his cross."

The serpent shook her head mournfully, still keeping it turned round. She then faced him again, hanging her head in a dreary and desponding manner. "Thou knowest not," said she, "what I know. Diana both was and never was; and there are many other things on earth, which are and yet are not. Thou canst not comprehend it, even though thou art kind. But the heavens alter not, neither the sun nor the strength of nature; and if thou wert kinder, I should be as I once was, happy and human. Suffice it, that nothing can change me but what I said."

"Why wert thou changed, thou fearful and mysterious thing?" said Gualtier.

"Because I denied Diana, as thou dost," answered the serpent; "and it was pronounced an awful crime in me, though it is none in thee; and I was to be made a thing loathsome in men's eyes. Let me not catch thine eye, I beseech thee; but go thy way and be safe; for I feel a cruel thought coming on me, which will shake my innermost soul, though it shall not harm thee. But I could make thee suffer for the pleasure of seeing thine anguish; even as some tyrants do; and is not that dreadful?" And the monster openly shed tears, and sobbed.

There was something in this mixture of avowed cruelty and weeping contradiction to it, which made Gualtier remain in spite of himself. But fear was still uppermost in his mind, when he looked upon the mouth that was to be kissed; and he held fast round a tree with one hand, and his sword as fast in the other, watching the movements of her neck as he conversed. "How did thy father, the sage Hippocrates," asked he, "suffer thee to come to this?" "My father," replied she, "sage and good as he was, was but a Greek mortal; and the great Virgin was a worshipped Goddess. I pray thee, go." She uttered the last word in a tone of loud anguish; but the very horror of it made

Gualtier hesitate, and he said, "How can I know that it is not thy destiny to deceive the merciful into this horrible kiss, that then and then only thou mayst devour them?"

But the serpent rose higher at this, and looking around loftily, said in a mild and majestic tone of voice, "O ye green and happy woods, breathing like sleep! O safe and quiet population of these leafy places, dying brief deaths! O sea! O earth! O heavens, never uttering syllable to man! Is there no way to make better known the meaning of your gentle silence, of your long basking pleasures and brief pains? And must the want of what is beautiful and kind from others, ever remain different from what is beautiful and kind in itself? And must form obscure essence; and human confidence in good from within, never be bolder than suspicion of evil from without? O ye large-looking and grand benignities of creation, is it that we are atoms in a dream; or that your largeness and benignity are in those only who see them, and that it is for us to hang over ye till we wake you into a voice with our kisses? I yearn to be made beautiful by one kind action, and beauty itself will not believe me!"

Gualtier, though not a foolish youth, understood little or nothing of this mystic apostrophe; but something made him bear in mind, and really inclined to believe, that it was a transformed woman speaking to him; and he was making a violent internal effort to conquer his repugnance to the kiss, when some hares, starting from him as they passed, ran and cowered behind the folds of the monster: and she stooped her head, and licked them. "By Christ," exclaimed he, "whom the wormy grave gathered into its arms to save us from our corruptions, I will do this thing; so may he have mercy on my soul, whether I live or die: for e very hares take refuge in her shadow." And shuddering d shutting his eyes, he put his mouth out for her to meet; nd he seemed to feel, in his blindness, that dreadful mouth pproaching; and he made the sign of the cross; and he murmured internally the name of him who cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalen, that afterwards anointed his feet; and in the midst of his courageous agony, he felt a small mouth, fast and warm upon his, and a hand about his neck, and another on his eft hand; and opening his eyes, he dropped them upon two of

the sweetest that ever looked into the eye of man.—But the hares fled; for they had loved the serpent, but knew not the beautiful human being.

Great was the fame of Gualtier, not only throughout the Grecian islands, but on both continents; and most of all in Sicily, where every one of his countrymen thought he had a hand in the enterprise, for being born on the same soil. The Captain and his crew never came again; for, alas! they had gone off without waiting as they promised. But Tancred, Prince of Salerno, came himself with a knightly train to see Gualtier; who lived with his lady in the same place, all her past sufferings appearing as nothing to her before a month of love; and even sorrowful habit had endeared it to her. Tancred, and his knights, and learned clerks, came in a noble ship, every oar having a painted scutcheon over the rowlock; and Gualtier and his lady feasted them nobly, and drank to them amidst music in cups of Hippocras—that knightly liquor afterwards so renowned, which she retained the secret of making from her sage father, whose name it bore. And when King Tancred, with a gentle gravity in the midst of his mirth, expressed a hope that the beautiful lady no longer worshipped Diana, Gualtier said, "No, indeed, Sir;" and she looked in Gualtier's face, as she sat next him, with the sweetest look in the world, as who should say, "No, indeed:—I worship thee and thy kind heart."*

* This story is founded on a tradition still preserved in the island of Cos, and repeated in old romances and books of travels. See *Dunlop's History of Fiction*, vol. ii., where he gives an account of *Tirante the White*.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Italian Girl.

The sun was shining beautifully one summer evening, as if he bade sparkling farewell to a world which he had made happy. It seemed also, by his looks, as if he promised to make his appearance again to-morrow; but there was at times a deep breathing western wind, and dark purple clouds came up here and there, like gorgeous waiters at a funeral. The children in a village not far from the metropolis were playing however on the green, content with the brightness of the moment, when they saw a female approaching, who gathered them about her by the singularity of her dress. It was not a very remarkable dress; but any difference from the usual apparel of their country-women appeared so to them; and crying out, "A French girl! A French girl!" they ran up to her, and stood looking and talking.

The stranger seated herself upon a bench that was fixed between two elms, and for a moment leaned her head against one of them, as if faint with walking. But she raised it speedily, and smiled with complacency on the rude urchins. She had a boddice and petticoat on of different colors, and a handkerchief tied neatly about her head with the point behind. On her hands were gloves without fingers; and she wore about her neck a guitar, upon the strings of which one of her hands rested. The children thought her very handsome. Anybody else would also have thought her very ill; but they saw nothing before them but a good-natured looking foreigner and a guitar, and they asked her to play. "*O che bei ragazzi!*" said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice; "*Che visi lieti!*"* and she began to play. She tried to sing too, but her voice failed her, and she shook her head smilingly, saying "*Stanca! stanca!*"† "Sing—do sing,'

* Oh what fine boys! What happy faces!

† Weary! Weary!

said the children; and nodding her head, she was trying to do so, when a set of boys came up and joined in the request. "No, no," said one of the elder boys, "she is not well. You are ill, a'nt you,—Miss!" added he, laying his hand upon hers as if to hinder it. He drew out the last word somewhat doubtfully, for her appearance perplexed him; he scarcely knew whether to take her for a strolling musician or a lady strayed from a sick bed. "*Grazie!*" said she, understanding his look:—"*troppo stanca: troppo.**"

By this time the usher came up, and addressed her in French; but she only understood a word here and there. He then spoke Latin, and she repeated one or two of his words, as if they were familiar to her.

"She is an Italian!" said he, looking round with a good-natured importance; "for the Italian is but a bastard of the Latin." The children looked with the more wonder, thinking he was speaking of the fair musician.

"*Non dubito,*" continued the usher, "*quin tu lectitas poetam illum celeberrimum Tassonem;*† *Taxum*, I should say properly, but the departure from the Italian name is considerable." The stranger did not understand a word.

"I speak of Tasso," said the usher,—"of Tasso."

"*Tasso! Tasso!*" repeated the fair minstrel; "*oh—conosco—il Tàs-so;*"‡ and she hung with an accent of beautiful languor upon the first syllable.

"Yes," returned the worthy scholar, "doubtless your accent may be better. Then of course you know those classical lines—

> Intanto Erminia infra l' ombrosy pianty
> D' antica selva dal cavallo—*what is it?*"

The stranger repeated these words in a tone of fondness, like those of an old friend:—

> Intanto Erminia infra l' ombrose piante
> D' antica selva dal cavallo è scorta;

* Thanks:—too weary! too weary!

† Doubtless you read that celebrated poet Tasso.

‡ Oh—I know—Tasso.

Ne più governo il fren la man tremante,
E mezza quasi par, tra viva e morta.*

Our usher's common-place book had supplied him with a fortunate passage, for it was a favorite one of her country-women. It also singularly applied to her situation. There was a sort of exquisite mixture of clearness in her utterance of these verses, which gave some of the children a better idea of French than they had had; for they could not get it out of their heads that she must be a French girl:—"Italian French, perhaps," said one of them. But her voice trembled as she went on, like the hand she spoke of.

"I have heard my poor cousin Montague sing those very lines," said the boy who prevented her from playing.

"Montague," repeated the stranger very plainly, but turning paler and fainter. She put one of her hands in turn upon the boy's affectionately, and pointed towards the spot where the church was.

"Yes, yes," cried the boy;—"why, she knew my cousin:—she must have known him in Florence."

"I told you," said the usher, "she was an Italian."

"Help her to my aunt's," continued the youth, "she'll understand her:—lean upon me, Miss;" and he repeated the last word without his former hesitation.

Only a few boys followed her to the door, the rest having been awed away by the usher. As soon as the stranger entered the house and saw an elderly lady who received her kindly, she exclaimed "La Signora Madre," and fell in a swoon at her feet.

She was taken to bed, and attended with the utmost care by her hostess, who would not suffer her to talk till she had had a sleep. She merely heard enough to find out, that the stranger had known her son in Italy; and she was thrown into a painful state of suspicion by the poor girl's eyes, which followed her about the room till the lady fairly came up and closed them.

* Meantime in the old wood, the palfrey bore
Erminia deeper into shade and shade;
Her trembling hands could hold him in no more,
And she appeared betwixt alive and dead.

"Obedient! obedient!" said the patient: "obedient in every thing; only the Signora will let me kiss her hand;" and taking it with her own trembling one, she laid her cheek upon it, and it stayed there till she had dropt asleep for weariness.

——— Silken rest
Tie all thy cares up!

thought her kind watcher, who was doubly thrown upon a recollection of that beautiful passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, by the suspicion she had of the cause of the girl's visit. "And yet," thought she, turning her eyes, with a thin tear in them, towards the church spire, "he was an excellent boy,—the boy of my heart."

When the stranger woke, the secret was explained: and if the mind of her hostess was relieved, it was only the more touched with pity, and indeed moved with respect and admiration. The dying girl (for she evidently was dying, and happy at the thought of it) was the niece of an humble tradesman in Florence, at whose house young Montague, who was a gentleman of small fortune, had lodged and fallen sick during his travels. She was a lively, good-natured girl, whom he used to hear coquetting and playing the guitar with her neighbors; and it was greatly on this account, that her considerate and hushing gravity struck him whenever she entered his room. One day he heard no more coquetting, nor even the guitar. He asked the reason, when she came to give him some drink; and she said she had heard him mention some noise that disturbed him.

"But you do not call your voice and your music a noise," said he, "do you, Rosaura? I hope not, for I had expected it would give me strength to get rid of this fever and reach home."

Rosaura turned pale, and let the patient into a secret; but what surprised and delighted him was, that she played her guitar nearly as often as before, and sang, too, only less sprightly airs.

"You get better and better, Signor," said she, "every day, and your mother will see you and be happy. I hope you will tell her what a good doctor you had."

"The best in the world," cried he; and, as he sat up in bed he put his arm round her waist and kissed her.

"Pardon me, Signora," said the poor girl to her hostess; "but I felt that arm round my waist for a week after: ay, almost as much as if it had been there."

"And Charles felt that you did," thought his mother; "for he never told me the story."

"He begged my pardon," continued she, "as I was hastening out of the room, and hoped I should not construe his warmth into impertinence. And to hear him talk so to me, who used to fear what he might think of myself; it made me stand in the passage, and lean my head against the wall, and weep such bitter, and yet such sweet tears!—but he did not hear them. No, Madam, he did not know, indeed, how much I—how much I—"

"Loved him, child," interrupted Mrs. Montague; "you have a right to say so, and I wish he had been alive to say as much to you himself."

"Oh, good God!" said the dying girl, her tears flowing away, "this is too great a happiness for me, to hear his own mother talking so." And again she lays her weak head upon the lady's hand.

The latter would have persuaded her to sleep again; but she said she could not sleep for joy: "for I'll tell you, Madam," continued she, "I do not believe you will think it foolish, for something very grave at my heart tells me it is not so; but I have had a long thought" (and her voice and look grew more exalted as she spoke), "which has supported me through much toil and many disagreeable things, to this country and this place; and I will tell you what it is, and how it came to my mind. I received this letter from your son."

Here she drew out a paper which, though carefully wrapped up in several others, was much worn at the sides. It was dated from the village, and ran thus:—

"'This comes from the Englishman whom Rosaura nursed so kindly at Florence. She will be sorry to hear that her kindness was in vain, for he is dying; and he sometimes fears that her sorrow will be greater than he could wish it to be. But marry one of your kind countrymen, my good girl; for all must love

Rosaura who know her. If it shall be my lot ever to meet her in heaven, I will thank her as a blessed tongue only can.'

"As soon as I read this letter, Madam," continues Rosaura, "and what he had said about heaven, it flashed into my head, that, though I did not deserve him on earth, I might, perhaps, by trying and patience, deserve to be joined with him in heaven, where there is no distinction of persons. My uncle was pleased to see me become a religious pilgrim; but he knew as little of the world as I, and I found that I could earn my way to England better, and quite as religiously, by playing my guitar, which was also more independent; and I had often heard your son talk of independence and freedom, and commend me for doing what he was pleased to call so much kindness to others. So I played my guitar from Florence all the way to England, and all that I earned by it I gave away to the poor, keeping enough to procure me lodging. I lived on bread and water, and used to weep happy tears over it, because I looked up to heaven, and thought he might see me. I have sometimes, though not often, met with small insults; but if ever they threatened to grow greater, I begged the people to desist, in the kindest way I could, even smiling, and saying I would please them if I had the heart; which might be wrong, but it seemed as if deep thoughts told me to say so; and they used to look astonished, and left off; which made me the more hope that St. Philip and the Holy Virgin did not think ill of my endeavors. So playing, and giving alms, in this manner, I arrived in the neighborhood of your beloved village, where I fell sick for a while, and was very kindly treated in an out-house; though the people, I thought, seemed to look strange and afraid on this crucifix—(though your son never did),—though he taught me to think kindly of everybody, and hope the best, and leave everything, except our own endeavors, to Heaven. I fell sick, Madam, because I found for certain that the Signor Montague was dead, albeit I had no hope that he was alive."

She stopped awhile for breath, for she was growing weaker and weaker, and her hostess would fain have had her keep silence; but she pressed her hand, as well as she might, and prayed with such a patient panting of voice to be allowed to go on, that she was. She smiled thankfully and resumed:—

"Sc when—so when I got my strength a little again, I walked on and came to the beloved village, and I saw the beautiful white church spire in the trees; and I then knew where his body slept, and I thought some kind person would help me to die, with my face looking towards the church, as it now does; and death is upon me, even now: but lift me a little higher on the pillows, dear lady, that I may see the green ground of the hill."

She was raised up as she wished, and after looking awhile, with a placid feebleness, at the hill, said in a very low voice, "Say one prayer for me, dear lady; and if it be not too proud in me, call me in it your daughter."

The mother of her beloved summoned up a grave and earnest voice, as well as she might, and knelt and said, "O Heavenly Father of us all, who in the midst of thy manifold and merciful bounties bringest us into strong passes of anguish, which nevertheless thou enablest us to go through, look down, we beseech thee, upon this thy young and innocent servant, the daughter—that might have been—of my heart, and enable her spirit to pass through the struggling bonds of mortality, and be gathered into thy rest, with those we love. Do, dear and great God, of thy infinite mercy, for we are poor weak creatures, both young and old—" here her voice melted away into a breathing tearfulness; and after remaining on her knees a moment longer, she rose and looked upon the bed, and saw that the weary smiling one was no more.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"A Now."—Descriptive of a Hot Day.

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapors to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can; till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks everything out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now laborers look well resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural ale-houses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful twopence. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots, and shoes, and trees by the road-side, are thick with dust; and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three

miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and make mighty fishings for "tittlebats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick-set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world.

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in door-ways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water door-ways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounger recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounger, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buck-skins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockeys, walking in great-coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in office

do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old-clothesman drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated; and the steam of a tavern-kitchen catches hold of us like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

We cannot conclude this article, however, without returning thanks, both on our own account and on that of our numerous predecessors, who have left so large a debt of gratitude unpaid, to this very useful and ready monosyllable—"Now." We are sure that there is not a didactic poet, ancient or modern, who, if he possessed a decent share of candor, would not be happy to own his obligations to that masterly conjunction, which possesses the very essence of wit, for it has the art of bringing the most remote things together. And its generosity is in proportion to its wit, for it always is most profuse of its aid where it is most wanted.

We must enjoy a pleasant passage with the reader on the subject of this "eternal Now" in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of the *Woman-Hater*.—Upon turning to it, we perceive that our illustrious particle does not make quite so great a figure as we imagined; but the whole passage is in so analogous a taste, and affords such an agreeable specimen of the wit and humor with which fine poets could rally the common-places of their art, that we cannot help proceeding with it. Lazarello, a foolish table-hunter, has requested an introduction to the Duke of Milan, who has had a fine lamprey presented him. Before the introduction takes place, he finds that the Duke has given the fish away; so that his wish to be known to him goes with it; and part of the

drollery of the passage arises from his uneasiness at being detained by the consequences of his own request, and his fear lest he should be too late for the lamprey elsewhere.

Count (*aside to the Duke*). Let me entreat your Grace to stay a little,
To know a gentleman, to whom yourself
Is much beholding. He hath made the sport
For your whole court these eight years, on my knowledge.

Duke. His name?

Count. Lazarello.

Duke. I heard of him this morning:—which is he?

Count (*aside to Laz*). Lazarello, pluck up thy spirits. Thy fortune is now raising. The Duke calls for thee, and thou shalt be acquainted with him.

Laz. He's going away, and I must of necessity stay here upon business.

Count. 'Tis all one: thou shalt know him first.

Laz. Stay a little. If he should offer to take me with him, and by that means I should lose that which I seek for! But if he should, I will not go with him.

Count. Lazarello, the Duke stays. Wilt thou lose this opportunity?

Laz. How must I speak to him?

Count. 'Twas well thought off. You must not talk to him as you do to an ordinary man, honest plain sense; but you must wind about him. For example, if he should ask you what o'clock it is, you must not say, "If it please your Grace, 'tis nine;"—but thus;—"Thrice three o'clock, so please my Sovereign—or thus:—

"Look how many Muses there do dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learned well,
And just so many strokes the clock hath struck;"

and so forth. And you must now and then enter into a description.

Laz. I hope I shall do it.

Count. Come.—May it please your Grace to take note of a gentleman, well seen, deeply read, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sallets and pot-herbs whatsoever.

Duke. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.

Laz. I kiss the ox-hide of your Grace's foot.

Count (*aside to Laz.*). Very well.—Will your Grace question him a little?

Duke. How old are you?

Laz. Full eight-and-twenty several almanacks
Have been compiled, all for several years,
Since first I drew this breath. Four 'prenticeships
Have I most truly served in this world:
And eight-and-twenty times hath Phœbus' car
Run out his yearly course, since——

Duke. I understand you, Sir.

Lucio. How like an ignorant poet he talks!

Duke. You are eight-and-twenty years old?
What time of the day do you hold it to be?

Laz. About the time that mortals whet their knives
On thresholds, on their shoe-soles, and on stairs.
Now bread is grating, and the testy cook
Hath much to do now; now the tables all——

Duke. 'Tis almost dinner-time?

Laz. Your Grace doth apprehend me very rightly

CHAPTER XLV.

The Honorable Mr. Boyle.

THE celebrated Robert Boyle, the chemist, was accounted in his days a sort of perfection of a man, especially in all respects intellectual, moral, and religious. This excellent person was in the habit of moralizing upon everything that he did or suffered; such as, "Upon his manner of giving meat to his dog,"—"Upon his horse stumbling in a very fair way,"—"Upon his sitting at ease in a coach that went very fast," &c. Among other Reflections, is one "Upon a fish's struggling after having swallowed the hook." It amounts to this: that at the moment when the fish thinks himself about to be most happy, the hook "does so wound and tear his tender gills, and thereby puts him into such restless pain, that, no doubt, he wishes the hook, bait and all, were out of his torn jaws again. Thus," says he, "men who do what they should not, to obtain any sensual desires," &c., &c. Not a thought comes over him as to his own part in the business, and what he ought to say of himself for tearing the jaws and gills to indulge his own appetite for excitement. Take also the following:—"Fifth Section—Reflection I. Killing a crow (out of window) in a hog's trough, and immediately tracing the ensuing reflection with a pen made of one of his quills.—Long and patiently did I wait for this unlucky crow, wallowing in the sluttish trough (whose sides kept him a great while out of the reach of my gun), and gorging himself with no less greediness than the very swinish proprietaries of the feast, till at length, my no less unexpected than fatal shot in a moment struck him down; and turning the scene of his delight into that of his pangs, made him abruptly alter his note, and change his triumphant chaunt into a dismal and tragic noise. This method is not unusual to divine justice towards brawny and incorrigible sinners," &c., &c. Thus the crow, for eating his dinner, is a rascal worthy to be shot by the Honorable Mr. Robert Boyle

before the latter sits down to his own ; while the said Mr. Boyle, instead of contenting himself with being a gentleman in search of amusement at the expense of birds and fish, is a representative of Divine Justice.

We laugh at this wretched moral pedantry now, and deplore the involuntary hard-heartedness which such mistakes in religion tended to produce ; but in how many respects should it not make us look about ourselves, and see where we fall short of an enlargement of thinking ?

CHAPTER XLVI.

Superfine Breeding.

THERE is an anecdote in Aulus Gellius (*Noctes Atticæ*, lib. 10, cap. vi.) which exhibits, we think, one of the highest instances of what may be called polite blackguardism, that we remember to have read. The fastidiousness, self-will, and infinite resentment against a multitude of one's fellow-creatures for presuming to come in contact with our importance, are truly edifying; and to complete the lesson, this extraordinary specimen of the effect of superfine breeding and blood is handed down to us in the person of a lady. Her words might be thought to have been a bad joke; and bad enough it would have been; but the sense that was shown of them proves them to have been very gravely regarded.

Claudia, the daughter of Appius Cæcus, in coming away from a public spectacle, was much pressed and pushed about by the crowd; upon which she thus vented her impatience:—"What should I have suffered now, and how much more should I have been squeezed and knocked about, if my brother Publius Claudius had not had his ships destroyed in battle, with all that heap of men? I should have been absolutely jammed to death! Would to heaven my brother were alive again, and could go with another fleet to Sicily, and be the death of this host of people, who plague and pester one in this horrid manner!" *

For these words, "so wicked and so uncivic," says good old Gellius (tam improba ac tam incivilia) the Ædiles, Caius Fun-

* "Quid me nunc factum esset, quantoque arctius pressiusque conflictata essem, si P. Claudius frater meus navali prælio classem navium cum ingenti civium numero non perdidisset? certè quidem majore nunc copiâ populi oppressa intercidissem. Sed utinam, inquit, reviviscat frater, aliamque classem in Siciliam ducat, atque istam multitudinem eat, quæ me malè nunc miseram convexavit."

danus and Tiberius Sempronius, got the lady fined in the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds brass. There is a long account, in Livy, of the speech which they made to the people in reply to the noble families that interceded for her. It is very indig nant. Claudia herself confessed her words, and does not appear to have joined in the intercession. They are not related at such length by Livy, as by Aulus Gellius. He merely makes her wish that her brother were alive to take out another fleet. But he shows his sense of the ebullition by calling it a dreadful imprecation; and her rage was even more gratuitous, according to his account; for he describes her as coming from the shows in a chariot.

Insolence and want of feeling appear to have been hereditary in this Appian family: which gives us also a strong sense of their want of capacity; otherwise a disgust at such manners must have been generated in some of the children. They were famous for opposing every popular law, and for having kept the commons as long as possible out of any share in public honors and government. The villain Appius Claudius, whose story has been made still more familiar to the public by the tragedy of Mr. Knowles, was among its ancestors. Appius Cæcus, or the Blind, the father of Claudia, though he constructed the celebrated Appian Way and otherwise benefited the city, was a very unpopular man, wilful, haughty, and lawless. He retained possession of the Censorship beyond the limited period. It is an instance perhaps of his unpopularity, as well as of the superstition of the times, that having made a change in one of the priestly offices, and become blind some years afterwards, the Romans attributed it to the vengeance of heaven; an opinion which Livy repeats with great devotion, calling it a warning against innovations in religion. It had no effect, however, upon Claudius the brother, whose rashness furnished the pious Romans with a similar example to point at. Before an engagement with the Carthaginians, the Sacred Chickens were consulted, and because they would not peck and furnish him with a good omen, he ordered them to be thrown into the sea. "If they won't eat," says he, "let 'em drink." The engagement was one of the worst planned and the worst fought in the world; but the men

were dispirited by the Consul's irreverent behavior to the chickens; and his impiety shared the disgrace with his folly. Livy represents him as an epitome of all that was bad in his family; proud, stubborn, unmerciful, though full of faults himself, and wilful and precipitate to a degree of madness. This was the battle, of which his sister wished to see a repetition. It cost the Romans many ships sunk, ninety-three taken, and according to the historian, the miraculous loss of eight thousand men killed and twenty thousand taken prisoners, while the Carthaginians lost not a ship or a man.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Shaking Hands.

AMONG the first things which we remember noticing in the ners of people, were two errors in the custom of shaking hands. Some we observed, grasped everybody's hand alike,—with an equal fervor of grip. You would have thought that Jenkins was the best friend they had in the world; but on succeeding to the squeeze, though a slight acquaintance, you found it equally flattering to yourself; and on the appearance of somebody else (whose name, it turned out, the operator had forgotten), the crush was no less complimentary:—the face was as earnest, and beaming the "glad to see you" as syllabical and sincere, and the shake as close, as long, and as rejoicing, as if the semi-unknown was a friend come home from the Deserts.

On the other hand, there would be a gentleman, now and then, as coy of his hand, as if he were a prude, or had a whitlow. It was in vain that your pretensions did not go beyond the "civil salute" of the ordinary shake; or that being introduced to him in a friendly manner, and expected to shake hands with the rest of the company, you could not in decency omit his. His fingers half coming out and half retreating, seemed to think that you were going to do them a mischief; and when you got hold of them, the whole shake was on your side; the other hand did but proudly or pensively acquiesce—there was no knowing which; you had to sustain it, as you might a lady's, in handing her to a seat; and it was an equal perplexity to know whether to shake or to let it go. The one seemed a violence done to the patient, the other an awkward responsibility brought upon yourself. You did not know, all the evening, whether you were not an object of dislike to the person; till, on the party's breaking up, you saw him behave like an equally ill-used gentleman to all who practised the same unthinking civility.

Both these errors, we think, might as well be avoided ; but, of the two, we must say we prefer the former. If it does not look so much like particular sincerity, it looks more like general kindness; and if those two virtues are to be separated (which they assuredly need not be, if considered without spleen), the world can better afford to dispense with an unpleasant truth than a gratuitous humanity. Besides, it is more difficult to make sure of the one than to practise the other, and kindness itself is the best of all truths. As long as we are sure of that, we are sure of something, and of something pleasant. It is always the best end, if not in every instance the most logical means.

This manual shyness is sometimes attributed to modesty, but never, we suspect, with justice, unless it be that sort of modesty whose fear of committing itself is grounded in pride. Want of address is a better reason; but this particular instance of it would be grounded in the same feeling. It always implies a habit either of pride or mistrust. We have met with two really kind men who evinced this soreness of hand. Neither of them, perhaps, thought himself inferior to anybody about him, and both had good reason to think highly of themselves, but both had been sanguine men, contradicted in their early hopes. There was a plot to meet the hand of one of them with a fish-slice, in order to show him the disadvantage to which he put his friends by that flat mode of salutation; but the conspirator had not the courage to do it. Whether he heard of the intention we know not, but shortly afterwards he took very kindly to a shake. The other* was the only man of a warm set of politicians, who remained true to his first hopes of mankind. He was impatient at the change in his companions, and at the folly and inattention of the rest; but though his manner became cold, his consistency remained warm, and this gave him a right to be as strange as he pleased.

*The late Mr. Hazlitt.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

On receiving a Sprig of Laurel from Vaucluse.

And this piece of laurel is from Vaucluse! Perhaps Petrarch, perhaps Laura sat under it! This is a true present. What an exquisite, dry, old, vital, young-looking, everlasting twig it is! It has been plucked nine months, and yet looks as hale and as crisp as if it would last ninety years. It shall last, at any rate, as long as its owner, and longer, if care and love can preserve it. How beautifully it is turned! It was a happy pull from the tree. Its shape is the very line of beauty; it has berries upon it, as if resolved to show us in what fine condition the trees are; while the leaves issue from it, and swerve upwards with their elegant points, as though they had come from adorning the poet's head. Be thou among the best of one's keepsakes, thou gentle stem, *in deliciis nostris;* and may the very maid-servant, who wonders to see thy withered beauty in its frame, miss her lover the next five weeks, for not having the instinct to know that thou must have something to do with love!

Perhaps Petrarch has felt the old ancestral bough of this branch stretching over his head, and whispering to him of the name of Laura, of his love, and of their future glory; for all these ideas used to be entwined in one. (Sestina 2, canzone 17, sonetti 162, 163, 164, 207, 224, &c.) Perhaps it is of the very stock of that bough, which he describes as supplying his mistress with a leaning-stock, when she sat in her favorite bower.

> Giovane donna sotto un verde lauro
> Vidi più bianca e più fredda che neve
> Non percossa dal sol molti e molt' anni;
> E 'l suo parlar, e 'l bel viso, e le chiome,
> Mi piacquer sì, ch' i' l'ho a gli occhi miei,
> Ed avro sempre, ov' io sia in poggio o'n riva.
>
> Part I., sestina 2.

A youthful lady under a green laurel
I saw, more fair and colder than white snows
Veil'd from the sun for many and many a year:
And her sweet face, and hair, and way of speaking,
So pleased me, that I have her now before me,
And shall have ever, whether on hill or lea.

The laurel seems more appropriate to Petrarch than to any ther poet. He delighted to sit under its leaves; he loved it both for itself and for the resemblance of its name to that of his mistress; he wrote of it continually, and he was called from out of its shade to be crowned with it in the capitol. It is a remarkable instance of the fondness with which he cherished the united idea of Laura and the laurel, that he confesses this fancy to have been one of the greatest delights he experienced in receiving the crown upon his head.

It was out of Vaucluse that he was called. Vaucluse, Valchiusa, the Shut Valley (from which the French, in the modern enthusiasm for intellect, gave the name to the department in which it lies), is a remarkable spot in the old poetical region of Provence, consisting of a little deep glen of green meadows, surrounded with rocks, and containing the fountain of the river Sorgue. Petrarch, when a boy of eight or nine years of age, had been struck with its beauty, and exclaimed that it was the place of all others he should like to live in, better than the most splendid cities. He resided there afterwards for several years, and composed in it the greater part of his poems. Indeed, he says in his account of himself, that he either wrote or conceived, in that valley, almost every work he produced. He lived in a little cottage, with a small homestead, on the banks of the river. Here he thought to forget his passion for Laura, and here he found it stronger than ever. We do not well see how it could have been otherwise; for Laura lived no great way off, at Chabrières, and he appears to have seen her often in the very place. He paced along the river; he sat under the trees; he climbed the mountains; but Love, he says, was ever by his side,

Ragionando con meco, ed io con lui.

He holding talk with me, and I with him.

We are supposing that all our readers are acquainted with Petrarch. Many of them doubtless know him intimately. Should any of them want an introduction to him, how should we speak of him in the gross? We should say that he was one of the finest gentlemen and greatest scholars that ever lived; that he was a writer who flourished in Italy in the 14th century, at the time when Chaucer was young, during the reigns of our Edwards; that he was the greatest light of his age; that, although so fine a writer himself, and the author of a multitude of works, or rather because he was both, he took the greatest pains to revive the knowledge of the ancient learning, recommending it everywhere, and copying out large manuscripts with his own hand; that two great cities, Paris and Rome, contended which should have the honor of crowning him; that he was crowned publicly, in the metropolis of the world, with laurel and with myrtle; that he was the friend of Boccaccio, the Father of Italian Prose; and lastly, that his greatest renown nevertheless, as well as the predominant feelings of his existence, arose from the long love he bore for a lady of Avignon, the far-famed Laura, whom he fell in love with on the 6th of April, 1327, on a Good Friday; whom he rendered illustrious in a multitude of sonnets, which have left a sweet sound and sentiment in the ear of all after lovers; and who died, still passionately beloved, in the year 1348, on the same day and hour on which he first beheld her. Who she was, or why their connexion was not closer, remains a mystery. But that she was a real person, and that in spite of her staid manners, she did not show an altogether insensible countenance to his passion, is clear from his long-haunted imagination, from his own repeated accounts—from all that he wrote, uttered and thought. One love, and one poet, sufficed to give the whole civilized world a sense of delicacy in desire, of the abundant riches to be found in one single idea, and of the going out of a man's self to dwell in the soul and happiness of another, which has served to refine the passion for all modern times; and perhaps will do so, as long as love renews the world.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Coaches.

ACCORDING to the opinion commonly entertained respecting an author's want of riches, it may be allowed us to say, that we retain from childhood a considerable notion of a "ride in a coach." Nor do we hesitate to confess, that by coach, we especially mean a hired one; from the equivocal dignity of the post-chaise down to that despised old castaway, the hackney.

It is true, that the carriage, as it is indifferently called (as if nothing less genteel could carry any one), is a more decided thing than the chaise; it may be swifter even than the mail, leaves the stage at a still greater distance in every respect, and (forgetting what it may come to itself) darts by the poor old lumbering hackney with immeasurable contempt. It rolls with a prouder ease than any other vehicle. It is full of cushions and comfort; elegantly colored inside and out; rich, yet neat; light and rapid, yet substantial. The horses seem proud to draw it. The fat and fair-wigged coachman "lends his sounding lash," his arm only in action and that but little, his body well set with its own weight. The footman, in the pride of his nonchalance, holding by the straps behind, and glancing down sideways betwixt his cocked hat and neckcloth, stands swinging from east to west upon his springy toes. The horses rush along amidst their glancing harness. Spotted dogs leap about them, barking with a princely superfluity of noise. The hammer-cloth trembles through all its fringe. The paint flashes in the sun. We, contemptuous of everything less convenient, bow backwards and forwards with a certain indifferent air of gentility, infinitely predominant. Suddenly, with a happy mixture of turbulence and truth, the carriage dashes up by the curb-stone to the very point desired, and stops with a lordly wilfulness of decision. The coachman looks as if nothing had happened. The footman is down in an instant; the knocker reverberates into the farthest corner of the house; doors,

both carriage and house, are open;—we descend, casting a matter-of-course eye at the bystanders; and the moment we touch the pavement, the vehicle, as if conscious of what it has carried, and relieved from the weight of our importance, recovers from its sidelong inclination with a jerk, tossing and panting, as it were, for very breath, like the proud heads of the horses.

All this, it must be owned, is very pretty; but it is also gouty and superfluous. It is too convenient,—too exacting,—too exclusive. We must get too much for it, and lose too much by it. Its plenty, as Ovid says, makes us poor. We neither have it in the republic of letters, nor would desire it in any less jacobinical state. Horses, as many as you please, provided men have enough to eat;—hired coaches, a reasonable number:—but health and good-humor at all events.

Gigs and curricles are things less objectionable, because they cannot be so relied upon as substitutes for exercise. Our taste in them, we must confess, is not genuine. How shall we own it? We like to be driven, instead of drive;—to read or look about us, instead of keeping watch on a horse's head. We have no relish even for vehicles of this description that are not safe. Danger is a good thing for giving a fillip to a man's ideas; but even danger, to us, must come recommended by something useful. We have no ambition to have TANDEM written on our tomb-stone.

The prettiest of these vehicles is the curricle, which is also the safest. There is something worth looking at in the pair of horses, with that sparkling pole of steel laid across them. It is like a bar of music, comprising their harmonious course. But to us, even gigs are but a sort of unsuccessful run at gentility. The driver, to all intents and purposes, had better be on the horse. Horseback is the noblest way of being carried in the world. It is cheaper than any other mode of riding; it is common to all ranks; and it is manly, graceful, and healthy. The handsomest mixture of danger with dignity, in the shape of a carriage, was the tall phaeton with its yellow wings. We remember looking up to it with respect in our childhood, partly for its loftiness, partly for its name, and partly for the show it makes in the prints to novels of that period. The most gallant figure which

modern driving ever cut, was in the person of a late Duke of Hamilton; of whom we have read or heard somewhere, that he used to dash round the streets of Rome, with his horses panting, and his hounds barking about his phaeton, to the equal fright and admiration of the Masters of the World, who were accustomed to witness nothing higher than a lumbering old coach, or a cardinal on a mule.

A post-chaise involves the idea of travelling, which, in the company of those we love, is home in motion. The smooth running along the road, the fresh air, the variety of scene, the leafy roads, the bursting prospects, the clatter through a town, the gaping gaze of a village, the hearty appetite, the leisure (your chaise waiting only upon your own movements), even the little contradictions to home-comfort, and the expedients upon which they set us, all put the animal spirits at work, and throw a novelty over the road of life. If anything could grind us young again, it would be the wheels of a post-chaise. The only monotonous sight is the perpetual up-and-down movement of the postilion, who, we wish exceedingly, could take a chair. His occasional retreat to the bar which occupies the place of a box, and his affecting to sit upon it, only reminds us of its exquisite want of accommodation. But some have given the bar, lately, a surreptitious squeeze in the middle, and flattened it a little into something obliquely resembling an inconvenient seat.

If we are to believe the merry Columbus of Down-Hall, calashes, now almost obsolete for any purpose, used to be hired for travelling occasions a hundred years back: but he preferred a chariot; and neither was good. Yet see how pleasantly good-humor rides over its inconveniences.

Then answer'd 'Squire Morley, "Pray get a calash,
That in summer may burn, and in winter may splash;
I love dirt and dust; and 'tis always my pleasure
To take with me much of the soil that I measure."

But Matthew thought better: for Matthew thought right,
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight,
That extremes both of winter and summer might pass;
For one window was canvas, the other was glass.

"Draw up," quoth friend Matthew; "Pull down," quoth friend John;
"We shall be both hotter and colder anon."

Thus, talking and scolding, they forward did speed;
And Ralpho paced by under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodson, the sign of the Bull;
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the highway,
And into a puddle throws mother of tea.

"Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d'ye do?
Where is Cicely so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the hostler that sung about eight years ago?

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear,
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear?"
"By my troth," she replies, "you grow younger I think:
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?

"Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first:
Why things, since I saw you, most strangely have varied;
The hostler is hang'd, and the widow is married.

"And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse,
And Cicely went off with a gentleman's purse;
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year."

"Well; peace to her ashes! What signifies grief?
She roasted red veal, and she powder'd lean beef:
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish;
For tough were her pullets, and tender her fish."—*Prior.*

This quotation reminds us of a little poem by the same author, entitled the *Secretary*, which, as it is short, and runs upon chaise-wheels, and seems to have slipped the notice it deserves, we will do ourselves the pleasure of adding. It was written when he was Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, where he seems to have edified the Dutch with his insisting upon enjoying himself. The astonishment with which the good Hollander and his wife look up to him as he rides, and the touch of yawning dialect at the end are extremely pleasant.

While with labor assiduous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the business of six,

In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right:
No Memoirs to compose, and no Post-boy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;
For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull Refugee:
This night and the next shall be hers, shall be mine,—
To good or ill-fortune the third we resign:
Thus scorning the world and superior to fate,
I drive on my car in processional state.
So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse?
Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
In Holland half drowned in interest and prose?
By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
When the Hague and the present are both on my side?
And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?
When good Vandergoes, and his provident *vrow*,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That, search all the province, you'll fine no man *dàr* is
So blest as the *Englishen Heer Secretar'* is.

If Prior had been living now, he would have found the greatest want of travelling accommodation in a country for whose more serious wants we have to answer, without having her wit to help us to an excuse. There is a story told of an Irish post-chaise, the occupier of which, without quitting it, had to take to his heels. It was going down hill as fast as wind and the impossibility of stopping could make it, when the foot passengers observed a couple of legs underneath, emulating, with all their might, the rapidity of the wheels. The bottom had come out; and the gentleman was obliged to run for his life.

We must relate another anecdote of an Irish post-chaise, merely to show the natural tendencies of the people to be lawless in self-defence. A friend of ours,* who was travelling among them, used to have this proposition put to him by the postilion whenever he approached a turnpike. "Plase your honor, will I drive at the pike?" The pike hung loosely across

* Mr. Shelley.

the road. Luckily, the rider happened to be of as lawless a turn for justice as the driver, so the answer was always a cordial one:—"Oh yes—drive at the pike." The pike made way accordingly; and in a minute or two, the gate people were heard and seen, screaming in vain after the illegal charioteers.

> Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus.—*Virgil.*
>
> The driver 's borne beyond their swearing,
> And the post-chaise is hard of hearing.

As to following them, nobody in Ireland thinks of moving too much, legal or illegal.

The pleasure to be had in a mail-coach is not so much at one's command, as that of a post-chaise. There is generally too little room in it, and too much hurry out of it. The company must not lounge over their breakfast, even if they are all agreed. It is an understood thing, that they are to be uncomfortably punctual. They must get in at seven o'clock, though they are all going upon business they do not like or care about, or will have to wait till nine before they can do anything. Some persons know how to manage this haste, and breakfast and dine in the cracking of a whip. They stick with their fork, they joint, they sliver, they bolt. Legs and wings vanish before them like a dragon's before a knight-errant. But if one is not a clergyman or a regular jolly fellow, one has no chance this way. To be diffident or polite, is fatal. It is a merit eagerly acknowledged, and as quickly set aside. At last you begin upon a leg, and are called off.

A very troublesome degree of science is necessary for being well settled in the coach. We remember travelling in our youth, upon the north road, with an orthodox elderly gentleman of venerable peruke, who talked much with a grave-looking young man about universities, and won our inexperienced heart with a notion that he was deep in Horace and Virgil. He was deeper in his wig. Towards evening, as he seemed restless, we asked with much diffidence whether a change, even for the worse, might not relieve him; for we were riding backwards, and thought that all elderly people disliked that way. He insinuated the

very objection; so we recoiled from asking him again. In a minute or two, however, he insisted that we were uneasy ourselves, and that he must relieve us for our own sake. We protested as filially as possible against this; but at last, out of mere shame of disputing the point with so benevolent an elder, we changed seats with him. After an interval of bland meditation, we found the evening sun full in our face.—His new comfort set him dozing; and every now and then he jerked his wig in our eyes, till we had the pleasure of seeing him take out a nightcap and look very ghastly.—The same person, and his serious young companion, tricked us out of a good bed we happened to get at the inn.

The greatest peculiarity attending a mail-coach arises from its travelling at night. The gradual decline of talk, the incipient snore, the rustling and shifting of legs and nightcaps, the cessation of other noises on the road—the sound of the wind or rain, of the moist circuit of the wheels, and of the time-beating tread of the horses—all dispose the traveller, who cannot sleep, to a double sense of the little that is left him to observe. The coach stops, the door opens, a rush of cold air announces the demands and merits of the guard, who is taking his leave, and is anxious to remember us. The door is clapped to again; the sound of everything outside becomes dim; and voices are heard knocking up the people of the inn, and answered by issuing yawns and excuses. Wooden shoes clog heavily about. The horses' mouths are heard, swilling up the water out of tubs. All is still again, and some one in the coach takes a long breath. The driver mounts, and we resume our way. It happens that we can sleep anywhere except in a mail-coach; so that we hate to see a prudent, warm, old fellow, who has been eating our fowls and intercepting our toast, put on his night-cap in order to settle himself till morning. We rejoice in the digs that his neighbor's elbow gives him, and hail the long-legged traveller that sits opposite. A passenger of our wakeful description must try to content himself with listening to the sounds above mentioned; or thinking of his friends; or turning verses, as Sir Richard Blackmore did, "to the rumbling of his coach's wheels."

The stage-coach is a great and unpretending accommodation.

It is a cheap substitute, notwithstanding all its eighteen-penny and two-and-sixpenny temptations, for keeping a carriage or a horse; and we really think, in spite of its gossiping, is no mean help to village liberality; for its passengers are so mixed, so often varied, so little yet so much together, so compelled to accommodate, so willing to pass a short time pleasantly, and so liable to the criticism of strangers, that it is hard if they do not get a habit of speaking, or even thinking more kindly of one another than if they mingled less often, or under other circumstances. The old and infirm are treated with reverence; the ailing sympathized with; the healthy congratulated; the rich not distinguished; the poor well met; the young, with their faces conscious of ride, patronized, and allowed to be extra. Even the fiery, nay the fat, learn to bear with each other; and if some high-thoughted persons will talk now and then of their great acquaintances, or their preference of a carriage, there is an instinct which tells the rest, that they would not make such appeals to their good opinion, if they valued it so little as might be supposed. Stoppings and dust are not pleasant, but the latter may be had on grander occasions; and if any one is so unlucky as never to keep another stopping himself, he must be content with the superiority of his virtue.

The mail or stage-coachman, upon the whole, is no inhuman mass of great-coat, gruffness, civility, and old boots. The latter is the politer, from the smaller range of acquaintance, and his necessity for preserving them. His face is red, and his voice rough, by the same process of drink and catarrh. He has a silver watch with a steel-chain, and plenty of loose silver in his pocket, mixed with halfpence. He serves the houses he goes by for a clock. He take a glass at every alehouse; for thirst, when it is dry, and for warmth when it is wet. He likes to show the judicious reach of his whip, by twigging a dog or a goose on the road, or children that get in the way. His tenderness to descending old ladies is particular. He touches his hat to Mr. Smith. He gives "the young woman" a ride, and lends her his box-coat in the rain. His liberality in imparting his knowledge to any one that has the good fortune to ride on the box with him, is a happy mixture of deference, conscious possession, and fami-

liarity. His information chiefly lies in the occupancy of houses on the road, prize-fighters, Bow-street runners, and accidents. He concludes that you know Dick Sams, or old Joey, and proceeds to relate some of the stories that relish his pot and tobacco in the evening. If any of the four-in-hand gentry go by, he shakes his head, and thinks they might find something better to do. His contempt for them is founded on modesty. He tells you that his off-hand horse is as pretty a goer as ever was, but that Kitty—"Yeah, now there, Kitty, can't you be still? Kitty's a devil, Sir, for all you wouldn't think it." He knows that the boys on the road admire him, and gives the horses an indifferent lash with his whip as they go by. If you wish to know what rain and dust can do, you should look at his old hat. There is an indescribably placid and paternal look in the position of his corduroy knees and old top-boots on the foot-board, with their pointed toes and never-cleaned soles. His *beau-ideal* of appearance is a frock-coat, with mother-o'-pearl buttons, a striped yellow waistcoat, and a flower in his mouth.

> But all our praises why for Charles and Robert?
> Rise, honest Mews, and sing the classic Bobart.

Is the quadrijugal virtue of that learned person still extant? That Olympic and Baccalaureated charioteer?—That best educated and most erudite of coachmen, of whom Dominie Sampson is alone worthy to speak? That singular punning and driving commentary on the *Sunt quos curriculo collegisse?* In short, the worthy and agreeable Mr. Bobart, Bachelor of Arts, who drove the Oxford stage some years ago, capped verses and the front of his hat with equal dexterity, and read Horace over his brandy-and-water of an evening? We had once the pleasure of being beaten by him in that capital art, he having brought up against us an unusual number of those cross-armed letters, as puzzling to verse-cappers as iron-cats unto cavalry, ycleped X's; which said warfare he was pleased to call to mind in after-times, unto divers of our comrades. The modest and natural greatness with which he used to say "Yait" to his horses, and then turn round with his rosy gills, and an eye like a fish, and give out the required verse, can never pass away from us, as long as verses or horses run.

Of the hackney-coach we cannot make as short work, as many persons like to make of it in reality. Perhaps it is partly a sense of the contempt it undergoes, which induces us to endeavor to make the best of it. But it has its merits, as we shall show presently. In the account of its demerits, we have been anticipated by a new, and we are sorry to say a very good, poetess, of the name of Lucy V—— L——, who has favored us with a sight of a manuscript poem,* in which they are related with great nicety and sensitiveness.

Reader. What, Sir, sorry to say that a lady is a good poetess?

Indicator. Only inasmuch, Madam, as the lady gives such authority to the antisocial view of this subject, and will not agree with us as to the beatitude of the hackney-coach.—But hold:—upon turning to the manuscript again, we find that the objections are put into the mouth of a dandy courtier. This makes a great difference. The hackney resumes all which it had lost in the good graces of the fair authoress. The only wonder is, how the courtier could talk so well. Here is the passage.

> Eban, untempted by the Pastry-cooks
> (Of Pastry he got store within the Palace),
> With hasty steps, wrapp'd cloak, and solemn looks,
> Incognito upon his errand sallies,
> His smelling-bottle ready for the alleys;
> He pass'd the Hurdy-gurdies with disdain,
> Vowing he'd have them sent on board the galleys:
> Just as he made his vow, it 'gan to rain,
> Therefore he call'd a coach, and bade it drive amain.
>
> "I'll pull the string," said he, and further said,
> "Polluted Jarvey! Ah, thou filthy hack!
> Whose strings of life are all dried up and dead,
> Whose linsey-wolsey lining hangs all slack,
> Whose rug is straw, whose wholeness is a crack;
> And evermore thy steps go clatter-clitter;
> Whose glass once up can never be got back,
> Who prov'st, with jolting arguments and bitter,
> That 'tis of vile no-use to travel in a litter.

* By Mr. Keats. The manuscript purports to have been written by a Miss Lucy Vaughan Lloyd.

"Thou inconvenience! thou hungry crop
For all corn! thou snail creeper to and fro,
Who while thou goest ever seem'st to stop,
And fiddle-faddle standest while you go;
I' the morning, freighted with a weight of woe,
Unto some Lazar-house thou journiest,
And in the evening tak'st a double row
Of dowdies, for some dance or party drest.
Besides the goods meanwhile thou movest east and west.

"By thy ungallant bearing and sad mien,
An inch appears the utmost thou couldst budge;
Yet at the slightest nod, or hint, or sign,
Round to the curb-stone patient dost thou trudge,
School'd in a beckon, learned in a nudge;
A dull-eyed Argus watching for a fare;
Quiet and plodding, thou dost bear no grudge
To whisking Tilburies or Phaetons rare,
Curricles, or Mail-coaches, swift beyond compare."

Philosophising thus, he pull'd the check,
And bade the coachman wheel to such a street;
Who turning much in body, more his neck,
Louted full low, and hoarsely did him greet.

The tact here is so nice, of the infirmities which are but too likely to beset our poor old friend, that we should only spoil it to say more. To pass then to the merits.

One of the greatest helps to a sense of merit in other things, is a consciousness of one's own wants. Do you despise a hackney-coach? Get tired; get old; get young again. Lay down your carriage, or make it less uneasily too easy. Have to stand up half an hour, out of a storm, under a gateway. Be ill, and wish to visit a friend who is worse. Fall in love, and want to sit next your mistress. Or if all this will not do, fall in a cellar.

Ben Jonson, in a fit of indignation at the niggardliness of James the First, exclaimed, "He despises me, I suppose, because I live in an alley:—tell him his soul lives in an alley." We think we see a hackney-coach moved out of its ordinary patience, and hear it say, "You there, who sit looking so scornfully at me out of your carriage, are yourself the thing you take me for. Your understanding is a hackney-coach. It is lum

bering, rickety, and at a stand. When it moves, it is drawn by things like itself. It is at once the most stationary and the most servile of common-places. And when a good thing is put into it, it does not know it."

But it is difficult to imagine a hackney-coach under so irritable an aspect. Hogarth has drawn a set of hats or wigs with countenances of their own. We have noticed the same thing in the faces of houses; and it sometimes gets in one's way in a landscape-painting, with the outlines of the rocks and trees. A friend tells us, that the hackney-coach has its countenance, with gesticulation besides: and now he has pointed it out, we can easily fancy it. Some of them look chucked under the chin, some nodding, some coming at you sideways. We shall never find it easy, however, to fancy the irritable aspect above mentioned. A hackney-coach always appeared to us the most quiescent of moveables. Its horses and it, slumbering on a stand, are an emblem of all the patience in creation, animate and inanimate. The submission with which the coach takes every variety of the weather, dust, rain, and wind, never moving but when some eddying blast makes its old body shiver, is only surpassed by the vital patience of the horses. Can anything better illustrate the poet's line about

—Years that bring the philosophic mind,

than the still-hung head, the dim indifferent eye, the dragged and blunt-cornered mouth, and the gaunt imbecility of body dropping its weight on three tired legs in order to give repose to the lame one? When it has blinkers on, they seem to be shutting up its eyes for death, like the windows of a house. Fatigue and the habit of suffering have become as natural to the creature as the bit to its mouth. Once in half an hour it moves the position of its leg, or shakes its drooping ears. The whip makes it go, more from habit than from pain. Its coat has become almost callous to minor stings. The blind and staggering fly in autumn might come to die against its cheek.

Of a pair of hackney-coach horses, one so much resembles the other that it seems unnecessary for them to compare notes.

They have that within them, which is beyond the comparative. They no longer bend their heads towards each other, as they go. They stand together as if unconscious of one another's company. But they are not. An old horse misses his companion, like an old man. The presence of an associate, who has gone through pain and suffering with us, need not say anything. It is talk, and memory, and everything. Something of this it may be to our old friends in harness. What are they thinking of, while they stand motionless in the rain? Do they remember? Do they dream? Do they still, unperplexed as their old blood is by too many foods, receive a pleasure from the elements; a dull refreshment from the air and sun? Have they yet a palate for the hay which they pull so feebly? or for the rarer grain, which induces them to perform their only voluntary gesture of any vivacity, and toss up the bags that are fastened on their mouths, to get at its shallow feast?

If the old horse were gifted with memory (and who shall say he is not, in one thing as well as another?) it might be at once the most melancholy and pleasantest faculty he has; for the commonest hack has probably been a hunter or racer; has had his days of lustre and enjoyment; has darted along the course, and scoured the pasture; has carried his master proudly, or his lady gently; has pranced, has galloped, has neighed aloud, has dared, has forded, has spurned at mastery, has graced it and made it proud, has rejoiced the eye, has been crowded to as an actor, has been all instinct with life and quickness, has had his very fear admired as courage, and been sat upon by valor as its chosen seat.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air; and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapors doth he send;
His eye, which scornfully glistens like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire

Sometimes he trots as if he told the steps
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who would say, lo! thus my strength is tried,

And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlock shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide;
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Alas! his only riders now are the rain and a sordid harness! The least utterance of the wretchedest voice makes him stop and become a fixture. His loves were in existence at the time the old sign, fifty miles hence, was painted. His nostrils drink nothing but what they cannot help,—the water out of an old tub. Not all the hounds in the world could make his ears attain any eminence. His mane is scratchy and lax. The same great poet who wrote the triumphal verses for him and his loves, has written their living epitaph:—

The poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips,
The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless.
K. Henry 5th, Act 4.

There is a song called the *High-mettled Racer*, describing the progress of a favorite horse's life, from its time of vigor and glory, down to its furnishing food for the dogs. It is not as

good as Shakspeare; but it will do, to those who are half as kind as he. We defy anybody to read that song or be in the habit of singing it or hearing it sung, and treat horses as they are sometimes treated. So much good may an author do, who is in earnest, and does not go in a pedantic way to work. We will not say that Plutarch's good-natured observation about taking care of one's old horse did more for that class of retired servants than all the graver lessons of philosophy. For it is philosophy which first sets people thinking; and then some of them put it in a more popular shape. But we will venture to say, that Plutarch's observation saved many a steed of antiquity a superfluous thump; and in this respect, the author of the *High-mettled Racer* (Mr. Dibdin we believe, no mean man in his way) may stand by the side of the old illustrious biographer. Next to ancient causes, to the inevitable progress of events, and to the practical part of Christianity (which persons, the most accused of irreligion, have preserved like a glorious infant, through ages of blood and fire), the kindliness of modern philosophy is more immediately owing to the grand national writers of Europe, in whose schools we have all been children:—to Voltaire in France, and Shakspeare in England. Shakspeare, in his time, obliquely pleaded the cause of the Jew, and got him set on a common level with humanity. The Jew has since been not only allowed to be human, but some have undertaken to show him as the "best good Christian though he knows it not." We shall not dispute the title with him, nor with the other worshippers of Mammon, who force him to the same shrine. We allow, as things go in that quarter, that the Jew is as great a Christian as his neighbor, and his neighbor as great a Jew as he. There is neither love nor money lost between them. But at all events, the Jew is a man; and with Shakspeare's assistance, the time has arrived, when we can afford to acknowledge the horse for a fellow-creature, and treat him as one. We may say for him, upon the same grounds and to the same purpose, as Shakspeare said for the Israelite, "Hath not a horse organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?" Oh—but some

are always at hand to cry out,—it would be effeminate to think too much of these things!—Alas! we have no notion of asking the gentlemen to think too much of anything. If they will think at all, it will be a great gain. As to effeminacy (if we must use that ungallant and partial word, for want of a better) it is cruelty that is effeminate. It is selfishness that is effeminate. Anything is effeminate, which would get an excitement, or save a proper and manly trouble, at the undue expense of another.—How does the case stand then between those who ill-treat their horses, and those who spare them?

To return to the coach. Imagine a fine coach and pair, which are standing at the door of a house, in all the pride of their strength and beauty, converted into what they may both become, a hackney, and its old shamblers. Such is one of the meditations of the philosophic eighteenpenny rider. A hackney-coach has often the arms of nobility on it. As we are going to get into it, we catch a glimpse of the faded lustre of an earl's or marquis's coronet, and think of how many light or proud hearts have ascended those now rickety steps. In this coach perhaps an elderly lady once rode to her wedding, a blooming and blushing girl. Her mother and sister were on each side of her; the bridegroom opposite in a blossom-colored coat. They talk of everything in the world of which they are not thinking. The sister was never prouder of her. The mother with difficulty represses her own pride and tears. The bride, thinking he is looking at her, casts down her eyes, pensive in her joy. The bridegroom is at once the proudest, and the humblest, and the happiest man in the world—For our parts, we sit in a corner, and are in love with the sister. We dream she is going to speak to answer to some indifferent question, when a hoarse voice comes in at the front window, and says "Whereabouts, Sir!"

And grief has consecrated thee, thou reverend dilapidation, as well as joy! Thou hast carried unwilling, as well as willing hearts; hearts, that have thought the slowest of thy paces too fast; faces that have sat back in a corner of thee, to hide their tears from the very thought of being seen. In thee the destitute have been taken to the poor-house, and the wounded and sick to the hospital; and many an arm has been round many an insensible

waist. Into thee the friend or the lover has hurried, in a passion of tears, to lament his loss. In thee he has hastened to condole the dying or the wretched. In thee the father, or mother, or the older kinswoman, more patient in her years, has taken the little child to the grave, the human jewel that must be parted with.

But joy appears in thee again, like the look-in of the sunshine. If the lover has gone in thee unwillingly, he has also gone willingly. How many friends hast thou not carried to merry-meetings! How many young parties to the play! How many children, whose faces thou hast turned in an instant from the extremity of lachrymose weariness to that of staring delight. Thou hast contained as many different passions in thee as a human heart; and for the sake of the human heart, old body, thou art venerable. Thou shalt be as respectable as a reduced old gentleman, whose very slovenliness is pathetic. Thou shalt be made gay, as he is over a younger and richer table, and thou shalt be still more touching for the gaiety.

We wish the hackney-coachman were as interesting a machine as either his coach or horses; but it must be owned, that of all the driving species he is the least agreeable specimen. This is partly to be attributed to the life which has most probably put him into his situation; partly to his want of outside passengers to cultivate his gentility; and partly to the disputable nature of his fare, which always leads him to be lying and cheating. The waterman of the stand, who beats him in sordidness of appearance, is more respectable. He is less of a vagabond, and cannot cheat you. Nor is the hackney-coachman only disagreeable in himself, but, like Falstaff reversed, the cause of disagreeableness in others; for he sets people upon disputing with him in pettiness and ill-temper. He induces the mercenary to be violent, and the violent to seem mercenary. A man whom you took for a pleasant laughing fellow, shall all of a sudden put on an irritable look of calculation, and vow that he will be charged with a constable rather than pay the sixpence. Even fair woman shall waive her all-conquering softness, and sound a shrill trumpet in reprobation of the extortionate charioteer, whom, if she were a man, she says she would expose. Being a woman, then, let

her not expose herself. Oh, but it is intolerable to be so imposed upon! Let the lady, then, get a pocket-book, if she must, with the hackney-coach fares in it; or a pain in the legs, rather than the temper; or, above all, let her get wiser, and have an understanding that can dispense with the good opinion of the hackney-coachman. Does she think that her rosy lips were made to grow pale about two-and-sixpence; or that the expression of them will ever be like her cousin Fanny's, if she goes on?

The stage-coachman likes the boys on the road, because he knows they admire him. The hackney-coachman knows that they cannot admire him, and that they can get up behind his coach, which makes him very savage. The cry of "Cut behind!" from the malicious urchins on the pavement, wounds at once his self-love and his interest. He would not mind overloading his master's horses for another sixpence, but to do it for nothing is what shocks his humanity. He hates the boys for imposing upon him, and the boys for reminding him that he has been imposed upon; and he would willingly twinge the cheeks of all nine. The cut of his whip over the coach is malignant. He has a constant eye to the road behind him. He has also an eye to what may be left in the coach. He will undertake to search the straw for you, and miss the half-crown on purpose. He speculates on what he may get above his fare, according to your manners or company; and knows how much to ask for driving faster or slower than usual. He does not like wet weather so much as people suppose; for he says it rots both his horses and harness, and he takes parties out of town when the weather is fine, which produces good payments in a lump. Lovers, late supper-eaters, and girls going home from boarding-school, are his best pay. He has a rascally air of remonstrance when you dispute half the over-charge, and according to the temper he is in, begs you to consider his bread, hopes you will not make such a fuss about a trifle; or tells you, you may take his number or sit in the coach all night.

A great number of ridiculous adventures must have taken place, in which hackney-coaches were concerned. The story of the celebrated harlequin Lunn, who secretly pitched himself out

of one into a tavern window, and when the coachman was about to submit to the loss of his fare, astonished him by calling out again from the inside, is too well known for repetition. There is one of Swift, not perhaps so common. He was going, one dark evening, to dine with some great man, and was accompanied by some other clergymen, to whom he gave their cue. They were all in their canonicals. When they arrive at the house, the coachman opens the door, and lets down the steps. Down steps the Dean, very reverend in his black robes; after him comes another personage, equally black and dignified; then another; then a fourth. The coachman, who recollects taking up no greater number, is about to put up the steps, when another clergyman descends. After giving way to this other, he proceeds with great confidence to toss them up, when lo! another comes. Well, there cannot, he thinks, be more than six. He is mistaken. Down comes a seventh, then an eighth; then a ninth; all with decent intervals; the coach, in the mean time, rocking as if it were giving birth to so many demons. The coachman can conclude no less. He cries out, "The devil! the devil!" and is preparing to run away, when they all burst into laughter. They had gone round as they descended, and got in at the other door.

We remember in our boyhood an edifying comment on the proverb of "all is not gold that glistens." The spectacle made such an impression upon us, that we recollect the very spot, which was at the corner of a road in the way from Westminster to Kennington, near a stone-mason's. It was a severe winter, and we were out on a holiday, thinking, perhaps, of the gallant hardships to which the ancient soldiers accustomed themselves, when we suddenly beheld a group of hackney-coachmen, not, as Spenser says of his witch,

> Busy, as *seemed*, about some wicked gin,

but pledging each other in what appeared to us to be little glasses of cold water. What temperance, thought we! What extraordinary and noble content! What more than Roman simplicity! Here are a set of poor Englishmen, of the homeliest order, in the very depth of winter, quenching their patient and

honorable thirst with modicums of cold water! O true virtue and courage! O sight worthy of the Timoleons and Epaminondases! We know not how long we remained in this error; but the first time we recognized the white devil for what it was —the first time we saw through the crystal purity of its appearance—was a great blow to us. We did not then know what the drinkers went through; and this reminds us that we have omitted one great redemption of the hackney-coachman's character—his being at the mercy of all chances and weathers. Other drivers have their settled hours and pay. He only is at the mercy of every call and every casualty; he only is dragged, without notice, like the damned in Milton, into the extremities of wet and cold, from his alehouse fire to the freezing rain; he only must go anywhere, at what hour and to whatever place you choose, his old rheumatic limbs shaking under his weight of rags, and the snow and sleet beating into his puckered face, through streets which the wind scours like a channel.

CHAPTER L.

Remarks upon Andrea De Basso's Ode to a Dead Body.*

We are given to understand by the Italian critics, that this poem made a great sensation, and was alone thought sufficient to render its author of celebrity. Its loathly heroine had been a beauty of Ferrara, proud and luxurious. It is written in a fierce Catholic spirit, and is incontestably very striking and even appalling. Images, which would only be disgusting on other occasions, affect us beyond disgust, by the strength of such earnestness and sincerity. Andrea de Basso lays bare the mortifying conclusions of the grave, and makes the pride of beauty bow down to them. The picture of the once beautiful, proud, and unthinking creature, caught and fixed down in a wasting trap,—the calling upon her to come forth, and see if any will now be won into her arms,—the taunts about the immortal balm which she thought she had in her veins,—the whole, in short, of the terrible disadvantage under which she is made to listen with unearthly ears to the poet's lecture, affects the imagination to shuddering.

No wonder that such an address made a sensation, even upon the gaiety of a southern city. One may conceive how it fixed the superstitious more closely over their meditations and skulls; how it sent the young, and pious, and humble, upon their knees; how it baulked the vivacity of the serenaders; brought tears into the eyes of affectionate lovers; and shot doubt and confusion even into the cheeks of the merely wanton. Andrea de Basso, armed with the lightnings of his church, tore the covering from the grave, and smote up the heart of Ferrara as with an earthquake.

* The reader will gather the substance of it from what follows. The ode is to be found in the sixth volume of the *Parnaso Italiano*. A translation has appeared in the volume of the author's Poetical Works, just published.

For a lasting impression, however, or for such a one as he would have desired, the author, with all his powers, overshot his mark. Men build again over earthquakes, as nature resumes her serenity. The Ferrarese returned to their loves and guitars, when absolution had set them to rights. It was impossible that Andrea de Basso should have succeeded in fixing such impressions upon the mind; and it would have been an error in logic, as well as everything else, if he had. He committed himself, both as a theologian and a philosopher. There is an allusion, towards the end of his ode, to the Catholic notion, that the death of a saintly person is accompanied by what they call "the odor of sanctity;"—a literalised metaphor, which they must often have been perplexed to maintain. But the assents of superstition, and the instinct of common sense, keep a certain separation at bottom; and the poet drew such a picture of mortality, as would unavoidably be applied to every one, vicious or virtuous. It was too close and mortifying, even for the egotism of religious fancy to overcome. All would have an interest in contradicting it somehow or other.

On the other hand, if they could not well contradict or bear to think of it, his mark was overshot there. It has been observed, in times of shipwrecks, plagues, and other circumstances of a common despair, that upon the usual principles of extremes meeting, mankind turn upon Death their pursuer, and defy him to the teeth. The superstitious in vain exhort them to think and threaten them with the consequences of refusal. They have threats enough. If they could think to any purpose of refreshment, they would. But time presses; the exhortation is too like the evil it would remedy; and they endeavor to crowd into a few moments all the enjoyments to which nature has given them a tendency, and to which, with a natural piety beyond that of their threateners, they feel that they have both a tendency and a right. If many such odes as Basso's could have been written,—if the court of Ferrara had turned superstitious and patronised such productions, the next age would not merely have been lively; it would have been debauched.

Again, the reasoning of such appeals to the general sense is absurd in itself. They call upon us to join life and death to

gether; to think of what we are not, with the feelings of what we are; to be different and yet the same. Hypochondria may do this; a melancholy imagination, or a strong imagination of any sort, may do it for a time; but it will never be done generally, and nature never intended it should. A decaying dead body is no more the real human being, than a watch, stopped and mutilated, is a time-piece, or cold water warm, or a numb finger in the same state of sensation as the one next it, or any one modification of being the same as another. We may pitch ourselves by imagination into this state of being; but it is ourselves, modified by our present totalities and sensation, that we do pitch there. What we may be otherwise, is another thing. The melancholy imagination may give it melancholy fancies; the livelier one, if it pleases, may suppose it a state of exquisite dissolution. The philosopher sees in it nothing but a contradiction to the life by which we judge of it, and a dissolution of the compounds which held us together. There is one thing alone in such gloomy beggings of a question, which throws them back upon the prescriptions of wisdom, and prevents them from becoming general. They are always accompanied by ill health. We do not mean a breaking up of the frame, or that very road to death, which may be a kindly and cheerful one, illuminated by the sunset, as youth was by the dawn: but a polluted and artificial state of blood, or an insufficient vigor of existence,—that state, in short, which is an exception to the general condition of humanity, and acts like the proof of a rule to the intentions of Nature. For these are so kind, that no mistake in the world, not even vice itself, is so sure to confuse a man's sensations and render them melancholy, as ill-health. Nature seems to say to us, "Be, above all things, as natural as you can be,—as much as possible in the best fashion of the mould in which I cast you,—and you shall be happy." Nor is this unlucky for virtue, but most lucky: for it takes away its pride, and leaves it its cheerfulness. Real vice will soon be found to be real unhealthiness: nor could society have a better guide to the reforma ion of its moral systems, than by making them as compatible as possible with every healthy impulse. But why, it may be asked, are we not all healthy? It is impossible to say: but

this is certain, that the oftener a man asks himself that question, the more intimations he has that he is to try and get out of the tendency to ask them. We may live elsewhere: we may be compounded over again, and receive a new consciousness here;—a guess which, if it seems dreary at first, might lead us to make a heaven of the earth we live in, even for our own sakes hereafter. But at all events, put, as Jupiter says in the fable, your shoulder to the wheel; and put it as cheerfully as you can. The way that Andrea de Basso should have set about reforming the Ferrarese beauties, would have been to show them, that their enjoyments were hurtful in proportion as they were extravagant, and less than they might be, in proportion as they were in bad taste. But to ask the healthy to be hypochondriacal: the beautiful to think gratuitously of ugliness; and the giddy, much less the wise, to desire to be angels in heaven, by representing God as a cruel and eternal punisher,—is what never could, and never ought to have, a lasting effect on humanity.

It has been well observed, that life is a series of present sensations. It might be added, that the consciousness of the present moment is one of the strongest of those sensations. Still this consciousness is a series, not a line; a variety with intervals, not a continuity and a haunting. If it were, it would be unhealthy; if it were unhealthy, it would be melancholy; if it were melancholy, the evident system upon which nature acts would be different. Thus it is impossible that men should be finally led by gloomy, and not by pleasant doctrines.

When the Ferrarese ladies read the poem of Andrea de Basso, it occupied the series of their sensations for a little while, more or less according to their thoughtfulness, and more or less, even then, according to their unhealthiness. The power of voluntary thought is proportioned to the state of the health. In a little time, the Ferrarese, being like other multitudes, and even gayer, would turn to their usual reflections and enjoyments, as they accordingly did. About that period Ariosto was born. He rose to vindicate the charity and good-will of nature; and put forth more real wisdom, truth, and even piety, in his willing enjoyment of the creation, than all the monks in Ferrara could have mustered together for centuries.

To conclude, Andrea de Basso mistook his own self, as well as the means of instructing his callous beauty. There are few things more oppressive to the heart, than the want of feeling in those whose appearance leads others to feeli ntensely—the sight of beauty sacrificing its own real comfort as well as ours, by a heartless and indiscriminate love of admiration from young and old, from the gross and the refined, the wise and the foolish, the good-natured and the ill-natured, the happy-making and the vicious. If Andrea de Basso's heroine was one of this stamp, we can imagine her to have irritated his best feelings, as well as his more equivocal. We hope she was not merely a giddy creature, who had not quite patience enough with her confessor. Alfred the Great, when a youth, was accustomed to turn a deaf ear to the didactics of his holy kinsman St. Neot; for which, says the worthy Bishop Asser, who was nevertheless a great admirer of the king, and wrote his life, all those troubles were afterwards brought upon him and his kingdom. Be this as it may, and supposing the Ferrarese beauty to have been an unfeeling one, the poet was not aware, while triumphing over her folly, and endeavoring to enjoy the thought of her torments, that he was confounding the sentiment of the thing with its reverse, and doing his best to make himself a worse and more hard-hearted person than she. His efforts to induce us to think lightly of the most beautiful things in the external world, by showing us that they will not always be what they are—that a smooth and graceful limb will not for ever be the same smooth and graceful limb, nor an eye an eye, nor an apple an apple, are not as wise as they are poetical. To have said that the limb, unless admired with sentiment as well as with ordinary admiration, is a common-place thing to what it might be, and that there is more beauty in it than the lady supposed, would have been good. To make nothing of it, because she did not make as much as she could, is unwise. But above all, to consign her to eternal punishment in the next world, because she gave rise to a series of fugitive evils in this—granting even that she, and not her wrong education, was the cause of them—is one of those idle worryings of himself and others, which only perplex further

what they cannot explain, and have at last fairly sickened the world into a sense of their unhealthiness.

What then remains of the poetical denouncements of Andrea de Basso? Why the only thing which ought to remain, and which when left to itself retains nothing but its pleasure—their poetry. When Dante and Milton shall cease to have any effect as religious dogmatisers, they will still be the mythological poets of one system of belief, as Homer is of another. So immortal is pleasure, and so surely does it escape out of the throng of its contradictions.

CHAPTER LI.

Thoughts and Guesses on Human Nature.

CONFUSION OF MODES OF BEING.

People undertake to settle what ideas they shall have under such and such circumstances of being, when it is nothing but their present state of being that enables them to have those ideas.

VARIETY OF THE COLORS OF PERCEPTION.

There is reason to suppose that our perceptions and sensations are more different than we imagine, even upon the most ordinary things, such as visible objects in general, and the sense of existence. We have enough in common, for common intercourse; but the details are dissimilar, as we may perceive in the variety of palates. All people are agreed upon sweet and sour; but one man prefers sour to sweet, and another this and that variety of sour and sweet. "What then is the use of attempting to make them agree?" Why, we may try to make them agree upon certain general modes of thinking and means of pleasure:—we may color their existence in the gross, though we must leave the particular shades to come out by themselves. We may enrich their stock of ideas, though we cannot control the items of the expenditure.

CANNOT.

"But what if we cannot do even this?" The question is answered by experience. Whole nations and ages have already been altered in their modes of thinking. Even if it

were otherwise, the endeavor is itself one of the varieties; one of the modes of opinion and means of pleasure. Besides, CANNOT is the motto neither of knowledge nor humility. There is more of pride, and ignorance, and despair, in it, than of the modesty of wisdom. It would settle not only the past, but the future; and it would settle the future, merely because the past has not been influenced by those that use it.

Who are these men that measure futurity by the shadow of their own littleness? It is as if the loose stones lying about a foundation were to say, "You can build no higher than our heads."

SUPERSTITION AND DOCTRINE.

Superstition attempts to settle everything by assertion; which never did do, and never will. And like all assertors, even well-inclined ones, it shows its feebleness in anger and threatening. It commands us to take its problems for granted, on pain of being tied up to a triangle. Then come its advocates, and assert that this mode of treatment is proper and logical: which is making bad worse. The worst of all is, that this is the way in which the finest doctrines in the world are obstructed. They are like an excellent child, making the Grand Tour with a foolish overbearing tutor. The tutor runs a chance of spoiling the child, and makes their presence disagreeable wherever they go, except to their tradesmen. Let us hope the child has done with his tutor.

SECOND THOUGHT ON THE VARIETY OF THE COLORS OF PERCEPTION.

We may gather from what we read of diseased imaginations, how much our perceptions depend upon the modification of our being. We see how personal and inexperienced we are when we determine that such and such ideas must take place under other circumstances, and such and such truths be always indisputable. Pleasure must always be pleasure, and pain be pain, because these are only names for certain results. But the results themselves will be pleasurable or painful, according to

what they act upon. A man in health becomes sickly; he has a fever, is light-headed, is hypochondriacal. His ideas are de ranged, or re-arrange themselves; and a set of new perceptions, and colorings of his existence, take place, as in a kaleidoscope when we shake it. The conclusion is, that every alteration of our physical particles, or of whatever else we are compounded with, produces a different set of perceptions and sensations. What we call health of body and mind is the fittest state of our composition upon earth: but the state of perception which is sickly to our state of existence, may be healthy to another.

DEATH.

Of all impositions on the public, the greatest seems to be death. It resembles the threatening faces on each side the Treasury. Or rather, it is a necessary bar to our tendency to move forward. Nature sends us out of her hand with such an impetus towards increase of enjoyment, that something is obliged to be set at the end of the avenue we are in, to moderate our bias, and make us enjoy the present being. Death serves to make us think, not of itself, but of what is about us.

CHILDHOOD AND KNOWLEDGE.

When children are in good health and temper, they have a sense of existence which seems too exquisite to last. It is made up of clearness of blood, freshness of perception, and trustingness of heart. We remember the time, when the green rails along a set of superb gardens used to fill us with a series of holiday and rural sensations perfectly intoxicating. According to the state of our health, we have sunny glimpses of this feeling still; to say nothing of many other pleasures, which have paid us for many pains. The best time to catch them is early in the morning, at sunrise, out in the country. And we will here add, that life never perhaps feels such a return of fresh and young feeling upon it, as in early rising on a fine morning, whether in country or town. The healthiness of it, the quiet, the consciousness of having done a sort of young action (not to

add a wise one), and the sense of power it gives you over the coming day, produce a mixture of buoyancy and self-possession, which a sick man must not despair of, because he does not feel it the first morning. But even this reform should be adopted by degrees. The best way to recommend it is to begin with allowing fair play to the other side of the question. (See the article upon Getting up on Cold Mornings.) To return to our main point. After childhood comes a knowledge of evil, or a sophisticate and unhealthy mode of life; or one produces the other, and both are embittered. Everything tells us to get back to a state of childhood—pain, pleasure, imagination, reason, passion, natural affection or piety, the better part of religion. If knowledge is supposed to be incompatible with it, knowledge would sacrifice herself, if necessary, to the same cause, for she also tells us to do so. But as a little knowledge first leads us away from happiness, so a greater knowledge may be destined to bring us back into a finer region of it.

KNOWLEDGE AND UNHAPPINESS.

It is not knowledge that makes us unhappy as we grow up, but the knowledge of unhappiness. Yet, as unhappiness existed when we knew it not, it becomes us all to be acquainted with it, that we may all have the chance of bettering the condition of our species. Who would say to himself, "I would be happy, though all my fellow-creatures were miserable!" Knowledge must heal what it wounds, and extend the happiness which it has suspended. It must do by our comfort as a friend may do by one's books; enrich it with its comments. One man grows up and gets unhealthy without knowledge; another, with it. The former suffers and does not know why. He is unhappy, and he sees unhappiness, but he can do nothing for himself or others. The latter suffers and discovers why. He suffers even more because he knows more; but he learns also how to diminish suffering in others. He learns, too, to apply his knowledge to his own case; and he sees, that as he himself suffers from the world's want of knowledge, so the progress of knowledge would take away the world's sufferings and his own. The efforts to

this end worry him perhaps, and make him sickly; upon which, thinking is pronounced to be injurious to health. And it may be so under these circumstances. What then, if it betters the health of the many? But thinking may also teach him how to be healthier. A game of cricket on a green may do for him what no want of thought would have done: while on the other hand, if he shows a want of thought upon these points, the inference is easy; he is not so thinking a man as you took him for. Addison should have got on horseback, instead of walking up and down a room in his house, with a bottle of wine at each end of it. Shakspeare divided his time between town and country, and in the latter part of his life, built, and planted, and petted his daughter Susanna. Solomon in his old age played the Anacreon; and with Milton's leave, "his wisest heart" was not so much out in this matter, as when his royal impatience induced him to say that everything was vanity.

CHILDHOOD—OLD AGE —OUR DESTINY.

There appears to be something in the composition of humanity like what we have observed in that of music. The musician's first thought is apt to be his finest; he must carry it on, and make a second part to his air; and he becomes inferior. Nature in like manner (if we may speak it without profaneness) appears to succeed best in making childhood and youth. The symphony is a little perturbed; but in what a sprightly manner the air sets off! What purity! What grace! What touching simplicity! Then comes sin, or the notion of it, and "breaks the fair music." Well did a wiser than the "wisest heart" bid us try and continue children. But there are foolish as well as wise children, and it is a special mark of the former, whether little or grown, to affect manhood, and to confound it with cunning and violence. Do men die, in order that life and its freshness may be as often and as multitudinously renewed as possible? Or do children grow old, that our consciousness may attain to some better mode of being through a rough path? Superstition answers only to perplex us, and make us partial. Nature answers nothing. But nature's calm and resolute silence tells us at once to hope for

the future, and to do our best to enjoy the present. What if it is the aim of her workmanship to produce self-moving instruments, that may carry forward their own good? "A modest thought," you will say. Yet it is more allied to some doctrines celebrated for their humility, than you may suppose. Vanity, in speculations earnest and affectionate, is a charge to be made only by vanity. What has it to do with them?

ENDEAVOR.

Either this world (to use the style of Marcus Antoninus) is meant to be what it is, or it is not. If it is not, then our endeavors to render it otherwise are right:—if it is, then we must be as we are, and seek excitement through the same means, and our endeavors are still right. In either case, endeavor is good and useful; but in one of them, the want of it must be a mistake.

GOOD AND EVIL.

Nature is justified (to speak humanly) in the ordinary state of the world, granting it is never to be made better, because the sum of good, upon the whole, is greater than that of evil. For in the list of goods we are not only to rank all the more obvious pleasures which we agree to call such, but much that is ranked under the head of mere excitement, taking hope for the ground of it, and action for the means. But we have no right, on that account, to abstain from endeavoring to better the condition of our species, were it only for the sake of individual suffering. Nature, who is infinite, has a right to act in the gross. Nothing but an infinite suffering should make her stop; and that should make her stop, were the individual who infinitely suffered the only inhabitant of his hell. Heaven and earth should petition to be abolished, rather than that one such monstrosity should exist: it is the absurdest as well as most impious of all the dreams of fear. To suppose that a Divine Being can sympathize with our happiness, is to suppose that he can sympathize with our misery; but to suppose that he can

sympathize with misery, and yet suffer infinite misery to exist, rather than put an end to misery and happiness together, is to contradict his sympathy with happiness, and to make him prefer a positive evil to a negative one, the existence of torment to the cessation of feeling. As nature, therefore, if considered at all, must be considered as regulated in her operations, through infinite, we must look to fugitive suffering, as nature must guard against permanent; she carves out our work for us in the gross: we must attend to it in the detail. To leave everything to her, would be to settle into another mode of existence, or stagnate into death. If it be said that she will take care of us at all events, we answer, first, that she does not do so in the ordinary details of life, neither earns our food for us, nor washes our bodies, nor writes our books; secondly, that of things useful-looking and uncertain, she incites us to know the profit and probability; and thirdly (as we have hinted in a previous observation), that not knowing how far we may carry on the impulse of improvement, towards which she has given us a bias, it becomes us on every ground, both of ignorance and wisdom, to try.

DEGRADING IDEAS OF DEITY.

The superstitious, in their contradictory representations of God, call him virtuous and benevolent out of the same passion of fear as induces them to make him such a tyrant. They think they shall be damned also, if they do not believe him the tyrant he is described:—they think they shall be damned also, if they do not gratuitously ascribe to him the virtues incompatible with damnation. Being so unworthy of praise, they think he will be particularly angry at not being praised. They shudder to think themselves better; and hasten to make amends for it, by declaring themselves as worthless as he is worthy.

GREAT DISTINCTION TO BE MADE IN BIGOTS.

There are two sorts of religious bigots, the unhealthy and the unfeeling. The fear of the former is mixed with humanity, and

they never succeed in thinking themselves favorites of God, but their sense of security is embittered, by aversions which they dare not own to themselves, and terror for the fate of those who are not so lucky. The unfeeling bigot is a mere unimaginative animal, whose thoughts are confined to the snugness of his kennel, and who would have a good in the next world as well as in this. He secures a place in heaven as he does in the Manchester coach. Never mind who suffers outside, woman or child. We once found ourselves by accident on board a Margate hoy, which professed to "sail by Divine Providence." Walking about the deck at night to get rid of the chillness which would occasionally visit our devotions to the starry heavens and the sparkling sea, our foot came in contact with something white, which was lying gathered up in a heap. Upon stooping down, we found it to be a woman. The methodists had secured all the beds below, and were not to be disturbed.

SUPERSTITION THE FLATTERER OF REASON.

We are far from thinking that reason can settle everything. We no more think so, than that our eyesight can see into all existence. But it does not follow, that we are to take for granted the extremest contradictions of reason. Why should we? We do not even think well enough of reason to do so. For here is one of the secrets of superstition. It is so angry at reason for not being able to settle everything, that it runs in dispair into the arms of irrationality.

GOOD IN THINGS EVIL.

> "God Almighty!
> There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distil it out!"

So with equal wisdom and good-nature, does Shakspeare make one of his characters exclaim. Suffering gives strength to sympathy. Hate of the particular may have a foundation in love for the general. The lowest and most wilful vice may plunge deeper, out of a regret of virtue. Even in envy may

be discerned something of an instinct of justice, something of a wish to see fair play, and things on a level.—"But there is still a residuum of evil, of which we should all wish to get rid." —Well then, let us try.

ARTIFICE OF EXAGGERATED COMPLAINT.

Disappointment likes to make out bad to be worse, in order to relieve the gnawing of its actual wound. It would confuse the limits of its pain; and by extending it too far, try to make itself uncertain how far it reached.

CUSTOM, ITS SELF-RECONCILEMENTS AND CONTRADICTIONS.

Custom is seen more in what we bear than what we enjoy. And yet a pain long borne so fits itself to our shoulders, that we do not miss even that without disquietude. The novelty of the sensation startles us. Montaigne, like our modern beaux, was uneasy when he did not feel himself braced up in his clothing. Prisoners have been known to wish to go back to their prisons: invalids have missed the accompaniment of a gun-shot wound; and the world is angry with reformers and innovators, not because it is in the right, but because it is accustomed to be in the wrong. This is a good thing, and shows the indestructible tendency of nature to forego its troubles. But then reformers and innovators must arise upon that very ground. To quarrel with them upon a principle of avowed spleen, is candid, and has a self-knowledge in it. But to resent them as impertinent or effeminate, is at bottom to quarrel with the principle of one's own patience, and to set the fear of moving above the courage of it.

ADVICE.

It has been well observed, that advice is not disliked because it is advice; but because so few people know how to give it. Yet there are people vain enough to hate it in proportion to its very agreeableness.

HAPPINESS, HOW WE FOREGO IT.

By the same reason for which we call this earth a vale of tears we might call heaven, when we got there, a hill of sighs; for upon the principle of an endless progression of beatitude, we might find a still better heaven promised us, and this would be enough to make us dissatisfied with the one in possession. Suppose that we have previously existed in the planet Mars; that there are no fields or trees there, and that we nevertheless could imagine them, and were in the habit of anticipating their delight in the next world. Suppose that there was no such thing as a stream of air,—as a wind fanning one's face for a summer's day. What a romantic thing to fancy! What a beatitude to anticipate! Suppose, above all, that there was no such thing as love. Words would be lost in anticipating that. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," &c. Yet when we got to this heaven of green fields and fresh airs, we might take little notice of either for want of something more; and even love we might contrive to spoil pretty odiously.

CHAPTER LII.

The Hamadryad.*

An Assyrian, of the name of Rhæcus, observing a fine old oak-tree ready to fall with age, ordered it to be propped up. He was continuing his way through the solitary skirts of the place, when a female of more than human beauty appeared before him, with gladness in her eyes. "Rhæcus," said she, "I am the Nymph of the tree which you have saved from perishing. My life is, of course, implicated in its own. But for you, my existence must have terminated; but for you, the sap would have ceased to flow through its boughs, and the god-like essence I received from it to animate these veins. No more should I have felt the wind in my hair, the sun upon my cheeks, or the balmy rain upon my body. Now I shall feel them many years to come. Many years also will your fellow-creatures sit under my shade, and hear the benignity of my whispers, and repay me with their honey and their thanks. Ask what I can give you, Rhæcus, and you shall have it."

The young man, who had done a graceful action but had not thought of its containing so many kindly things, received the praises of the Nymph with a due mixture of surprise and homage. He did not want courage, however; and emboldened by her tone and manner, and still more by a beauty which had all the buxom bloom of humanity in it, with a preternatural gracefulness besides, he requested that she would receive him as a lover. There was a look in her face at this request answering to modesty, but something still finer; having no guilt, she seemed to have none of the common infirmities either of shame or impudence. In fine, she consented to reward Rhæcus as he

* See the Scholiast upon Apollonius Rhodius; or the Mythology of Natalis Comes

wished; and said she would send a bee to inform him of the hour of their meeting.

Who now was so delighted as Rhæcus! for he was a great admirer of the fair sex, and not a little proud of their admiring him in return; and no human beauty, whom he had known, could compare with the Hamadryad. It must be owned, at the same time, that his taste for love and beauty was not of quite so exalted a description as he took it for. If he was fond of the fair sex, he was pretty nearly as fond of dice, and feasting, and any other excitement which came in his way; and, unluckily, he was throwing the dice that very noon when the bee came to summon him.

Rhæcus was at an interesting part of the game—so much so, that he did not at first recognize the object of the bee's humming. "Confound this bee!" said he, "it seems plaguily fond of me." He brushed it away two or three times, but the busy messenger returned, and only hummed the louder. At last he bethought him of the Nymph; but his impatience seemed to increase with his pride, and he gave the poor insect such a brush, as sent him away crippled in both his thighs.

The bee returned to his mistress as well as he could, and shortly after was followed by his joyous assailant, who came triumphing in the success of his dice and his gallantry. "I am here," said the Hamadryad. Rhæcus looked among the trees, but could see nobody. "I am here," said a grave sweet voice, "right before you." Rhæcus saw nothing. "Alas!" said she, "Rhæcus, you cannot see me, nor will you see me more. I had thought better of your discernment and your kindness; but you were but gifted with a momentary sight of me. You will see nothing in future but common things, and those sadly. You are struck blind to everything else. The hand that could strike my bee with a lingering death, and prefer the embracing of the dice-box to that of affectionate beauty, is not worthy of love and the green trees."

The wind sighed off to a distance, and Rhæcus felt that he was alone.

CHAPTER LIII.

The Nurture of Triptolemus.

Triptolemus was the son of Celeus, king of Attica, by his wife Polymnia. During his youth he felt such an ardor for knowledge, and such a desire to impart it to his fellow-creatures, that, having but a slight frame for so vigorous a soul, and meeting with a great deal of jealousy and envy from those who were interested in being thought wiser, he fell into a wasting illness. His flesh left his bones; his thin hands trembled when he touched the harp; his fine warm eyes looked staringly out of their sockets, like stars that had slipped out of their places in heaven.

At this period, an extraordinary and awful sensation struck, one night, through the streets of Eleusis. It was felt both by those who slept and those who were awake. The former dreamed great dreams; the latter, especially the revellers and hypocrites who were pursuing their profane orgies, looked at one another, and thought of Triptolemus. As to Triptolemus himself, he shook in his bed with exceeding agitation; but it was with a pleasure that overcame him like pain. He knew not how to account for it; but he begged his father to go out and meet whatever was coming. He felt that some extraordinary good was approaching, both for himself and his fellow-creatures; but revenge was never farther from his thoughts. What was he to revenge? Mistake and unhappiness? He was too wise, too kind, and too suffering. "Alas!" thought he, "an unknown joy shakes me like a palpable sorrow; and their minds are but as weak as my body. They cannot bear a touch they are not accustomed to."

The king, his wife, and his daughters went out, trembling, though not so much as Triptolemus, nor with the same feeling.

There was a great light in the air, which moved gradually towards them, and seemed to be struck upwards from something in the street. Presently, two gigantic torches appeared round the corner; and underneath them, sitting in a car, and looking earnestly about, was a mighty female, of more than ordinary size and beauty. Her large black eyes, with her gigantic brows bent over them, and surmounted with a white forehead and a profusion of hair, looked here and there with an intentness and a depth of yearning indescribable. "*Chaire, Demetre!*" exclaimed the king in a loud voice:—"Hail, creative mother!" He raised the cry common at festivals, when they imagined a deity manifesting itself; and the priests poured out of their dwellings, with vestment and with incense, which they held tremblingly aloft, turning down their pale faces from the gaze of the passing goddess.

It was Ceres, looking for her lost daughter Proserpina. The eye of the deity seemed to have a greater severity in its earnestness, as she passed by the priests; but at sight of a chorus of youths and damsels, who dared to lift up their eyes as well as voices, she gave such a beautiful smile as none but gods in sorrow can give; and emboldened with this, the king and his family prayed her to accept their hospitality.

She did so. A temple in the king's palace was her chamber, where she lay on the golden bed usually assigned to her image. The most precious fruits and perfumes burned constantly at the door; and at first, no hymns were sung, but those of homage and condolence. But these the goddess commanded to be changed for happier songs. Word was also given to the city, that it should remit its fears and its cares, and show all the happiness of which it was capable before she arrived. "For," said she, "the voice of happiness arising from earth is a god's best incense. A deity lives better on the pleasure of what it has created, than in a return of a part of its gifts."

Such were the maxims which Ceres delighted to utter during her abode at Eleusis, and which afterwards formed the essence of her renowned mysteries at that place. But the bigots, who adopted and injured them, heard them with dismay; for they were similar to what young Triptolemus had uttered in the

the aspirations of his virtue. The rest of the inhabitants gave themselves up to the joy, from which the divinity would only extract consolation. They danced, they wedded, they loved; they praised her in hymns as cheerful as her natural temper; they did great and glorious things for one another: never was Attica so full of delight and heroism: the young men sought every den and fearful place in the territory, to see if Proserpina was there; and the damsels vied who should give them most kisses for their reward. "Oh Dearest and Divinest Mother!" sang the Eleusinians, as they surrounded the king's palace at night with their evening hymn,—"Oh greatest and best goddess! who not above sorrow thyself, art yet above all wish to inflict it, we know by this thou art indeed divine. Would that we might restore thee thy beloved daughter, thy daughter Proserpina, the dark, the beautiful, the mother-loving; whom some god less generous than thyself would keep for his own jealous doating. Would we might see her in thine arms! We would willingly die for the sight; would willingly die with the only pleasure which thou hast left wanting to us."

The goddess would weep at these twilight hymns, consoling herself for the absence of Proserpina by thinking how many daughters she had made happy. Triptolemus shed weaker tears at them in his secret bed, but they were happier ones than before. "I shall die," thought he, "merely from the bitter-sweet joy of seeing the growth of a happiness which I must never taste; but the days I longed for have arrived. Would that my father would only speak to the goddess, that my passage to the grave might be a little easier!"

The father doubted whether he should speak to the goddess. He loved his son warmly, though he did not well understand him; and the mother, in spite of the deity's kindness, was afraid, lest in telling her of a child whom they were about to lose, they should remind her too forcibly of her own. Yet the mother, in an agony of alarm one day, at a fainting-fit of her son's, was the first to resolve to speak to her, and the king and she went and prostrated themselves at her feet. "What is this, kind hosts?" said Ceres, "have ye, too, lost a daughter?" "No; but we shall lose a son," answered the parents, "but for

the help of heaven." "A son!" replied Ceres, "why did you not tell me your son was living? I had heard of him, and wished to see him; but finding him not among ye, I fancied that he was no more, and I would not trouble you with such a memory. But why did you fear mine, when I could do good? Did your son fear it?"—"No, indeed," said the parents; "he urged us to tell thee."—"He is the being I took him for," returned the goddess: "lead me to where he lies."

They came to his chamber, and found him kneeling upon the bed, his face and joined hands bending towards the door. He had felt the approach of the deity; and though he shook in every limb, it was a transport beyond fear that made him rise—it was love and gratitude. The goddess saw it, and bent on him a look that put composure into his feelings. "What wantest thou," said she, "struggler with great thoughts?" "Nothing," answered Triptolemus, "if thou thinkest good, but a shorter and easier death."

"What! before thy task is done?" "Fate," he replied, "seems to tell me that I am not fitted for my task, and it is more than done, since thou art here. I pray thee, let me die; that I may not see every one around me weeping in the midst of joy, and yet not have strength enough left in my hands to wipe away their tears." "Not so, my child," said the goddess, and her grand harmonious voice had tears in it as she spoke; "not so, Triptolemus; for my task is thy task; and gods work with instruments. Thou hast not gone through all thy trials yet; but thou shalt have a better covering to bear them, yet still by degrees. Gradual sorrow, gradual joy."

So saying, she put her hand to his heart and pressed it, and the agitation of his spirit was further allayed, though he returned to his reclining posture for weakness. From that time the bed of Triptolemus was removed into the temple, and Ceres became his second mother; but nobody knew how she nourished him. It was said that she summoned milk into her bosom, and nourished him at her immortal heart; but he did not grow taller in stature, as men expected. His health was restored, his joints were knit again, and stronger than ever; but he continued the same small, though graceful youth, only the sicklier

particles which he had received from his parents withdrew their influence.

At last, however, his very figure began to grow and expand. Up to this moment he had only been an interesting mortal, in whom the stoutest and best-made of his father's subjects recognized something mentally superior. Now, he began to look in person, as well as in mind, a demigod. The curiosity of the parents was roused at this appearance; and it was heightened by the report of a domestic, who said, that in passing the door of the temple one night, she heard a sound as of a mighty fire. But their parental feelings were also excited by the behavior of Triptolemus, who while he seemed to rise with double cheerfulness in the morning, always began to look melancholy towards night. For some hours before he retired to rest he grew silent, and looked more and more thoughtful, though nothing could be kinder in his manners to everybody, and the hour no sooner approached for his retiring, then he went instantly and even cheerfully.

His parents resolved to watch; they knew not what they were about, or they would have abstained, for Ceres was every night at her enchantments, to render their son immortal in essence as well as in fame, and interruption would be fatal. At midnight they listened at the temple door.

The first thing they heard was the roaring noise of fire, as had been reported. It was deep and fierce. They were about to retire for fear; but curiosity and parental feeling prevailed. They listened again; but for some time heard nothing but the fire. At last a voice resembling their child's, gave a deep groan. "It was a strong trial, my son," said another voice, in which they recognized the melancholy sweetness of the goddess. "The grandeur and exceeding novelty of these visions," said the fainter voice, "press upon me, as though they would bear down my brain." "But they do not," returned the deity, "and they have not. I will summon the next." "Nay, not yet," rejoined the mortal; "yet be it as thou wilt. I know what thou tellest me, great and kind mother."—"Thou dost know," said the goddess, "and thou knowest in the very heart of thy knowledge, which is in the sympathy of it and the love. Thou seest that difference is not difference, and yet it is so; that the same is not

the same, and yet must be; that what is, is but what we see, and as we see it; and yet that all which we see, is. Thou shalt prove it finally; and this is the last trial but one. Vision, come forth." A noise here took place, as of the entrance of something exceedingly hurried and agonised, but which remained fixed with equal stillness. A brief pause took place, at the end of which the listeners heard their son speak, but in a voice of exceeding toil and loathing, and as if he had turned away his head: —"It is," said he, gasping for breath, "utmost deformity,"— "Only to thine habitual eyes, and when alone," said the goddess in a soothing manner; "look again." "O my heart!" said the same voice, gasping, as if with transport, "they are perfect beauty and humanity." "There are only two of the same," said the goddess, "each going out of itself. Deformity to the eyes of habit is nothing but analysis; in essence it is nothing but one-ness, if such a thing there be. The touch and the result is everything. See what a goddess knows, and see nevertheless what she feels; in this only greater than mortals, that she lives for ever to do good. Now comes the last and greatest trial; now shalt thou see the real worlds as they are; now shalt thou behold them lapsing in reflected splendor about the blackness of space; now shalt thou dip thine ears into the mighty ocean of their harmonies, and be able to be touched with the concentrated love of the universe. Roar heavier, fire; endure, endure, thou immortalising frame." "Yes, now, now," said the other voice, in a superhuman tone, which the listeners knew not whether to think joy or anguish; but they were seized with such alarm and curiosity, that they opened a place from which the priestess used to speak at the lintel, and looked in. The mother beheld her son, stretched with a face of bright agony, upon burning coals. She shrieked, and pitch darkness fell upon the temple. "A little while," said the mournful voice of the goddess, "and heaven had had another life. O Fear! what dost thou not do! O! my all but divine boy!" continued she, "now plunged again into physical darkness, thou canst not do good so long as thou wouldst have done; but thou shalt have a life almost as long as the commonest sons of men, and a thousand times more useful and glorious. Thou must change away

the rest of thy particles, as others do; and in the process of time they may meet again under some nature worthy of thee, and give thee another chance for yearning into immortality; but at present the pain is done, the pleasure must not arrive."

The fright they had undergone slew the weak parents. Triptolemus, strong in body, cheerful to all in show, cheerful to himself in many things, retained, nevertheless, a certain melancholy from his recollections, but it did not hinder him from sowing joy wherever he went. It incited him but the more to do so. The success of others stood him instead of his own. Ceres gave him the first seeds of the corn that makes bread, and sent him in her chariot round the world, to teach men how to use it. "I am not immortal myself," said he, "but let the good I do be so, and I shall yet die happy."

CHAPTER LIV.

On Commendatory Verses.

If the faculties of the writer of these papers are anything at all, they are social; and we have always been most pleased when we have received the approbation of those friends, whom we are most in the habit of thinking of when we write. There are multitudes of readers whose society we can fancy ourselves enjoying, though we have never seen them; but we are more particularly apt to imagine ourselves in such and such company, according to the nature of our articles. We are accustomed to say to ourselves, if we happen to strike off anything that pleases us,—K. will like that:—There's something for M. or R.:—C. will snap his finger and slap his knee at this:—Here's a crow to pick for H.—Here N. will shake his shoulders:—There B., his head:—Here S. will shriek with satisfaction:—L. will see the philosophy of this joke, if nobody else does.—As to our fair friends, we find it difficult to think of them and our subject together. We fancy their countenances looking so frank and kind over our disquisitions, that we long to have them turned towards ourselves instead of the paper.

Every pleasure we could experience in a friend's approbation, we have felt in receiving the following verses. They are from a writer, who, of all other men, knows how to extricate a common thing from commonness, and to give it an underlook of pleasant consciousness and wisdom. We knew him directly, in spite of his stars. His hand as well as heart betrayed him.

TO MY FRIEND THE INDICATOR.

Your easy Essays indicate a flow,
Dear Friend, of brain, which we may elsewhere seek;
And to their pages I, and hundreds, owe,
That Wednesday is the sweetest of the week.
Such observation, wit, and sense, are shown,

We think the days of Bickerstaff return'd;
And that a portion of that oil you own,
In his undying midnight lamp which burn'd.
I would not lightly bruise old Priscian's head,
Or wrong the rules of grammar understood;
But, with the leave of Priscian be it said,
The *Indicative* is your *Potential Mood.*
Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator—
H——, your best title yet is INDICATOR.

* * * *

The receipt of these verses has set us upon thinking of the good-natured countenance which men of genius, in all ages, have for the most part shown to contemporary writers; and thence by a natural transition, of the generous friendship they have manifested for each other. Authors, like other men, may praise as well as blame for various reasons; for interest, for vanity, for fear: and for the same reasons they may be silent. But generosity is natural to the humanity and the strength of genius. Where it is obscured, it is usually from something that has rendered it misanthropical. Where it is glaringly deficient, the genius is deficient in proportion. And the defaulter feels as much, though he does not know it. He feels, that the least addition to another's fame threatens to block up the view of his own.

At the same time, praise by no means implies a sense of superiority. It may imply that we think it worth having; but this may arise from a consciousness of our sincerity, and from a certain instinct we have, that to relish anything exceedingly gives us a certain ability to judge, as well as a right to express our admiration, of it.

On all these accounts, we were startled to hear the other day that Shakspeare had never praised a contemporary author. We had mechanically given him credit for the manifestation of every generosity under the sun; and we found the surprise affect us, not as authors (which would have been a vanity not even warranted by our having the title in common with him), but as men. What baulked us in Shakspeare seemed to baulk our faith in humanity. But we recovered as speedily. Shakspeare had none of the ordinary inducements, which make men niggardly of their

commendation. He had no reason either to be jealous or afraid. He was the reverse of unpopular. His own claims were allowed. He was neither one who need be silent about a friend, lest he should be hurt by his enemy; nor one who nursed a style or a theory by himself, and so was obliged to take upon him a monopoly of admiration in self-defence; nor was he one who should gaze himself blind to everything else, in the complacency of his shallowness. If it should be argued, that he who saw through human nature was not likely to praise it, we answer, that he who saw through it as Shakspeare did was the likeliest man in the world to be kind to it. Even Swift refreshed the bitterness of his misanthropy in his love for Tom, Dick, and Harry; and what Swift did from impatience at not finding men better, Shakspeare would do out of patience in finding them so good. We instanced the sonnet in the collection called the *Passionate Pilgrim*, beginning

If music and sweet poetry agree,

in which Spenser is praised so highly. It was replied, that minute inquiries considered that collection as apocryphal. This set us upon looking again at the biographers who have criticised it; and we see no reason, for the present, to doubt its authenticity. For some parts of it we would answer upon internal evidence, especially, for instance, the *Lover's Complaint*. There are two lines in this poem which would alone announce him. They have the very trick of his eye:

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!

But inquirers would have to do much more than disprove the authenticity of these poems, before they made out Shakspeare to be a grudging author. They would have to undo the modesty and kindliness of his other writings. They would have to undo his universal character for "gentleness," at a time when gentle meant all that was noble as well as mild. They would have to deform and to untune all that round, harmonious mind, which a great contemporary described as the very "sphere of humanity;"

to deprive him of the epithet given him in the school of Milton, "unvulgar;"* to render the universality of wisdom liable to the same drawbacks as the mere universality of science; to take the child's heart out of the true man's body; to un-Shakspeare Shakspeare. If Shakspeare had never mentioned a contemporary in his life, nor given so many evidences of a cordial and admiring sense of those about him, we would sooner believe that sheer modesty had restrained his tongue, than the least approach to a petty feeling. We can believe it possible that he may have thought his panegyrics not wanted; but unless he degraded himself wilfully, in order to be no better than any of his fellow-creatures, we cannot believe it possible that he would have thought his panegyrics desired, and yet withheld them.

It is remarkable that one of the most regular contributors of Commendatory Verses in the time of Shakspeare, was a man whose bluntness of criticism and feverish surliness of manners have rendered the most suspected of a jealous grudgingness;—Ben Jonson. We mean not to detract from the good-heartedness which we believe this eminent person to have possessed at bottom, when we say, that as an excess of modest confidence in his own generous instincts might possibly have accounted for the sparingness of panegyric in our great dramatist, so a noble distrust of himself, and a fear lest jealousy should get the better of his instincts, might possibly account for Ben Jonson's tendency to distribute his praises around him. If so, it shows how useful such a distrust is to one's ordinary share of humanity; and how much safer it will be for us, on these as well as all other occasions, to venture upon likening ourselves to Ben Jonson than to Shakspeare. It is to be recollected at the same time, that Ben Jonson, in his old age, was the more prominent person of the two, as a critical bestower of applause; that he occupied the town-chair of wit and scholarship; and was in the habit of sanctioning the pretensions of new authors by a sort of literary adoption, calling them his "sons," and "sealing them of the tribe of Ben." There was more in him of the aristocracy and heraldry

* By Milton's nephew Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*. It is an epithet given in all the spirit which it attributes.

of letters, than in Shakspeare, who, after all, seems to have been careless of fame himself, and to have written nothing during the chief part of his life but plays, which he did not print. Ben Jonson, among other panegyrics, wrote high and affectionate ones upon Drayton, William Browne, Fletcher and Beaumont. His verses to the memory of Shakspeare are a noble monument to both of them. The lines to Beaumont in answer for some of which we have formerly quoted, we must repeat. They are delightful for a certain involuntary but manly fondness, and for the candor with which he confesses the joy he received from such commendation.

> How do I love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse
> That unto me doth such religion use!
> How do I fear myself, that am not worth
> The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
> At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st:
> And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st!
> What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?
> What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
> When even there, where most thou praisest me,
> For writing better, I must envy thee.

Observe the good effect which the use of the word "religion" has here, though somewhat ultra-classical and pedantic. A certain pedantry, in the best sense of the term, was natural to the author, and throws a grace on his most natural moments.

There is great zeal and sincerity in Ben Jonson's lines to Fletcher, on the ill-success of his *Faithful Shepherdess;* but we have not room for them.

Beaumont's are still finer; and indeed furnish a complete specimen of his wit and sense, as well as his sympathy with his friend. His indignation against the critics is more composed and contemptuous. His uppermost feeling is confidence in his friend's greatness. The reader may here see what has always been thought by men of genius, of people who take the *ipse dixits* of the critics. After giving a fine sense of the irrepressible thirst for writing in a poet, he says,

> Yet wish I those whom I for friends have known,
> To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.

Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
Upon the public stage present his vein,
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause?
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicit faith.
One company, knowing they judgment lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black;
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute;
Some like as he does in the fairest suit;
He as his mistress doth, and she by chance:
Nor want there those, who as the boy doth dance
Between the acts, will censure the whole play;
Some if the wax-lights be not new that day:
But multitudes there are whose judgment goes
Headlong according to the actor's clothes.
For this, these public things and I, agree
So ill, that but to do a right for thee,
I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd
These few, ill-spoken lines, into the world,
Both to be read, and censured of, by those,
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose.

One of the finest pieces of commendatory verse is Sir Walter Raleigh's upon the great poem of Spenser. He calls it "A Vision upon the Faery Queen."

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn: and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen:
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen
(For they this Queen attended); in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse,
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse,
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
And curst th' access of that celestial thief.

This is highly imaginative and picturesque. We fancy our-

selves in one of the most beautiful places of Italian sepulture—quiet and hushing—looking upon a tomb of animated sculpture. It is the tomb of the renowned Laura. We feel the spirit of Petrarch present, without being visible. The fair forms of Love and Virtue keep watch over the marble. All on a sudden, from out the dusk of the chapel door, the Faery Queen is beheld approaching the tomb. The soul of Petrarch is heard weeping;—an intense piece of fancy, which affects one like the collected tears and disappointment of living humanity. Oblivion lays him down on the tomb;

> And from thenceforth those graces were not seen.

The other marbles bleed at this: the ghosts of the dead groan: and the very spirit of Homer is felt to tremble. It is a very grand and high sonnet, worthy of the dominant spirit of the writer. One of its beauties, however, is its defect; if defect it be, and not rather a fine instance of the wilful. Comparisons between great reputations are dangerous, and are apt to be made too much at the expense of one of them, precisely because the author knows he is begging the question. Oblivion has laid him down neither on Laura's hearse nor the Faery Queen's; and Raleigh knew he never would. But he wished to make out a case for his friend, in the same spirit in which he pushed his sword into a Spanish settlement and carried all before him.

The verses of Andrew Marvell prefixed to *Paradise Lost*, beginning,

> Where I beheld the poet, blind, yet bold,

are well known to every reader of Milton, and justly admired by all who know what they read. We remember how delighted we were to find who Andrew Marvell was, and that he could be pleasant and lively as well as grave. Spirited and worthy as this panegyric is, the reader who is not thoroughly acquainted with Marvell's history, does not know all its spirit and worth. That true friend and excellent patriot stuck to his old acquaintance at a period when canters and time-servers had turned their backs upon him, and when they would have made the very

knowledge of him, which they had had the honor of sharing, the ruin of those that put their desertion to the blush. There is a noble burst of indignation on this subject, in Marvell's prose works, against a fellow of the name of Parker, who succeeded in obtaining a bishopric. Parker seems to have thought that Marvell would have been afraid of acknowledging his old acquaintance; but so far from resembling the bishop in that or any other particular, he not only publicly proclaimed and gloried in the friendship of the poet, but reminded Master Parker that he had once done the same.

We must be cautious how we go on quoting verses upon this agreeable subject; for they elbow one's prose out at a great rate. They sit in state, with a great vacancy on each side of them, like Henry the Eighth in a picture of Holbein's. The wits who flourished in the time of the Stuarts and Queen Anne were not behind the great poets of the age of Elizabeth, in doing justice to their contemporaries. Dryden hailed the appearance of Congreve and Oldham. Congreve's merits were universally acknowledged except by the critics. We need not refer to the works of Pope, Gay, Steele, Prior, &c. If Swift abused Dryden (who is said to have told him he would never be a poet), he also abused in a most unwarrantable and outrageous manner Sir Richard Steele, for whose *Tatler* he had written. His abuse was not a thing of literary jealousy, but of some personal or party spite. The union of all three was a perfection of consciousness, reserved for the present time. But Swift's very fondness vented itself, like Buonaparte's, in slaps of the cheek. He was morbid, and liked to create himself cause for pity or regret. "The Dean was a strange man." According to Mrs. Pilkington, he would give her a pretty hard thump now and then, of course to see how amiably she took it. Upon the same principle, he tells us in the verses on his death, that

> Friend Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
> A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

This was to vex them, and make them prove his words false by complaining of their injustice. He himself once kept a letter unopened for some days, because he was afraid it contained

news of a friend's death. See how he makes his very coarseness and irritability contribute to a panegyric :—

When Pope shall in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"

We must finish our quotations with a part of some sprightly verses addressed to Garth on his *Dispensary*, by a friend of the name of Codrington. Codrington was one of those happily-tempered spirits, who united the characters of the gentleman, the wit, and the man of business. He was, in the best sense of the word, "A person of wit and honor about town."

The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword.

He was born in Barbadoes, and after residing some time in England, and serving with great gallantry as an officer in various parts of the world, became Governor-General of the Leeward Islands. He resigned his government in the course of a few years, and died in Barbadoes in the midst of his favorite studies. Among the variety of his accomplishments he did not omit divinity; and he was accounted a master of metaphysics. His public life he had devoted to his country; his private he divided among his books and friends. If the verses before us are not so good as those of the old poets they are as good in their way, are as sincere and cordial, and smack of the champagne on his table. We like them on many accounts, for we like the panegyrist, and have an old liking for his friend—we like the taste they express in friendship and in beauty; and we like to fancy that our good-humored ancestors in Barbadoes enjoyed the Governor's society, and relished their wine with these identical triplets.

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR, DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

Ask me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not what I like or damn;
I can be pleased, and I dare own I am.

I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had fire, or else whose fire is past,
Must judge by rules what they want force to taste.

I would a poet, like a mistress, try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her nose, her eye;
But by some nameless power to give me joy.

The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's charms,
If with resistless fires my soul she warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.

Literary loves and jealousies were much the same in other ages as the present; but we have a great deal more of the loves than the reverse; because genius survives, and ignorance does not. The ancient philosophers had a delicate way of honoring their favorites, by inscribing treatises with their names. It is thought a strange thing to Xenophon that he never mentions Plato. The greater part of the miscellaneous poetry of the Greeks is lost; or we should doubtless see numerous evidences of the intercourse of their authors. The Greek poets of Sicily, Theocritus and Moschus, are affectionate in recording the merits of their contemporaries. Varius and Gallus, two eminent Roman poets, scarcely survive but in the panegyrics of their contemporaries. Dante notices his, and his predecessors. Petrarch and Boccaccio publicly honored, as they privately loved one another. Tasso, the greatest poet of his time, was also the greatest panegyrist; and so, as might be expected, was Ariosto. The latter has introduced a host of his friends by name, male and female, at the end of his great work, coming down to the shores of poetry to welcome him home after his voyage. There is a pleasant imitation of it by Gay, applied to Pope's conclusion of Homer. Montaigne, who had the most exalted notions of friendship, which he thought should have everything in common, took as much zeal in the literary reputation of his friends, as in everything else that concerned them. The wits of the time of Henry the Fourth, of Louis the Fourteenth, and of Louis the Fifteenth,—Malherbe, Racan, Corneille, Molière, Racine, Chaulieu, La Fare, D'Alembert, Voltaire, &c., not excepting Boileau, where he was personally intimate with a

brother author—all do honor in this respect to the sociality of their nation. It is the same, we believe, with the German writers; and if the Spanish winced a little under the domination of Lope de Vega, they were chivalrous in giving him pernaps more than his due. Camoëns had the admiration of literary friends as poor as himself, if he had nothing else but this was something.

CHAPTER LV.

A Word upon Indexes.

INDEX-MAKING has been held to be the driest as well as the lowest species of writing. We shall not dispute the humbleness of it; but since we have had to make an index ourselves,* we have discovered that the task need not be so very dry. Calling to mind indexes in general, we found them presenting us a variety of pleasant memories and contrasts. We thought of those to the Spectator, which we used to look at so often at school, for the sake of choosing a paper to abridge. We thought of the index to the Pantheon of Fabulous Histories of the Heathen Gods, which we used to look at oftener. We remember how we imagined we should feel some day, if ever our name should appear in the list of Hs; as thus, Home, Howard, Hume, Huniades, ———. The poets would have been better, but then the names, though perhaps less unfitting, were not so flattering; as for instance, Halifax, Hammond, Harte, Hughes, ———. We did not like to come after Hughes.

We have just been looking at the indexes to the Tatler and Spectator, and never were more forcibly struck with the feeling we formerly expressed about a man's being better pleased with other writers than with himself. Our index seemed the poorest and most second-hand thing in the world after theirs; but let any one read theirs, and then call an index a dry thing if he can. As there "is a soul of goodness in things evil," so there is a soul of humor in things dry, and in things dry by profession. Lawyers know this, as well as index-makers, or they would die of sheer thirst and aridity. But as grapes, ready to burst with wine, issue out of the most stony places, like jolly fellows bringing Burgundy out of a cellar; so an index, like the Tatler's,

* To the original edition of the Indicator.

often gives us a taste of the quintessence of his humor, for instance,—

"Bickerstaff, Mr., account of his ancestors, 141. How his race was improved, 142. Not in partnership with Lillie, 250. Catched writing nonsense, 47.

"Dead men, who are to be so accounted, 247."

Sometimes he has a stroke of pathos, as touching in its brevity as the account it refers to; as,

"Love-letters between Mr. Bickerstaff and Maria, 184—186. Found in a grave, 289."

Sometimes he is simply moral and graceful; as,

"Tenderness and humanity inspired by the Muses, 258. No true greatness of mind without it, ibid."

At another he says perhaps more than he intended; as,

"Laura, her perfections and excellent character, 19. Despised by her husband, ibid."

The index to Cotton's Montaigne, probably written by the translator himself, is often pithy and amusing. Thus in volume 2d,

"Anger is pleased with, and flatters itself, 618.

"Beasts inclined to avarice, 225.

"Children abandoned to the care and government of their fathers, 613.

"Drunkenness, to a high and dead degree, 16.

"Joy, profound, has more severity than gaiety in it.

"Monsters, are not so to God, 612.

"Voluptuousness of the Cynics, 418."

Sometimes we meet with graver quaintnesses and curious relations, as in the index to Sandys's Ovid:

"Diana, no virgin, scoft at by Lucian, p. 55.

"Dwarfes, an Italian Dwarfe carried about in a parrot's cage, 113.

"Eccho, at Twilleries in Paris, heard to repeat a verse without failing in one syllable, p. 58.

"Ship of the Tyrrhenians miraculously stuck fast in the sea, p. 63.

"A Historie of a Bristol ship stuck fast in the deepe Sea by Witchcraft; for which twentie-five Witches were executed, ibid."

CHAPTER LVI.

An Old School-Book.

THERE is a school-book by the egregious John Amos Comenius, (who fixed the millenium for the year 1672) in which the learned author has lumped together, in a very singular way, all sorts of trades, pursuits, productions, merriments, and disasters. As everything which is saleable is on a level with booksellers, so everything which has a Latin word for it, was alike important to the creator of the *Orbis Pictus:* for so the book is called.

> He sees with equal eye, as construing all,
> A hero perish or a sparrow fall.

The tormenting of Malefactors, *Supplicia Malefactorum*, is no more in his eyes than the making of honey, or *Mellificium*. Shipwreck, being *Naufragium*, he holds in no graver light than a feast, which is *Convivium;* and the feast is no merrier than the shipwreck. He has wood-cuts, with numerals against he figures; to which the letter-press refers. In one of these, nis "Deformed and Monstrous People" cut as jaunty a figure as his Adam and Eve, and seem to pique themselves on their 'tles of *Deformes et Monstrosi*. In another the soul of man is described by a bodily outline, standing against a sheet. He is never moved but by some point of faith. Thus, "Godliness," he says, "treads reason under foot, that barking dog, No. 6." *Oblatrantem Canem*, 6. The translation, observe, is worthy of the original. Again:—

Woe to the mad Wizards and Witches, who give themselves to the Devil (being inclosed in a Circle, 7. calling upon him with Charms) they dally with him and fall from God! for they shall receive their reward with him.	Væ dementibus Magis et Lamiis, qui Cacodæmoni se dedunt (inclusi Circulo, 7. eum advocantes incantamentis) cum eo colludunt et a Deo deficiunt! nam cum illo mercedem accipient

But of the fall of Adam and Eve he contents himself with this pithy account:

These being tempted by the Devil under the shape of a serpent, 3. when they had eaten of the fruit of the forbidden Tree, 4. were condemned (*Five*). to misery and death, with all their posterity, and cast out of Paradise, 6.	Hi, seducti a Diabolo sub specie Serpentis, 3. cum comederunt de fructu vetitæ Arboris, 4. damnati sunt, 5. ad miseriam et mortem, cum omni posteritate sua, et ejecti e Paradiso, 6.

Opposite to this, is the account of fish:

Add Herrings, 7. which are brought pickled, and Plaice, 8. and Cod, 9. which are brought dry; *and the sea-monsters, &c.*	Adde Haleces, 7. qui salsi, et Passeres, 8. cum Asellis, 9 qui adferuntur arefacti; et monstra marina, &c.

Of a similar aspect of complacency is his account of the Last Judgment:

When the Godly and elect, 4. shall enter into life eternal, into the place of Bliss, and the new Jerusalem, 5. But the wicked and the damned, 6. with the Devils, 7. shall be thrust into Hell. (No. 8.) to be there tormented for ever.	Ubi pii (justi) et electi, 4. introibunt in vitam eternam, in locum Beatitudinis, et novam Hierosolymam, 5 Impii vero et damnati, 6. cum Cacodæmonibus, 7. in Gehennam, 8. detrudentur, ibi cruciandi æternum.

The Shipwreck ends genteelly:

Some escape, either on a plank, 7. and by swimming, or in a Boat; 8. Part of the Wares, with the *dead folks*, is carried out of the sea, 9. upon the shores.	Quidam evadunt, vel tabula, 7. ac enatando, vel Scapha; 8. Pars Mercium cum mortuis á Mari, 9. in littora defertur

So in the Tormenting of Malefactors, he speaks of torture in a parenthesis, and talks of pulling traitors in pieces in the style

of a nota-bene. "They that have their life given them" appear to be still worse off.

Malefactors, 1.	Malefici, 1.
are brought	producuntur,
from the Prison, 3.	e Carcere, 3.
(where they were wont to be	(ubi torqueri solent)
tortured) by Serjeants, 2.	per Licteres, 2.
Some, before they are executed,	Quidam antequam supplicio
have their Tongues cut out, 11.	afficiantur eliguantur, 11.
or have their Hand, 12.	aut plectuntur Manu, 12.
cut off upon a Block, 13.	super cippum, 13.
or are burnt with Pincers, 14	aut Forcipibus, 14. uruntur.
They that have their Life	Vita donati
given them,	
are set on the pillory, 16.	constringuntur Numeleis, 16
are strapado'd, 17.	luxantur, 17.
are set upon a Wooden Horse, 18.	imponuntur Equuleo, 18.
have their ears cut off, 19.	truncatus Auribus, 19.
are whipped with Rods, 20.	cæduntur Virgis, 20.
are branded,	stigmate notantur,
are banished,	relegantur,
are condemned	damnantur
to the Galleys,	ad Triremes,
or to perpetual Imprisonment.	vel ad Carcerem perpetuum.
Traitors are pulled in pieces with four Horses.	Perduelles discerpuntur quadrigis.

CHAPTER LVII.

Of Dreams.

THE materialists and psychologists are at issue upon the subject of dreams. The latter hold them to be one among the many proofs of the existence of a soul: the former endeavor to account for them upon principles altogether corporeal. We must own, that the effect of their respective arguments, as is usual with us on these occasions, is not so much to satisfy us with either, as to dissatisfy us with both. The psychologist, with all his struggles, never appears to be able to get rid of his body; and the materialist leaves something extremely deficient in the vivacity of his proofs, by his ignorance of that *primum mobile*, which is the soul of everything. In the mean time, while they go on with their laudable inquiries (for which we have a very sincere respect), it is our business to go on recommending a taste for results, as well as causes, and turning everything to account in this beautiful star of ours, the earth. There is no reason why the acutest investigator of mysteries should not enjoy his existence, and have his earthly dreams made as pleasant as possible; and for our parts, we see nothing at present, either in body or soul, but a medium for a world of perceptions, the very unpleasantest of whose dreams are but warnings to us how we depart from the health and natural piety of the pleasant ones.

What seems incontrovertible in the case of dreams is, that they are most apt to take place when the body is most affected. They seem to turn most upon us when the suspension of the will has been reduced to its most helpless state by indulgence. The door of the fancy is left without its keeper, and forth issue, pell-mell, the whole rout of ideas or images, which had been stored within the brain, and kept to their respective duties. They are like a school let loose, or the winds in Virgil, or Lord Anson's drunken

sailors at Panama, who dressed themselves up in all sorts of ridiculous apparel.

We were about to say, that being writers, we are of necessity dreamers; for thinking disposes the bodily faculties to be more than usually affected by the causes that generally produce dreaming. But extremes appear to meet on this, as on other occasions, at least as far as the meditative power is concerned; for there is an excellent reasoner now living, who telling another that he was not fond of the wilder parts of the *Arabian Nights*, was answered with great felicity, "Then you never dream." It turned out that he really dreamt little. Here the link is impaired that connects a tendency to indigestion with thinking on the one hand, and dreaming on the other. If we are to believe Herodotus, the Atlantes, an African people, never dreamt; which Montaigne is willing to attribute to their never having eaten anything that died of itself. It is to be presumed that he looked upon their temperance as a matter of course. The same philosopher, who was a deep thinker, and of a delicate constitution, informs us that he himself dreamt but sparingly; but then when he did, his dreams were fantastic, though cheerful. This is the very triumph of the animal spirits, to unite the strangeness of sick dreams with the cheerfulness of healthy ones. To these exceptions against the usual theories we may add, that dreams are by no means modified of necessity by what the mind has been occupied with in the course of the day, or even of months; for, during our two years' confinement in prison, we did not dream more than twice of our chief subjects of reflection, the prison itself not excepted.* The two dreams were both connected with the latter, and both the same. We fancied that we had slipped out of the jail, and gone to the theatre, where we were horrified by seeing the faces of the whole audience unexpectedly turned upon us.

It is certain enough, however, that dreams in general proceed from indigestion; and it appears nearly as much so, that they

* See a remarkable coincidence in the Essay on Dreams, in Mr. Hazlitt' *Plain Speaker.*

are more or less strange according to the waking fancy of the dreamer.

> All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
> Are from repletion and complexion bred,
> From rising fumes of indigested food,
> And noxious humors that infect the blood.
> —When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
> Of flames, and all the family of red.
> —Choler adust congeals the blood with fear,
> Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
> In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
> With rheums oppress'd, we sink, in rivers drown'd.
>
> DRYDEN'S *Cock and the Fox*, from CHAUCER.

Again, in another passage, which is worth quoting instead of the original, and affords a good terse specimen of the author's versification :—

> Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes.
> When Monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes;
> Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
> A mob of cobblers and a court of kings: *
> Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
> Both are the reasonable soul run mad;
> And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
> That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
> Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
> Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
> The nurse's legends are for truths received,
> And the man dreams but what the boy believed;
> Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
> The night restores our actions done by day,
> As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
> In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,
> Chimeras all; and more absurd or less.

It is probable that a trivial degree of indigestion will give rise to very fantastic dreams in a fanciful mind; while, on the other hand, a good orthodox repletion is necessary towards a fanciful

* Perhaps a misprint for

> A court of cobblers and a mob of kings.

creation in a dull one. It shall make an epicure, of any vivacity, act as many parts in his sleep, as a tragedian, "for that night only." The inspirations of veal, in particular, are accounted extremely Delphic; Italian pickles partake of the same spirit as Dante; and a butter-boat should contain as many ghosts as Charon's.

There is a passage in Lucian, which would have made a good subject for those who painted the temptations of the saints. It is a description of the City of Dreams, very lively and crowded. We quote after Natalis Comes, not having the True History by us. The city, we are told, stands in an immense plain, surrounded by a thick forest of tall poppy-trees, and enormous mandragoras. The plain is also full of all sorts of somniculous plants, and the trees are haunted with multitudes of owls and bats, but no other bird. The city is washed by the River Lethe, called by others the Night-bringer, whose course is inaudible, and like the flowing of oil. (Spenser's follower, Browne, has been here:

> Where consort none other fowl,
> Save the bat and sullen owl;
> Where flows Lethe without coil,
> Softly, like a stream of oil.
>
> *Inner Temple Mask.*)

There are two gates to the city: one of horn, in which almost everything that can happen in sleep is represented, as in a transparency; the other of ivory, in which the dreams are but dimly shadowed. The principal temple is that of Night; and there are others, dedicated to Truth and Falsehood, who have oracles. The population consists of Dreams, who are of an infinite variety of shape. Some are small and slender: others distorted, humped, and monstrous; others proper and tall, with blooming good-tempered faces. Others, again, have terrible countenances, are winged, and seem eternally threatening the city with some calamity; while others walk about in the pomp and garniture of kings. If any mortal comes into the place, there is a multitude of domestic Dreams, who meet him with offers of service; and they are followed by some of the others, that bring him good or bad news,

generally false; for the inhabitants of that city are, for the most part, a lying and crafty generation, speaking one thing and thinking another. This is having a new advantage over us. Only think of the mental reservation of a Dream!

If Lucian had divided his city into ranks and denominations, he might possibly have classed them under the heads of Dreams Lofty, Dreams Ludicrous, Dreams Pathetic, Dreams Horrible, Dreams Bodily Painful or Pleasant, Dreams of Common Life, Dreams of New Aspects of Humanity, Dreams Mixed, Fantastic, and Utterly Confused. He speaks of winged ones, which is judicious, for they are very common; but unless Natalis Comes, who is not a very bright person, misrepresents him, he makes them of the melancholy class, which, in general, they are not.

In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound.

Nothing is more common, or usually more pleasant, than to dream of flying. It is one of the best specimens of the race; for, besides being agreeable, it is made up of the dreams of ordinary life, and those of surprising combination. Thus the dreamer sometimes thinks he is flying in unknown regions, sometimes skimming only a few inches above the ground, and wondering he never did it before. He will even dream that he is dreaming about it; and yet is so fully convinced of its feasibility, and so astonished at his never having hit upon so delightful a truism, that he is resolved to practise it the moment he wakes. "One has only," says he, "to give a little spring with one's foot, so,—and oh! it's the easiest and most obvious thing in the world. I'll always skim hereafter." We dreamt once that a woman set up some Flying Rooms, as a person does a tavern. We went to try them, and nothing could be more satisfactory and commonplace on all sides. The landlady welcomed us with a curtsey, hoped for friends and favors, &c., and then showed us into a spacious room, not round, as might be expected, but long, and after the usual dining fashion. "Perhaps, sir," said she, "you would like to try the room." Upon which we made no more ado, but sprung up and made two or three genteel circuits; now

taking the height of it, like a house-lark, and then cutting the angles, like a swallow. "Very pretty flying indeed," said we, "and very moderate."

A house for the purpose of taking flights in, when the open air was to be had for nothing, is fantastic enough; but what shall we say to those confoundings of all time, place, and substance, which are constantly happening to persons of any creativeness of stomach? Thus, you shall meet a friend in a gateway, who besides being your friend shall be your enemy; and besides being Jones or Tomkins, shall be a bull; and besides asking you in, shall oppose your entrance. Nevertheless you are not at all surprised; or if surprised, you are only so at something not surprising. To be Tomkins and a bull at once, is the most ordinary of common-places; but that, being a bull, he should have horns, is what astonishes you; and you are amazed at his not being in Holborn or the Strand, where he never lived. To be in two places at once is not uncommon to a dreamer. He will also be young and old at the same time, a schoolboy and a man; will live many years in a few minutes, like the Sultan who dipped his head in the tub of water; will be full of zeal and dialogue upon some matter of indifference; go to the opera with a dish under his arm, to be in the fashion; talk faster in verse than prose; and ask a set of horses to a musical party, telling them that he knows they will be pleased, because blue is the general wear, and Mozart has gone down to Gloucestershire, to fit up a house for Epaminondas.

It is a curious proof of the concern which body has in these vagaries, that when you dream of any particular limb being in pain, you shall most likely have gone to sleep in a posture that affects it. A weight on the feet will produce dreams in which you are rooted to the ground, or caught by a goblin out of the earth. A cramped hand or leg shall get you tortured in the Inquisition; and a head too much thrown back, give you the sense of an interminable visitation of stifling. The nightmare, the heaviest punisher of repletion, will visit some persons merely for lying on their backs; which shows how much it is concerned in a particular condition of the frame. Sometimes i.

lies upon the chest like a vital lump. Sometimes it comes in the guise of a horrid dwarf, or malignant little hag, who grins in your teeth and will not let you rise. Its most common enormity is to pin you to the ground with excess of fear, while something dreadful is coming up, a goblin or a mad bull. Sometimes the horror is of a very elaborate description, such as being spell-bound in an old house, which has a mysterious and shocking possessor. He is a gigantic deformity, and will pass presently through the room in which you are sitting. He comes, not a giant, but a dwarf, of the most strange and odious description, hairy, spider-like, and chuckling. His mere passage is unbearable. The agony rises at every step. You would protest against so malignant a sublimation of the shocking, but are unable to move or speak. At length you give loud and long-drawn groans, and start up with a præternatural effort, awake.

Mr. Coleridge, whose sleeping imagination is proportioned to his waking, has described a fearful dream of mental and bodily torture. As the beautiful poems of *Christabel*, &c., which accompany it, seem to have been too imaginative to be understood by the critics, and consequently have wanted the general attention which the town are pleased to give or otherwise according to the injunctions of those gentlemen, we shall indulge ourselves in extracting the whole of it. It is entitled the *Pains of Sleep*.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips on bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to love compose,
In humble trust mine eye-lids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought express'd!
Only a *sense* of supplication,
A sense o'er all my soul impress.
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud,
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorn'd, those only strong!
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will,
Still baffled, and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mix'd
On wild or hateful objects fix'd,
Fantastic passions! madd'ning brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffer'd, or I did:
For all seem'd guilt, remorse or woe,
My own or others still the same,
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame!

So two nights pass'd: the night's dismay
Sadden'd and stunn'd the coming day.
Sleep, the wide blessing, seem'd to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child;
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepliest stain'd with sin:
For aye entempesting anew
Th' unfathomable hell within
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and loathe, yet wish to do!
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.

This is the dream of a poet, and does not end with the question of a philosopher. We do not pretend to determine why we should have any pains at all. It is enough for us, in our attempt to diminish them, that there are more pleasant than painful ex-

citements in the world, and that many pains are the causes of pleasure. But what if these pains are for the same end? What if all this heaping and war of agonies were owing to the author's having taken too little exercise, or eaten a heavier supper than ordinary? But then the proportion! What proportion, it may be asked, is there between the sin of neglected exercise and such infernal visitations as these? We answer,—the proportion, not of the particular offence, but of the general consequences. We have before observed, but it cannot be repeated too often, that Nature, charitable as any poet or philosopher can be upon the subject of merit and demerit, &c., seems to insist, beyond anything else, upon our taking care of the mould in which she has cast us; or in other words, of that ground-work of all comfort, that box which contains the jewel of existence, our health. On turning to the preceding poem in the book, entitled *Kubla Khan*, we perceive that in his introduction to that pleasanter vision, the author speaks of the present one as the dream of pain and disease. *Kubla Khan*, which was meditated under the effects of opium, he calls "a psychological curiosity." It is so; but it is also, and still more, a somatological or bodily one; for body will effect these things upon the mind, when the mind can do no such thing upon itself; and therefore the shortest, most useful, and most philosophical way of proceeding, is to treat the phenomenon in the manner most serviceable to the health and comfort of both. We subjoin the conclusion of *Kubla Khan*, as beginning with an exquisite piece of music, and ending with a most poetical phantasm:—

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!

And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry Beware, Beware,
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drank of the milk of Paradise.

If horrible and fantastic dreams are the most perplexing, there are pathetic ones more saddening. A friend dreaming of the loss of his friend, or a lover of that of his mistress, or a kinsman of that of a dear relation, is steeped in the bitterness of death. To wake and find it not true,—what a delicious sensation is that! On the other hand, to dream of a friend or a beloved relative restored to us,—to live over again the hours of childhood at the knee of a beloved mother, to be on the eve of marrying an affectionate mistress, with a thousand other joys snatched back out of the grave, and too painful to dwell upon,—what a dreary rush of sensation comes like a shadow upon us when we awake! How true, and divested of all that is justly called conceit in poetry, is that termination of Milton's sonnet on dreaming of his deceased wife,—

But oh, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked; she fled; and day brought back my night.

It is strange that so good and cordial a critic as Warton should think this a mere conceit on his blindness. An allusion to his blindness may or may not be involved in it; but the sense of returning shadow on the mind is true to nature, and must have been experienced by every one who has lost a person dear to him. There is a beautiful sonnet by Camoens on a similar occasion; a small canzone by Sanazzaro, which ends with saying, that although he waked and missed his lady's hand in his, he still tried to cheat himself by keeping his eyes shut; and three divine dreams of Laura by Petrarch, Sonnet xxxiv., Vol. 2, Sonnet lxxix., ib., and the canzone beginning

Quando il soave mio fido conforto.

But we must be cautious how we think of the poets on this

most poetica subject, or we shall write three articles instead of one. As it is, we have not left ourselves room for some very agreeable dreams, which we meant to have taken between these our gallant and imaginative sheets. They must be interrupted, as they are apt to be, like the young lady's in the *Adventures of a Lapdog*, who blushing divinely, had just uttered the words, "My Lord, I am wholly yours," when she was awaked by the jumping up of that officious little puppy.

CHAPTER LVIII.

A Human Animal, and the other Extreme.

We met the other day with the following description of an animal of quality in a Biographical Dictionary that was published in the year 1767, and which is one of the most amusing and spirited publications of the kind that we remember to have seen. The writer does not give his authority for this particular memoir, so that it was probably furnished from his own knowledge; but that the account is a true one is evident. Indeed, with the exception of one or two eccentricities of prudence, which rather lean to the side of an excess of instinct, it is but an individual description, referring to a numerous class of the same nature, that once flourished with horn and hound in this country, and specimens of which are to be found here and there still.* The title we have put at the head of it is not quite correct and exclusive enough as a definition; since, properly speaking, we lords of the creation are all human animals; but the mere animal, or bodily and breathing faculty, is combined in us more or less with intellect and sentiment; and of these refinements of the perception, few bipeds that have arrived at the dignity of a coat and boots, have partaken so little as the noble squire before us. How far some of us, who take ourselves for very rational persons, do or do not go beyond him, we shall perhaps see in the course of our remarks.

"The Honorable William Hastings, a gentleman of a very singular character," says our informant, "lived in the year 1638, and by his quality was son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of

* Since writing this, we have discovered that the original is in Hutchins's *History of Dorsetshire.* See Gilpin's *Forest Scenery* or Drake's *Shakspeare and his Times.* It is said to have been written by the first Earl of Shaftesbury

Huntingdon. He was peradventure an original in our age, or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting, not in war-like times.

"He was very low, very strong, and very active, of a reddish flaxen hair; his clothes green cloth, and never all worth, when new, five pounds.

"His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer, and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen; many fish-ponds; great store of wood and timber; a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, and full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was plowed; they used round sand bowls; and it had a banquetting house like a stand, a large one built in a tree.

"He kept all manner of sport hounds, that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and hawks, long and short-winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish; he had a walk in the New Forest; and in the manor of Christ Church: this last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish. And indeed all his neighbors' grounds and royalties were free to him; who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbors' wives and daughters; there being not a woman, in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault, if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular; always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, who was to boot very welcome to his house whenever he came.

"There he found beef, pudding, and small beer in great plenty, a house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dusty shoes; the great hall strewed with marrow-bones, full of hawks, perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with the fox-skins of this and the last year's killing; here and there a pole-cat intermixed; game-keepers' and hunters' poles in great abundance.

"The parlor was a great room as properly furnished. On a great hearth, paved with brick, lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed; he having always three or four attending him at

dinner, and a little white round stick of fourteen inches long lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them.

"The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, stone-bows, and other such-like accoutrements. The corners of the room, full of the best chose hunting and hawking-poles. An oyster-table at the lower end; which was of constant use, twice a day, all the year round. For he never failed to eat oysters, before dinner and supper, through all seasons; the neighboring town of Pool supplied him with them.

"The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a Church Bible; and, on the other, the Book of Martyrs. On the tables were hawks-hoods, bells, and such like; two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry which he took much care of, and fed himself. In the whole of the desk were store of tobacco-pipes that had been used.

"On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed. For he never exceeded in drink or permitted it.

"On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pie, with thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at.

"His sports supplied all but beef and mutton; except Fridays, when he had the best of salt fish (as well as other fish) he could get; and was the day his neighbors of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with 'My pearl lies therein-a.' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; very often syrup of gilliflowers in his sack; and had always a tun glass without feet, stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary.

"He was well natured, but soon angry; calling his servants bastards and cuckoldy knaves; in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to be an hundred; never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles; and got on horseback without help. Until past four-score, he rode to the death of a stag as well as any."

It is clear that this worthy personage was nothing more than a kind of beaver or badger in human shape. We imagine him haunting the neighborhood in which he lived, like a pet creature who had acquired a certain Ægyptian godship among the natives; now hunting for his fish, now for his flesh, now fawning after his uncouth fashion upon a pretty girl, and now snarling and contesting a bone with his dogs. We imagine him the animal principle personified; a symbol on horseback; a jolly dog sitting upright at dinner, like a hieroglyphic on a pedestal.

Buffon has a subtle answer to those who argue for the rationality of bees. He says that the extreme order of their proceedings, and the undeviating apparent forethought with which they anticipate and provide for a certain geometrical necessity in a part of the structure of their hives, are only additional proofs of the force of instinct. They have an instinct for the order, and an instinct for the anticipation; and they prove that it is not reason, by never striking out anything new. The same thing is observable in our human animal. What would be reason or choice in another man, is to be set down in him to poverty of ideas. If Tasso had been asked the reason of his always wearing black, he would probably have surprised the inquirer by a series of observations on color, and dignity, and melancholy, and the darkness of his fate; but if Petrarch and Boccacio had discussed the matter with him, he might have changed it to purple A lady, in the same manner, wears black, because it suits her complexion, or is elegant at all times, or because it is at once piquant and superior. But in spring, she may choose to put on the colors of the season, and in summer to be gaudier with the butterfly. Our squire had an instinct towards the color of green, because he saw it about him. He took it from what he lived in, like a cameleon, and never changed it, because he could

live in no other sphere. We see that his green suit was never worth five pounds; and nothing, we dare say, could have induced him to let it mount up to that sum. He would have had it grow on him, if he could, like a green monkey. Thus again with his bowling-green. It was not penuriousness that hindered him from altering it, but he had no more idea of changing the place than the place itself. As change of habit is frightful to some men, from vivacity of affection or imagination, and the strangeness which they anticipate in the novelty, so Mr. Hastings was never tempted out of a custom, because he had no idea of anything else. He would no more think of altering the place he burrowed in, than a tortoise or a wild rabbit. He was *ferœ naturæ*,—a regular beast of prey; though he mingled something of the generosity of the lion with the lurking of the fox and the mischievous sporting of the cat. He would let other animals feed with him, only warning them off occasionally with that switch of his, instead of a claw. He had the same liberality of instinct towards the young of other creatures, as we see in the hen and the goat. He would take care of their eggs, if he had a mind; or furnish them with milk. His very body was badger-like. It was "very low, very strong, and very active;" and he had a coarse fell of hair. A good housewife might have called his house a kennel, without being abusive. What the ladies of the Huntingdon family thought of it, if ever they came to see him, we do not know; but next to hearing such a fellow as Squire Western talk, must have been the horror of his human kindred in treading those menageries, his hall and parlor. They might turn the lines of Chaucer into an exclamation:

> What hawkis sitten on the perch above!
> What houndis liggen on the floor adown!

Then the marrow-bones, the noise, and, to a delicate ancle, the sense of danger! Conceive a timid stranger, not very welcome, obliged to pass through the great hall. The whole animal world is up. The well-mouthed hounds begin barking, the mastiff bays, the terriers snap, the hawks sidle and stare, the poultry gobble, the cats growl and up with their backs. At last, the Hastings makes his appearance, and laughs like a goblin,

Three things are specially observable in our hero: first, that his religion as well as literature was so entirely confined to faith, that it allowed him to turn his household chapel into a larder, and do anything else he pleased, short of not ranking the *Bible* and *Book of Martyrs* with his other fixtures;—second, that he carried his prudential instincts to a pitch unusual in a country squire, who can rarely refrain from making extremes meet with humanity in this instance:—and third, that his proneness to the animal part of love, never finding him in a condition to be so brutal, as drinking renders a gallant of this sort, left himself as well as others in sufficient good humor, not only to get him forgiven by the females, but to act kindly and be tolerated by the men. He was as temperate in his liquor as one of his cats, drinking only to quench thirst, and leaving off when he had enough. This perhaps was partly owing to his rank, which did not render it necessary to his importance to be emulous with his bottle among the squires. As to some grave questions connected with the promiscuous nature of his amours, an animal so totally given up to his instincts as he was, can hardly be held responsible upon such points; though they are worth the consideration of those who, in their old age, undertake to be moral as well as profligate. If Mr. Hastings's notion was good and even useful, so far as it showed the natural good-humor of that passion in human beings, where sickness or jealousy is out of the question, in every other respect it was as poor and paltry as could be. There was not a single idea in it beyond one of his hounds. It was entirely gross and superficial, without sentiment, without choice, without a thousand sensations of pleasure and the return of it, without the least perception of a beauty beyond the mere absence of age. The most idiotical scold in the village, "under forty," was to him a desirable object. The most loveable woman in the world above it, was lost upon him. Such lovers do not even enjoy the charms they suppose. They do not see a twentieth part of the external graces. They criticise beauty in the language of a horse-jockey; and the jockey, or the horse himself, knows just as much about it as they.

In short, to be candid on all sides with the very earthy memory of the Honorable Mr. William Hastings, we take a person

of his description to be a good specimen of the animal part of the human nature, and chiefly on this account, that the animal preserves its health. There indeed it has something to say for itself; nor must we conceal our belief, that upon this ground alone, the Hastings must have had sensations in the course of his life, which many an intellectual person might envy. His perceptions must have been of a vague sort, but they were in all probability exquisitely clear and unalloyed. He must have had all the pleasure from the sunshine and the fresh air, that a healthy body without a mind in it can have; and we may guess from the days of childhood, what those feelings may resemble, in their pleasantness, as well as vagueness. At the age of a hundred he was able to read and write without spectacles; not better perhaps than he did at fifteen, but as well. At a hundred, he was truly an old boy, and no more thought of putting on spectacles than an eagle. Why should he? His blood had run clear for a century with exercise and natural living. He had not baked it black and "heavy thick" over a fire, nor dimmed the windows of his perception with the smoke.

But he wanted a soul to turn his perceptions to their proper account?—He did so. Let us then, who see more than he did, contrive to see fair play between body and mind. It is by observing the separate extremes of perfection, to which body and mind may arrive, in those who do not now know how to unite both, that we may learn how to produce a human being more enviable than even the healthiest of foxhunters, or the most unearthly of saints. It is remarkable, that the same ancient family, which, among the variety and fineness of its productions, put forth this specimen of bodily humanity, edified the world not long after with as complete a specimen of the other half of human nature. Mr. William Hastings' soul seems to have come too late for his body, and to have remained afterwards upon earth in the shape of his fair kinswoman, the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of Theophilus, seventh Earl of Huntingdon. An account of her follows that of her animal kinsman, and is a most extraordinary contrast. This is the lady who is celebrated by Sir Richard Steele in the *Tatler*, under the name of Aspasia, —a title which must have startled her a little. But with the

elegance of the panegyric she would have found it hard not to be pleased, notwithstanding her modesty. "These ancients would be as much astonished to see in the same age so illustrious a pattern to all who love things praiseworthy, as the divine Aspasia. Methinks I now see her walking in her garden like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial, conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of honor, truth, compassion, knowledge, and innocence:—

'There dwells the scorn of vice and pity too.'

"In the midst of the most ample fortune, and veneration of all that beheld and knew her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the contemplation of her own being, and that supreme power which bestowed it. Without the learning of schools, or knowledge of a long course of arguments, she goes on in a steady course of virtue, and adds to the severity of the last age all the freedom and ease of the present. The language and mien of a court she is possessed of in the highest degree; but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainment. Aspasia is a female philosopher, who does not only live up to the resignation of the most retired lives of the ancient sages, but also the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This lady is the most exact economist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it; and shuns applause with as much industry as others do reproach. This character is so particular, that it will be very easily fixed on her only, by all that know her, but I dare say she will be the last to find it out."—*Tatler*, No. XLII., July 16, 1709.

This character was written when Lady Elizabeth was twenty-eight.* She passed the rest of her life agreeably to it, relieving families, giving annuities, contributing to the maintenance

* It is attributed by the annotators to Congreve,—I know not on what authority. If I know anything of style, I can swear it was Steele's. The moral elegance and faith of it, and the turn of the words, are all his

of schools and university-scholars, and all the while behaving with extraordinary generosity to her kindred, and keeping up a noble establishment. Those whom such a description incites to know more of her, will find a good summary of her way of life in Miss Hays' *Female Biography*,—a work, by the way, which contrives to be at once conventional and liberal, and ought to be in possession of all her countrywomen.

Miss Hays informs us, that the close of this excellent person's life was as suffering as it was patient. An accidental contusion in her bosom, at an early period of life, had left the seeds of a cancer, which for many years she disregarded. About a year and a half before her death she was obliged to undergo an amputation of the part affected, which she did with a noble and sweet fortitude, described in a very touching manner by another of her biographers. "Her ladyship," he tells us, "underwent this painful operation with surprising patience and resolution; she showed no reluctancy, no struggle or contention; only, indeed, towards the end of the operation *she drew such a sigh* as any compassionate reader may when he hears this." This is one of the truest and most pathetic things we remember to have read. Unfortunately, the amputation, though it promised well for a time, did no good at last. The disorder returned with greater malignity, and after submitting to it with her usual patience, and exhorting her household and friends, upon her death-bed, in a high strain of enthusiasm, she expired on the 22d of December, 1739, in the fifty-seventh year of her age. "Her character in miniature," says the biographer just quoted, "is this. She was a lady of the exactest breeding, of fine intellectual endowments, filled with divine wisdom, renewed in the spirit of her mind, fired with the love of her Creator, a friend to all the world, mortified in soul and body, and to everything that is earthly, and a little lower than the angels." He has a mysterious anecdote of her in the course of his account. "The following remarkable circumstance happened to her in her youth. A young lady, of less severity of manners than herself, invited her once to an entertainment over a romance, and very dear did she pay for it; what evil tinctures she took from it I cannot tell, but this I can, that the remem-

brance of it would now and then annoy her spirit down into declining life." Miss Hays concludes the memoir in the *Female Biography* with informing us, that "she was fond of her pen, and frequently employed herself in writing; but, previous to her death, destroyed the greater part of her papers. Her fortune, beauty, and amiable qualities, procured her many solicitations to change her state; but she preferred, in a single and independent life, to be mistress of her actions and the disposition of her income."

It seems pretty clear from all these accounts, that this noble-hearted woman, notwithstanding her beauty and sweet temper, was as imperfect a specimen of animal humanity as her kinsman was of spiritual. We are far from meaning to prefer his state of existence. We confess that there are many persons we have read of, whom we would rather have been, than the most saintly of solitary spirits; but the mere reflection of the good which Lady Elizabeth did to others, would not allow us a moment's hesitation, if compelled to choose between inhabiting her infirm tenement and the jolly vacuity of Honorable William. At the same time, it is evident that the fair saint neglected the earthly part of herself in a way neither as happy-making nor as pious as she took it for. Perhaps the example of her kinsman tended to assist this false idea of what is pleasing to heaven, and made her a little too peremptory against herself; but what had not her lovers a right to say? For our parts, had we lived then, and been at all fitted to aspire to a return of her regard, we should have thought it a very unfair and intolerable thing of her to go on doing the most exquisite and seducing actions in the world, and tell us that she wished to be mistress of her own time and generosities. So she might, and yet have been generous to us as well as to the charity boys. But setting this aside (and the real secret is to be found, perhaps, in matters into which we cannot inquire), a proper attention to that beauteous form which her spirit inhabited might have done great good to herself. She not only lived nearly half a century less than her kinsman, and thus shortened a useful life, but the less healthy state of her blood rendered even a soul like hers liable to incursions of melancholy to the last moment of her existence. If

it be said that this stimulated her the more to extract happiness out of the happiness of others, we do not deny that it may have done so; nor do we pretend to say that this might not have been the best state of existence for herself and all of us, if we could inquire into matters hidden from our sight. But upon that principle, so might her relation's. It is impossible to argue to any purpose upon these assumptions, which are only good for patience, not for action. William Hastings was all bodily comfort; Elizabeth Hastings was all mental grace. How far the liability of the former to gusts of passion, as well as the other conditions of his being, settled the balance with her necessity for being patient, it is impossible to say; but it is easy and right to say, that nobody would like to undergo operations for a cancer, or to die at fifty-seven, when they could live healthily to a hundred.

What, then, is our conclusion? This: that the proper point of humanity lies between the two natures, though not at equal distances; the greatest possible sum of happiness for mankind demanding that great part of our pleasure should be founded in that of others. Those, however, who hold rigid theories of morality and yet practise them not (which is much oftener the case with such theories than the reverse), must take care how they flatter themselves they resemble Lady Elizabeth. Their extreme difference with her kinsman is a mere cant, to which all the privileged selfishness and sensuality in the world give the lie—all the pomps and vanities, all the hatred, all the malignities, all the eatings and drinkings, such as William Hastings himself would have been ashamed of. In fact, their real instincts are generally as selfish as his, though in other shapes, and much less agreeable for everybody. When cant lives as long and healthy a life as his, or as good a one as hers, it will be worth attending to. Till then, the best thing to advise is, neither to be canting, nor merely animal, nor over-spiritual; but to endeavor to enjoy, with the greatest possible distribution of happiness, all the faculties we receive from nature.

CHAPTER LIX.

Return of Autumn.

THE autumn is now confirmed. The harvest is over; the summer birds are gone or going; heavy rains have swept the air of its warmth, and prepared the earth for the impressions of winter.

And the author's season changes likewise. We can no longer persuade ourselves that it is summer, by dint of resolving to think so. We cannot warm ourselves at the look of the sunshine. Instead of sitting at the window, "hindering" ourselves, as people say, with enjoying the sight of Nature, we find our knees turned round to the fire-place, our face opposite a pictured instead of a real landscape, and our feet toasting upon a fender.

When some enjoyments go, others come. The boys will now be gathering their nuts. The trees will put forth, in their bravely dying leaves, all the colors of heaven and earth, which they have received from sun, and rain, and soil. Nature, in her heaps of grain and berries, will set before the animal creation as profuse and luxurious a feast, as any of our lordly palates have received from dish and dessert.

Nature, with the help of a very little art, can put forth a prettier bill of fare than most persons, if people will but persuade each other that cheapness is as good as dearness;—a discovery, we think, to which the tax-gatherer might help us. Let us see what she says this autumn. Imagine us seated at the bar of some fashionable retreat, or boxed in a sylvan scene of considerable resort. Enter, a waiter, the September of Spencer—that ingenious and (to a punster) oddly-dressed rogue, of whom we are told, that when he appeared before the poet, he was

> Heavy laden with the spoll
> Of harvest's riches, which he made his *boot*.

At present, he assumes a more modest aspect, with a bunch of ash-leaves under his arm by way of duster. He bows like a poplar, draws a west wind through his teeth genteelly, and lays before us the following bill of entertainment:—

Fish, infinite and cheap.

Fruit, ditto.

Nuts, ditto.

Bread, ditto—taxed.

Fresh airs, taxed if in doors—not out.

Light, the same.

Wine in its unadulterated shape, as grapes, or sunshine, or well-fermented blood.

Arbors of ivy, wild honeysuckle, arbutus, &c., all in flower.

Other flowers on table.

The ante-room, with a view into it, immense with a sky-blue cupola, and hung round with landscapes confessedly inimitable.

Towards the conclusion, a vocal concert among the trees.

At night, falling stars, and a striking panoramic view of the heavens; on which occasion, for a few nights only, the same moon will be introduced that was admired by the "immortal Shakspeare!!!"

N. B.—It is reported by some malignant persons, that the bird-concert is not artificial: whereas it will be found, upon the smallest inspection, to beat even the most elaborate inventions of the justly admired Signor Mecanical Fello.

CHAPTER LX.

The Maid-Servant*

Must be considered as young, or else she has married the butcher, the butler, or her cousin, or has otherwise settled into a character distinct from her original one, so as to become what is properly called the domestic. The Maid-Servant, in her apparel, is either slovenly and fine by turns, and dirty always; or she is at all times neat and tight, and dressed according to her station. In the latter case, her ordinary dress is black stockings, a stuff gown, a cap, and a neck-handkerchief pinned cornerwise behind. If you want a pin, she feels about her, and has always one to give you. On Sundays and holidays, and perhaps of afternoons, she changes her black stockings for white, puts on a gown of a better texture and fine pattern, sets her cap and her curls jauntily, and lays aside the neck-handkerchief for a high-body, which, by the way, is not half so pretty.

The general furniture of her ordinary room, the kitchen, is not so much her own as her master's and mistress's, and need not be described: but in a drawer of the dresser or the table, in company with a duster and a pair of snuffers, may be found some of her property, such as a brass thimble, a pair of scissors, a thread-case, a piece of wax candle much wrinkled with the thread, an odd volume of Pamela, and perhaps a sixpenny play, such as George Barnwell or Southerne's Oroonoko. There is a piece of looking-glass in the window. The rest of her furniture is in the garret, where you may find a good looking-glass on the table; and in the window a Bible, a comb and a piece of soap. Here stands also, under stout lock and key, the mighty mystery,—

* In some respects, particularly of costume, this portrait must be understood of originals existing twenty or thirty years ago

the box,—containing, among other things, her clothes, two or three song-books, consisting of nineteen for the penny; sundry Tragedies at a halfpenny the sheet; the *Whole Nature of Dreams Laid Open*, together with the *Fortune-teller* and the *Accounts of the Ghost of Mrs. Veal;* the *Story of the Beautiful Zoa* "who was cast away on a desert island, showing how," &c.; some half-crowns in a purse, including pieces of country-money; a silver penny wrapped up in cotton by itself; a crooked sixpence, given her before she came to town, and the giver of which has either forgotten or been forgotten by her, she is not sure which;—two little enamel boxes, with looking-glass in the lids, one of them a fairing, the other "a Trifle from Margate;" and lastly, various letters, square and ragged, and directed in all sorts of spellings, chiefly with little letters for capitals. One of them, written by a girl who went to a day-school, is directed "Miss."

In her manners, the Maid-servant sometimes imitates her young mistress; she puts her hair in papers, cultivates a shape, and occasionally contrives to be out of spirits. But her own character and condition overcome all sophistications of this sort; her shape, fortified by the mop and scrubbing-brush, will make its way; and exercise keeps her healthy and cheerful. From the same cause her temper is good; though she gets into little heats when a stranger is over saucy, or when she is told not to go so heavily down stairs, or when some unthinking person goes up her wet stairs with dirty shoes,—or when she is called away often from dinner; neither does she much like to be seen scrubbing the street-door steps of a morning; and sometimes she catches herself saying, "Drat that butcher," but immediately adds, "God forgive me." The tradesmen indeed, with their compliments and arch looks, seldom give her cause to complain. The milkman bespeaks her good-humor for the day with "Come, pretty maids:"—then follow the butcher, the baker, the oilman, &c., all with their several smirks and little loiterings; and when she goes to the shops herself, it is for her the grocer pulls down his string from its roller with more than ordinary whirl, and tosses his parcel into a tie.

Thus pass the mornings between working, and singing, and

giggling, and grumbling, and being flattered. If she takes any pleasure unconnected with her office before the afternoon, it is when she runs up the area-steps or to the door to hear and purchase a new song, or to see a troop of soldiers go by; or when she happens to thrust her head out of a chamber window at the same time with a servant at the next house, when a dialogue infallibly ensues, stimulated by the imaginary obstacles between. If the Maid-servant is wise, the best part of her work is done by dinner-time; and nothing else is necessary to give perfect zest to the meal. She tells us what she thinks of it, when she calls it "a bit o' dinner." There is the same sort of eloquence in her other phrase, "a cup o' tea;" but the old ones, and the washerwomen, beat her at that. After tea in great houses, she goes with the other servants to hot cockles, or What-are-my-thoughts-like, and tells Mr. John to "have done then;" or if there is a ball given that night, they throw open the doors, and make use of the music up stairs to dance by. In smaller houses, she receives the visits of her aforesaid cousin; and sits down alone, or with a fellow maid-servant, to work; talks of her young master or mistress and Mr. Irvins (Evans); or else she calls to mind her own friends in the country; where she thinks the cows and "all that" beautiful, now she is away. Meanwhile, if she is lazy, she snuffs the candle with her scissors; or if she has eaten more heartily than usual, she sighs double the usual number of times, and thinks that tender hearts were born to be unhappy.

Such being the Maid-servant's life in-doors, she scorns, when abroad, to be anything but a creature of sheer enjoyment. The Maid-servant, the sailor, and the school-boy, are the three beings that enjoy a holiday beyond all the rest of the world;—and all for the same reason,—because their inexperience, peculiarity of life, and habit of being with persons of circumstances or thoughts above them, give them all, in their way, a cast of the romantic. The most active of the money-getters is a vegetable compared with them. The Maid-servant, when she first goes to Vauxhall, thinks she is in heaven. A theatre is all pleasure to her, whatever is going forward, whether the play or the music, or the waiting which makes others impatient, or the munching of

apples and gingerbread, which she and her party commence almost as soon as they have seated themselves. She prefers tragedy to comedy, because it is grander, and less like what she meets with in general; and because she thinks it more in earnest also, especially in the love-scenes. Her favorite play is "*Alexander the Great, or the Rival Queens.*" Another great delight is in going a shopping. She loves to look at the patterns in the windows, and the fine things labelled with those corpulent numerals of "only 7s."—"only 6s. 6d." She has also, unless born and bred in London, been to see my Lord Mayor, the fine people coming out of Court, and the "beasties" in the Tower; and at all events she has been to Astley's and the Circus, from which she comes away, equally smitten with the rider, and sore with laughing at the clown. But it is difficult to say what pleasure she enjoys most. One of the completest of all is the fair, where she walks through an endless round of noise, and toys, and gallant apprentices, and wonders. Here she is invited in by courteous and well-dressed people, as if she were the mistress. Here also is the conjuror's booth, where the operator himself, a most stately and genteel person all in white, calls her Ma'am; and says to John by her side, in spite of his laced hat, "Be good enough, sir, to hand the card to the lady."

Ah! may her "cousin" turn out as true as he says he is; or may she get home soon enough and smiling enough to be as happy again next time.

CHAPTER LXI.

The Old Lady.

If the old lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks, that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border, that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enamelled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet, for fear of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, and she had a fine one when young; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence; in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and according to the season, an orange or apple, which after many days she draws out warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well-behaved itself. She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round, to look well, and with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants, and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantel-piece are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, all in colored ware: the man, perhaps, in a pink jacket and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand, and with the other at his breast, turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shep

herdess: the woman holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gipsy-hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist, with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes, in order to show the trimness of her ancles. But these patterns, of course, are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold,—containing ribbons and laces of various kinds; linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners; a heap of pocket-books for a series of years; and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head fronts, stomachers, and flowered satin shoes, with enormous heels. The stock of letters are under especial lock and key. So much for the bed-room. In the sitting room is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or carved arm-chairs equally old, with chintz draperies down to the ground; a folding or other screen, with Chinese figures, their round, little-eyed, meek faces perking sideways; a stuffed bird, perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her); a portrait of her husband over the mantel-piece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat; and opposite him on the wall, is a piece of embroidered literature, framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim, worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below, in their proper colors; the whole concluding with an ABC and numerals, and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be "her work, Jan. 14, 1762." The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in which are the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the *Turkish Spy*, a *Bible* and *Prayer Book*, *Young's Night Thoughts* with a piece of lace in it to flatten, *Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart*, *Mrs. Glasse's Cookery* and perhaps *Sir Charles Grandison*, and *Clarissa*. *John Buncle* is in the closet among the pickles and preserves. The clock is on the landing-place between the two room doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly; and the landing-place is carpeted to a nicety. The

house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the windows should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea, and perhaps an early game at cards: or you may see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella running up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog, equally famous for his love to her and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grand-children dislike him on holidays, and the boldest sometimes ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night, she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash; and her servant in pattens follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern.

Her opinions are not many nor new. She thinks the clergyman a nice man. The duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough; but hopes her grandchildren will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery; and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by Sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a walk of a summer's evening, but avoids the new streets, canals, &c., and sometimes goes through the churchyard, where her children and her husband lie buried, serious, but not melancholy. She has had three great epochs in her life:—her marriage—her having been at court, to see the King and Queen and Royal Family—and a compliment on her figure she once received, in passing, from Mr. Wilkes, whom she describes as a sad, loose man, but engaging. His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If anything takes her at a distance from home, it is still the court; but she seldom stirs, even for that. The last time but one that she went, was to see the Duke of Wirtemburg; and most probably for the last time of all, to

see the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. From this beatific vision she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the Duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the Princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a transport of mixed loyalty and self-love, a fine royal young creature, and "Daughter of England."

CHAPTER LXII.

Pulci.

We present our readers with a prose abridgment of the beginning of the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, the father of Italian romance. We would rather have given it them in verse; put it would have taken more time and attention than we can just now afford. Besides, a prose specimen of this author is a less unjust one, than it would be of any of his successors; because though a real poet, he is not so eminent as a versifier, and deals less in poetical abstractions. He has less of the oracular or voiceful part of his art, conversing almost exclusively with the social feelings in their most familiar language.

Luigi Pulci, the younger of three literary brothers, was born the 15th of December (3d. O. S.), 1431. His family was noble, and probably gave their name to the district of Monte Pulciano, famous for the supereminence of its wine. It was a fit soil for him to grow in. He had an enviable lot, with nothing to interrupt his vivacity; passing his life in the shades of ease and retirement, and "warbling his native wood-notes wild," without fear of hawks from above, or lurking reptiles from below. Among his principal friends were Politian, Lorenzo de Medici, and the latter's mother, Lucrezia Tornabuona. He speaks affectionately of her memory at the close of his work. At Lorenzo's table he was a constant guest; and at this table, where it is possible that the future pope, Leo the Tenth, was present as a little boy, he is said to have read, as he produced it, that remarkable poem, which the old Italian critics were not agreed whether to think pious or profane.*

* Leo was born in 1475, forty-four years after the death of Pulci; so that, supposing the latter to have arrived at anything like length of days, he may have had the young father of the faithful for an auditor.

The reader, at this time of day, will be inclined to think it the latter; nor will the reputation of Leo himself, who is said to have made use of the word "fable" on a very remarkable occasion, be against their verdict. Undoubtedly there was much scepticism in those days, as there always must be where there is great vivacity of mind, with great demands upon its credulity. But we must take care how we pronounce upon the real spirit of manners unlike our own, when we consider the extraordinary mixture of reverence and familiarity with which the most bigoted periods of Catholicism have been accustomed to treat the objects of their faith. They elbow them, till they treat them like their earthly kindred, expecting most from them, and behaving worse by them. Popish sailors have scourged the idols, whom they have prayed to the minute before for a fair wind. The most laughable exposure of the tricks of Roman Catholics in our own language is by old Heywood the epigrammatist, who died abroad "in consequence of his devotion to the Roman Catholic cause."—"The bigotry of any age," says Mr. Hazlitt, "is by no means a test of its piety, or even sincerity. Men seemed to make themselves amends for the enormity of their faith by levity of feeling, as well as by laxity of principle; and in the indifference or ridicule with which they treated the wilful absurdities and extravagances to which they hoodwinked their understandings, almost resembled children playing at blindman's buff, who grope their way in the dark, and make blunders on purpose to laugh at their idleness and folly."—*Lectures on the Literature of the age of Elizabeth*, p. 192. It may be added, that they are sometimes like children playing and laughing at ghosts in daylight, but afraid of them at night time. There have not been wanting readers to take all Pulci's levity in good religious part. This does not seem possible; but it is possible that he may have had a certain conventional faith in religion, or even regarded it as a sentiment and a general truth, while the goodness of his disposition led him to be ironical upon particular dogmas. We must judge him in charity, giving him the benefit of our doubts.

The specimen now laid before the reader is perhaps as good a one, for prose, as could have been selected. The characteristics of our poet are wildness of fancy, pithiness of humor, sprightliness

of transition, and tenderness of heart. All these, if the reader has any congeniality of spirit, he may find successively in the outset about the giants, the complaint made of them by the Abbot, the incipient adventures of Morgante in his new character, and the farewell, and family recognition of the Abbot and Orlando. The passages about the falling of manna, and the eternal punishment of those who are dear to us, furnish the earliest instance of that penetration into absurdity, and the unconscious matter-of-course air of speaking of it, which constitute the humorous part of the style of Voltaire. The character of Margutte, who makes his appearance in Canto 18, and carries this style to its height, is no less remarkable as an anticipation of the most impudent portraits of professed worldliness, and seems to warrant the suspicions entertained respecting the grosser sceptics of that age, while it shows the light in which they were regarded by the more refined. In Margutte's panegyrics upon what he liked, appear to be the seeds of Berni and his followers. One of the best things to be said of the serious characters of Pulci, and where he has the advantage of Ariosto himself, is that you know them with more distinctness, and become more personally interested in them as people like yourself; whereas, in Ariosto, with all his humanity, the *knights* are too much of mere knights,—warlike animals. Their flesh and blood is too much encrusted by their armor. Even Rubbi, the quaint and formal editor of the *Parnaso Italiano*, with all his courtesies towards established things, says, in distinguishing the effect of three great poets of Italy, that "You will adore Ariosto, you will admire Tasso, but you will love Pulci." The alliteration suits our critic's vivacity better:—"In fine, tu adorerai l'Ariosto, tu ammirerai il Tasso, ma tu amerai il Pulci."

PROSE TRANSLATION OF THE BEGINNING OF THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

—Twelve Paladins (saith the poet) had the emperor Charlemagne in his court; and the most wise and famous of them was Orlando. It is of him I am about to speak, and of his friend Morgante, and of Gan the Traitor, who beguiled him to his death

in Roncesvalles, where he sounded his horn so mightily after the Dolorous Rout.

It was Easter, and Charles had all his court with him in Paris, making high feasts and triumph. There was Orlando, the first among them, and Ogier the Dane, and Astolfo the Englishman, and Ansuigi: and there came Angiotin of Bayonne, and Uliviero, and the gentle Berlinghieri; and there was also Avolio, and Avino, and Otho of Normandy, and Richard, and the wise Namo, and the aged Salamon, and Walter from Monlione, and Baldwin who was the son of the wretched Gan. The son of Pepin was too happy, and oftentimes fairly groaned for joy at seeing all his Paladins together.

But Fortune stands watching in secret, to baffle our designs. While Charles was thus hugging himself with delight, Orlando governed everything at court, and this made Gan burst with envy; so that he began one day talking with Charles after the following manner: —"Are we always to have Orlando for our master? I have thought of speaking to you about it a thousand times. Orlando has a great deal too much presumption. Here are we, counts, dukes, and kings, at your service, but not at his: and we have resolved not to be governed by a boy. You began in Aspramont to give him to understand how valiant he was, and that he did great things at that fountain; whereas if it had not been for the good Gerard, I know very well where the victory would have been. The truth is, he has an eye upon the crown. This, Charles, is the worthy who has deserved so much! All your generals are afflicted at it. As for me, I shall repass those mountains over which I came to you with seventy-two counts. Do you take him for a Mars?"

Orlando happened to hear these words as he sat apart, and it displeased him with Gan that he should speak so, but much more that Charles should believe him. He would have killed Gan, if Uliviero had not prevented him and taken his sword Durlindana out of his hand; nay, he could have almost killed Charlemagne himself; but at last he went away from Paris by himself, raging with scorn and grief. He borrowed as he went, of Ermellina the wife of Ogier, the Dane's sword Cortana and his horse Rondel, and proceeded on his way to Brava. His

wife, Alda the Fair, hastened to embrace him; but while she was saying, "Welcome, my Orlando," he was going to strike her with his sword, for his head was bewildered, and he took her for Ganellone. The fair Alda marvelled greatly, but Orlando recollected himself, and she took hold of the bridle, and he leaped from his horse, and told her all that had passed, and rested himself with her for some days.

He then took his leave, being still carried away by his disdain, and resolved to pass over into Pagan-land; and as he rode, he thought, every step of the way, of the traitor Gan; and so, riding on wherever the road took him, he reached the confines between the Christian countries and the Pagan, and came upon an abbey, situate in a dark place in a desert.

Now above the abbey was a great mountain, inhabited by three fierce giants, one of whom was named Passamonte, another Alabastro, and the third Morgante; and these giants used to disturb the abbey, by throwing things down upon it from the mountain with slings, so that the poor little monks could not go out to fetch wood or water. Orlando knocked, but nobody would open till the abbot was spoken to. At last the abbot came himself, and opening the door, bade him welcome. The good man told him the reason of the delay, and said that since the arrival of the giants, they had been so perplexed that they did not know what to do. "Our ancient fathers in the desert," quoth he, "were rewarded according to their holiness. It is not to be supposed that they lived only upon locusts; doubtless, it also rained manna upon them from heaven; but here one is *regaled with stones*, which the giants rain upon us from the mountain. These are our nice bits and relishes. The fiercest of the giants, Morgante, plucks up pines and other great trees by the roots, and casts them on us." While they were talking thus in the cemetery, there came a stone, which seemed as if it would break Rondel's back. "For God's sake, cavalier," said the abbot, "come in, *for the manna is falling*." "My dear abbot," answered Orlando, "this fellow, methinks, does not wish to let my horse feed; he wants to cure him of being restive; the stone seems as if it came from a good arm." "Yes," replied the holy father, "I did not deceive you. I think, some

day or other, they will cast the mountain upon us." Orlando quieted his horse Rondel, and then sat down to a meal; after which he said, "Abbot, I must go and return the present that has been made to my horse." The abbot with great tenderness endeavored to dissuade him, but in vain; upon which he crossed him on the forehead, and said, "Go then, and the blessing of God be with you."

Orlando scaled the mountain, and came where Passamonte was, who seeing him alone, measured him with his eyes and asked him if he would stay with him for a page, promising to make him comfortable. "Stupid Saracen," said Orlando, "I come to you, according to the will of God, to be your death, and not your foot-boy. You have displeased his servants here, and are no longer to be endured, dog that you are."

Non puo più comportarti can, mastino

The giant, finding himself thus insulted, ran in a fury to arm him, and returning to Orlando, slung at him a large stone, which struck him on the head with such force, as not only made his helmet ring again, but felled him to the earth. Passamonte thought he was dead. "What," said he, retiring to disarm himself, "could have brought that paltry fellow here?"

But Christ never forsakes his followers. While the giant went to disarm himself, Orlando recovered, and cried aloud, "Giant, where are you going? Do you think that you have killed me? Turn back, for unless you have wings, you shall not escape me, dog of a renegade." The giant greatly marvelling, turned back and stooping to pick up a stone, Orlando, who had Cortana naked in his hand, cleft his skull; and cursing Mahomet, the giant tumbled, dying and blaspheming, to the ground. Blaspheming fell the sour-hearted and cruel wretch; but Orlando, in the meanwhile, thanked the Father and the Word.

The Paladin went on, seeking for Alabastro, the second giant; who, when he saw him, endeavored to pluck up a great piece of stony earth by the roots. "Ho, ho!" cried Orlando, "what, you think to throw a stone, do you?" Then Alabastro took his sling, and flung at him so large a fragment as obliged Orlando to defend himself, for if it had struck him, he would no more

have needed a surgeon; but collecting his strength, he thrust his sword into the giant's breast, and the loggerhead fell dead.

Morgante, the third giant, had a palace made of earth, and boughs, and shingles, in which he shut himself up at night. Orlando knocked, and disturbed the giant from his sleep, who came staring to the door like a madman, for he had had a bewildering dream. "Who knocks there?" "You will know too soon," answered Orlando: "I am come to make you do penance for your sins, like your brothers. Divine Providence has sent me to avenge the wrongs of the monks upon the whole set of you; and I have to tell you, that Passamonte and Alabastro are already as cold as a couple of pilasters." "Noble knight," said Morgante, "do me no ill; but if you are a Christian, tell me in courtesy who you are." "I will satisfy you of my faith," replied Orlando: "I adore Christ; and, if you please, you may adore him also."

"I have had a strange vision," replied Morgante, with a low voice: "I was assailed by a dreadful serpent, and called upon Mahomet in vain; then I called upon your God, who was crucified, and he succored me, and I was delivered from the serpent; so I am disposed to become a Christian."

"If you keep in this mind," returned Orlando, "you shall worship the true God, and come with me and be my companion, and I will love you with perfect love. Your idols are false and vain; the true God is the God of the Christians. Deny the unjust and villainous worship of your Mahomet, and be baptized in the name of my God, who alone is worthy." "I am content," said Morgante. Then Orlando embraced him, and said, "I will lead you to the abbey." "Let us go quickly," replied Morgante, for he was impatient to make his peace with the monks. Orlando rejoiced, saying "My good brother, and devout withal, you must ask pardon of the abbot; for God has enlightened you, and accepted you, and he would have you practise humility." "Yes," said Morgante, "thanks to you, your God shall henceforth be my God. Tell me your name, and afterwards dispose of me as you will;" and he told him that he was Orlando.

"Blessed Jesus be thanked," said the giant, "for I have always heard you called a perfect knight; and as I said, I will

follow you all my life through." And so conversing they went together towards the abbey, and by the way Orlando talked with Morgante of the dead giants, and sought to console him, saying they had done the monks a thousand injuries, and our scripture says the good shall be rewarded and the evil punished, and we must submit to the will of God. "The doctors of our church," continued he, "are all agreed, that if those who are glorified in heaven, were to feel pity for their miserable kindred, who lie in such horrible confusion in hell, their beatitude would come to nothing; and this, you see, would plainly be unjust on the part of God. But such is the firmness of their faith, that what appears good to him, appears good to them. Do what he may, they hold it to be done well, and that it is impossible for him to err; so that if their very fathers and mothers are suffering everlasting punishment, it does not disturb them an atom. This is the custom, I assure you, in the choirs above."

"A word to the wise," said Morgante; "you shall see if I grieve for my brethren, and whether or no I submit to the will of God, and behave myself like an angel. So dust to dust; and now let us enjoy ourselves. I will cut off their hands, all four of them, and take them to these holy monks, that they may be sure they are dead, and not fear to go out alone into the desert. They will then be sure also that the Lord has purified me, and taken me out of darkness, and assured to me the kingdom of heaven." So saying, the giant cut off the hands of his brethren, and left their bodies to the beasts and birds.

They went to the abbey, where the abbot was expecting Orlando in great anxiety; but the monks not knowing what had happened, ran to the abbot in great haste and alarm, saying, "Will you suffer this giant to come in?" And when the abbot saw the giant he changed countenance. Orlando perceiving him thus disturbed, made haste and said, "Abbot, peace be with you! The giant is a Christian; he believes in Christ, and has renounced his false prophet, Mahomet." And Morgante showing the hands in proof of his faith, the abbot thanked heaven with great contentment of mind.

The abbot did much honor to Morgante, comparing him with St. Paul; and they rested there many days. One day, wander-

ing over the abbey, they entered a room where the abbot kept a quantity of armor; and Morgante saw a bow which pleased him, and he fastened it on. Now there was in the place a great scarcity of water; and Orlando said, like his good brother, "Morgante, I wish you would fetch us some water." "Command me as you please," said he; and placing a great tub upon his shoulders, he went towards a spring at which he had been accustomed to drink, at the foot of the mountain. Having reached the spring, he suddenly heard a great noise in the forest. He took an arrow from the quiver, placed it in the bow, and raising his head, saw a great herd of swine rushing towards the spring where he stood. Morgante shot one of them clean through the head, and laid him sprawling. Another, as if in revenge, ran towards the giant, without giving him time to use another arrow; so he lent him a cuff on the head, which broke the bone, and killed him also; which stroke the rest seeing, fled in haste through the valley. Morgante then placed the tub full of water upon one shoulder and the two porkers on the other, and returned to the abbey, which was at some distance, without spilling a drop.

The monks were delighted to see the fresh water, but still more to see the pork; for there is no animal to whom food comes amiss. They let their breviaries therefore go to sleep awhile, and fell heartily to work, so that the cats and dogs had reason to lament the polish of the bones.

"Now, why do we stay here, doing nothing?" said Orlando, one day, to Morgante; and he shook hands with the abbot, and told him he must take his leave. "I must go," said he, "and make up for lost time. I ought to have gone long ago, my good father; but I cannot tell you what I feel within me, at the content I have enjoyed here in your company. I shall bear in mind and in heart with me for ever, the abbot, the abbey, and this desert, so great is the love they have raised in me in so short a time. The great God, who reigns above, must thank you for me, in his own abode. Bestow on us your benediction, and do not forget us in your prayers."

When the abbot heard the County Orlando talk thus, his heart melted within him for tenderness, and he said, "Knight, if we

have failed in any courtesy due to your prowess and great gentleness (and, indeed, what we have done has been but little), pray put it to the account of our ignorance, and of the place which we inhabit. We are but poor men of the cloister, better able to regale you with masses, and orisons, and paternosters, than with dinners and suppers. You have so taken this heart of mine by the many noble qualities I have seen in you, that I shall be with you still wherever you go; and, on the other hand, you will always be present here with me. This seems a contradiction; but you are wise, and will take my meaning discreetly. You have saved the very life and spirit within us; for so much perturbation had those giants cast about our place, that the way to the Lord among us was blocked up. May he who sent you into these woods reward your justice and piety, by which we are delivered from our trouble; thanks be to him and to you. We shall all be disconsolate at your departure. We shall grieve that we cannot detain you among us for months and years; but you do not wear these weeds; you bear arms and armor; and you may possibly merit as well, in carrying those, as in wearing this cap. You read your Bible, and your virtue has been the means of showing the giant the way to heaven. Go in peace, and prosper, wherever you may be. I do not ask your name; but if ever I am asked who it was that came among us, I shall say that it was an angel from God. If there is any armor, or other thing that you would have, go into the room where it is, and take it." "If you have any armor that would suit my companion," replied Orlando, "that I will accept with pleasure." "Come and see," said the abbot; and they went into a room that was full of old armor. Morgante examined everything, but could find nothing large enough, except a rusty breast-plate, which fitted him marvellously. It had belonged to an enormous giant, who was killed there of old, by Milo of Angrante. There was a painting on the wall, which told the whole story: how the giant had laid cruel and long siege to the abbey; and how he had been overthrown at last by the great Milo. Orlando seeing this, said within himself:—"Oh God! unto whom all things are known, how came Milo here who destroyed this giant?" And reading certain inscriptions

which were there, he could no longer keep a firm countenance, but the tears ran down his cheeks.

When the abbot saw Orlando weep, and his brow redden, and the light of his eyes become childlike, for sweetness, he asked him the reason; but finding him still dumbly affected, he said, "I do not know whether you are overpowered by admiration of what is painted in this chamber. You must know that I am of high descent, though not through lawful wedlock. I believe I may say, I am nephew or sister's son to no less a man than that Rinaldo, who was so great a Paladin in the world, though my own father was not of a lawful mother. Ansuigi was his name; my own, out in the world, was Chiaramonte, and this Milo was my father's brother. Ah, gentle baron, for blessed Jesus' sake, tell me what name is yours!" Orlando, all glowing with affection, and bathed in tears, replied, "My dear abbot and kinsman, he before you is your Orlando." Upon this, they ran for tenderness into each other's arms, weeping on both sides with a sovereign affection, which was too high to be expressed. The abbot was so overjoyed that he seemed as if he would never have done embracing Orlando. "By what fortune," said the knight, "do I find you in this obscure place? Tell me, my dear father, how was it you became a monk, and did not follow arms, like myself and the rest of us?"

"It is the will of God," replied the abbot, hastening to give his feelings utterance. "Many and divers are the paths he points out for us, by which to arrive at his city: some walk it with the sword, some with the pastoral staff. Nature makes the inclination different, and therefore there are different ways for us to take; enough if we all arrive safely at one and the same place, the last as well as the first. We are all pilgrims through many kingdoms. We all wish to go to Rome, Orlando; but we go picking out our journey through different roads. Such is the trouble in body and soul brought upon us by that sin of the old apple. Day and night am I here with my book in hand; day and night do you ride about, holding your sword, and sweating oft both in sun and shadow, and all to get round at last to the home from which we departed—I say all out of anxiety and hope, to get back unto our home of old." And the giant hearing them talk of these things, shed tears also.

CHAPTER LXIII.

My Books.*

SITTING, last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fire-side could afford me; to wit, a table of high-piled books at my back, my writing-desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet; I began to consider how I loved the authors of those books: how I loved them, too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afford me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them. I looked sideways at my *Spenser*, my *Theocritus*, and my *Arabian Nights;* then above them at my Italian poets; then behind me at my *Dryden* and *Pope*, my romances, and my *Boccaccio;* then on my left side at my *Chaucer*, who lay on a writing-desk; and thought how natural it was in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to *Chapman's Homer*. At the same time I wondered how he could sit in that front room of his with nothing but a few unfeeling tables and chairs, or at best a few engravings in trim frames, instead of putting a couple of arm-chairs into the back-room with the books in it, where there is but one window. Would I were there, with both the chairs properly filled, and one or two more besides! "We had talk, sir,"—the only talk capable of making one forget the books.

I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather. If the wind comes through a passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better disposition of my moveables; if a melancholy thought is importunate, I give another

* This and the following paper was written during the author's residence in Italy. The use of the first person singular instead of plural, was involuntary

glance at my *Spenser*. When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally. I like to lean my head against them. Living in a southern climate, though in a part sufficiently northern to feel the winter, I was obliged, during that season, to take some of the books out of the study, and hang them up near the fire-place in the sitting-room, which is the only room that has such a convenience. I therefore walled myself in, as well as I could, in the manner above-mentioned. I took a walk every day, to the astonishment of the Genoese, who used to huddle against a bit of sunny wall, like flies on a chimney-piece; but I did this only that I might so much the more enjoy my *English* evening. The fire was a wood fire instead of a coal; but I imagined myself in the country. I remembered at the very worst, hat one end of my native land was not nearer the other than England is to Italy.

While writing this article I am in my study again. Like the rooms in all houses in this country which are not hovels, it is handsome and ornamented. On one side it looks towards a garden and the mountains; on another, to the mountains and the sea. What signifies all this? I turn my back upon the sea; I shut up even one of the side windows looking upon the mountains, and retain no prospect but that of the trees. On the right and left of me are book-shelves; a book-case is affectionately open in front of me; and thus kindly inclosed with my books and the green leaves, I write. If all this is too luxurious and effeminate, of all luxuries it is the one that leaves you the most strength. And this is to be said for scholarship in general. It unfits a man for activity, for his bodily part in the world; but it often doubles both the power and the sense of his mental duties; and with much indignation against his body, and more against those who tyrannise over the intellectual claims of mankind, the man of letters, like the magician of old, is prepared "to play the devil" with the great men of this world, in a style that astonishes both the sword and the toga.

I do not like this fine large study. I like elegance. I like room to breathe in, and even walk about, when I want to breathe and walk about. I like a great library next my study; but for the study itself, give me a small snug place, almost entirely walled

with books. There should be only one window in it, looking upon trees. Some prefer a place with few, or no books at all—nothing but a chair or a table, like Epictetus; but I should say that these were philosophers, not lovers of books, if I did not recollect that Montaigne was both. He had a study in a round tower, walled as aforesaid. It is true, one forgets one's books while writing—at least they say so. For my part, I think I have them in a sort of sidelong mind's eye; like a second thought, which is none—like a water-fall, or a whispering wind.

I dislike a grand library to study in. I mean an immense apartment, with books all in Museum order, especially wire-safed. I say nothing against the Museum itself, or public libraries. They are capital places to go to, but not to sit in; and talking of this, I hate to read in public, and in strange company. The jealous silence; the dissatisfied looks of the messengers; the inability to help yourself; the not knowing whether you really ought to trouble the messengers, much less the *gentleman* in black, or brown, who is, perhaps, half a trustee; with a variety of other jarrings between privacy and publicity, prevent one's settling heartily to work. They say "they manage these things better in France;" and I dare say they do; but I think I should feel still more *distrait* in France, in spite of the benevolence of the servitors, and the generous profusion of pen, ink, and paper. I should feel as if I were doing nothing but interchanging amenities with polite writers.

A grand private library, which the master of the house also makes his study, never looks to me like a real place of books, much less of authorship. I cannot take kindly to it. It is certainly not out of envy; for three parts of the books are generally trash, and I can seldom think of the rest and the proprietor together. It reminds me of a fine gentleman, of a collector, of a patron, of Gil Blas and the Marquis of Marialva; of anything but genius and comfort. I have a particular hatred of a round table (not *the* Round Table, for that was a dining one) covered and irradiated with books, and never met with one in the house of a clever man but once. It is the reverse of Montaigne's Round Tower. Instead of bringing the books around you, they all seem turning another way, and eluding your hands.

Conscious of my propriety and comfort in these matters, I take an interest in the book-cases as well as the books of my friends. I long to meddle, and dispose them after my own notions. When they see this confession, they will acknowledge the virtue I have practised. I believe I did mention his book-room to C. L. and I think he told me that he often sat there when alone. It would be hard not to believe him. His library, though not abounding in Greek or Latin (which are the only things to help some persons to an idea of literature), is anything but superficial. The depth of philosophy and poetry are there, the innermost passages of the human heart. It has some Latin too. It has also a handsome contempt for appearance. It looks like what it is, a selection made at precious intervals from the book-stalls;—now a Chaucer at nine and two-pence; now a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Browne at two shillings; now a Jeremy Taylor; a Spinoza; an old English Dramatist, Prior, and Sir Philip Sidney; and the books are "neat as imported." The very perusal of the backs is a "discipline of humanity." There Mr. Southey takes his place again with an old Radical friend: there Jeremy Collier is at peace with Dryden: there the lion, Martin Luther, lies down with the Quaker lamb, Sewell; there Guzman d'Alfarache thinks himself fit company for Sir Charles Grandison, and has his claims admitted. Even the "high fantastical" Duchess of Newcastle, with her laurel on her head, is received with grave honors, and not the less for declining to trouble herself with the constitutions of her maids. There is an approach to this in the library of W. C. who also includes Italian among his humanities. W. H., I believe, has no books, except mine; but he has Shakspeare and Rousseau by heart. N., who though not a book-man by profession, is fond of those who are, and who loves his volume enough to read it across the fields, has his library in the common sitting-room, which is hospitable. H. R.'s books are all too modern and finely bound, which however is not his fault, for they were left him by will,—not the most kindly act of the testator. Suppose a man were to bequeath us a great japan chest three feet by four, with an injunction that it was always to stand on the tea-table. I remember borrowing a book of H. R. which, having lost, I replaced with a copy equally well bound. I am

not sure I should have been in such haste, even to return the book, had it been a common-looking volume; but the splendor of the loss dazzled me into this ostentatious piece of propriety. I set about restoring it as if I had diminished his fortunes, and waived the privilege a friend has to use a man's things as his own. I may venture upon this ultra-liberal theory, not only because candor compels me to say that I hold it to a greater extent, with Montaigne, but because I have been a meek son in the family of book-losers. I may affirm, upon a moderate calculation, that I have lent and lost in my time (and I am eight-and-thirty), half-a-dozen decent sized libraries,—I mean books enough to fill so many ordinary book-cases. I have never complained; and self-love, as well as gratitude, makes me love those who do not complain of me.

I own I borrow books with as much facility as I lend. I cannot see a work that interests me on another person's shelf, without a wish to carry it off: but, I repeat, that I have been much more sinned against than sinning in the article of non-return; and am scrupulous in the article of intention. I never had a felonious intent upon a book but once; and then I shall only say, it was under circumstances so peculiar, that I cannot but look upon the conscience that induced me to restore it, as having sacrificed the spirit of its very self to the letter; and I have a grudge against it accordingly. Some people are unwilling to lend their books. I have a special grudge against them, particularly those who accompany their unwillingness with uneasy professions to the contrary, and smiles, like Sir Fretful Plagiary. The friend who helped to spoil my notions of property, or rather to make them too good for the world "as it goes," taught me also to undervalue my squeamishness in refusing to avail myself of the books of these gentlemen. He showed me how it was doing good to all parties to put an ordinary face on the matter; though I know his own blushed not a little sometimes in doing it, even when the good to be done was for another. I feel, in truth, that even when anger inclines me to exercise this privilege of philosophy, it is more out of revenge than contempt. I fear that in allowing myself to borrow books, I sometimes make extremes

meet in a very sinful manner, and do it out of a refined revenge. It is like eating a miser's beef at him.

I yield to none in my love of bookstall urbanity. I have spent as happy moments over the stalls, as any literary apprentice boy who ought to be moving onwards. But I confess my weakness in liking to see some of my favorite purchases neatly bound. The books I like to have about me most are, Spenser, Chaucer, the minor poems of Milton, the Arabian Nights, Theocritus, Ariosto, and such old good-natured speculations as Plutarch's Morals. For most of these I like a plain good old binding, never mind how old, provided it wears well; but my Arabian Nights may be bound in as fine and flowery a style as possible, and I should love an engraving to every dozen pages. Book-prints of all sorts, bad and good, take with me as much as when I was a child; and I think some books, such as Prior's Poems, ought always to have portraits of the authors. Prior's airy face with his cap on, is like having his company. From early association, no edition of Milton pleases me so much, as that in which there are pictures of the Devil with brute ears, dressed like a Roman General: nor of Bunyan, as the one containing the print of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with the Devil whispering in Christian's ear, or old Pope by the way-side, and

> "Vanity Fair,
> With the pilgrims suffering there."

I delight in the recollection of the puzzle I used to have with the frontispiece of the *Tale of a Tub*, of my real horror at the sight of that crawling old man representing Avarice, at the beginning of *Enfield's Speaker*, the *Looking-Glass*, or some such book; and even of the careless school-boy hats, and the prim stomachers and cottage bonnets, of such golden-age antiquities as the *Village School*. The oldest and most worn-out wood-cut, representing King Pippin, Goody Two Shoes, or the grim Soldan, sitting with three staring blots for his eyes and mouth, his sceptre in one hand, and his other five fingers raised and spread in admiration at the feasts of the Gallant London Prentice, cannot excite in me a feeling of ingratitude. Cooke's edition of the *British Poets* and *Novelists* came out when I was at school, for which reason I

never could put up with Suttaby's or Walker's publications, except in the case of such works as the *Fairy Tales*, which Mr. Cooke did not publish. Besides, they are too cramped, thick, and mercenary; and the pictures are all frontispieces. They do not come in at the proper places. Cooke realized the old woman's beau-ideal of a prayer-book,—"A little book, with a great deal of matter, and a large type:"—for the type was really large for so small a volume. Shall I ever forget his Collins and Grey, books at once so "superbly ornamented" and so inconceivably cheap? Sixpence could procure much before; but never could it procure so much as then, or was at once so much respected, and so little cared for. His artist Kirk was the best artist, except Stothard, that ever designed for periodical works; and I will venture to add (if his name rightly announces his country) the best artist Scotland ever produced, except Wilkie, but he unfortunately had not enough of his country in him to keep him from dying young. His designs for Milton and the *Arabian Nights*, his female extricated from the water in the *Tales of the Genii*, and his old hag issuing out of the chest of the Merchant Abadah in the same book, are before me now, as vividly as they were then. He possessed elegance and the sense of beauty in no ordinary degree; though they sometimes played a trick or so of foppery. I shall never forget the gratitude with which I received an odd number of Akenside, value sixpence, one of the set of that poet, which a boarder distributed among three or four of us, "with his mother's compliments." The present might have been more lavish, but I hardly thought of that. I remember my number; it was the one in which there is a picture of the poet on a sofa, with Cupid coming to him, and the words underneath, "Tempt me no more, insidious Love!" The picture and the number appeared to me equally divine. I cannot help thinking to this day, that it is right and natural in a gentleman to sit in a stage-dress, on that particular kind of sofa, though on no other, with that exclusive hat and feathers on his head, telling Cupid to begone with a tragic air.

I love an author the more for having been himself a lover of books. The idea of an ancient library perplexes our sympathy by its map-like volumes, rolled upon cylinders. Our im-

agination cannot take kindly to a yard of wit, or to thirty inches of moral observation, rolled out like linen in a draper's shop. But we conceive of Plato as of a lover of books; of Aristotle certainly; of Plutarch, Pliny, Horace, Julian, and Marcus Aurelius. Virgil, too, must have been one; and, after a fashion, Martial. May I confess, that the passage which I recollect with the greatest pleasure in Cicero, is where he says that books delight us at home, *and are no impediment abroad;* travel with us, ruralise with us. His period is rounded off to some purpose: "*Delectant domi, non impediunt foris; peregrinantur, rusticantur.*" I am so much of this opinion, that I do not care to be anywhere without having a book or books at hand, and like Dr. Orkborne, in the novel of *Camilla*, stuff the coach or post-chaise with them whenever I travel. As books, however, become ancient, the love of them becomes more unequivocal and conspicuous. The ancients had little of what we call learning. They made it. They were also no very eminent buyers of books—they made books for posterity. It is true, that it is not at all necessary to love many books, in order to love them much. The scholar, in Chaucer, who would rather have

> At his beddes head
> A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
> Than robès rich, or fiddle, or psaltrie.—

doubtless beat all our modern collectors in his passion for reading; but books must at least exist, and have acquired an eminence, before their lovers can make themselves known. There must be a possession, also, to perfect the communion; and the mere contact is much, even when our mistress speaks an unknown language. Dante puts Homer, the great ancient, in his *Elysium*, upon trust; but a few years afterwards, *Homer*, the book, made its appearance in Italy, and Petrarch, in a transport, put it upon his book-shelves, where he adored it, like "the unknown God." Petrarch ought to be the god of the bibliomaniacs, for he was a collector and a man of genius, which is a union that does not often happen. He copied out, with his own precious hand, the manuscripts he rescued from time, and then produced

others for time to reverence. With his head upon a book he died. Boccaccio, his friend, was another; nor can we look upon the longest and most tiresome works he wrote (for he did write some tiresome ones, in spite of the gaiety of his *Decameron*), without thinking, that in the resuscitation of the world of letters, it must have been natural to a man of genius to add to the existing stock of volumes, at whatsoever price. I always pitch my completest idea of a lover of beoks, either in these dark ages, as they are called,

(Cui cieco a torto il cieco volgo appella)—

or in the gay town days of Charles II., or a little afterwards. In both times the portrait comes out by the force of contrast. In the first, I imagine an age of iron warfare and energy, with solitary retreats, in which the monk or the hooded scholar walks forth to meditate, his precious volume under his arm. In the other, I have a triumphant example of the power of books and wit to contest the victory with sensual pleasure:—Rochester, staggering home to pen a satire in the style of Monsieur Boileau; Butler, cramming his jolly duodecimo with all the learning that he laughed at; and a new race of book poets come up, who, in spite of their periwigs and petit-maitres, talk as romantically of "the bays," as if they were priests of Delphos. It was a victorious thing in books to beguile even the old French of their egotism, or at least to share it with them. Nature never pretended to do as much. And here is the difference between the two ages, or between any two ages in which genius and art predominate. In the one, books are loved because they are the records of nature and her energies; in the other, because they are the records of those records, or evidences of the importance of the individuals, and proofs of our descent in the new and imperishable aristocracy. This is the reason why rank (with few exceptions) is so jealous of literature, and loves to appropriate or withhold the honors of it, as if they were so many toys and ribbons, like its own. It has an instinct that the two pretensions are incompatible. When Montaigne (a real lover of books) affected the order of St. Michael, and pleased himself with possessing that fugitive little piece of importance, he did it because

he would pretend to be above nothing that he really felt, or that was felt by men in general; but at the same time he vindicated his natural superiority over this weakness by praising and loving all higher and lasting things, and by placing his best glory in doing homage to the geniuses that had gone before him. He did not endeavor to think that an immortal renown was a fashion, like that of the cut of his scarf; or that by under-valuing the one, he should go shining down to posterity in the other, perpetual lord of Montaigne and of the ascendant.

There is a period of modern times, at which the love of books appears to have been of a more decided nature than at either of these—I mean the age just before and after the Reformation, or rather all that period when book-writing was confined to the learned languages. Erasmus was the god of it. Bacon, a mighty book-man, saw, among his other sights, the great advantage of loosening the vernacular tongue, and wrote both Latin and English. I allow this is the greatest closeted age of books; of old scholars sitting in dusty studies; of heaps of "illustrious obscure," rendering themselves more illustrious and more obscure by retreating from the "thorny queaches" of Dutch and German names into the "vacant interlunar caves" of appellations Latinised or translated. I think I see all their volumes now filling the shelves of a dozen German convents. The authors are bearded men, sitting in old wood-cuts, in caps and gowns, and their books are dedicated to princes and statesmen, as illustrious as themselves. My old friend Wierus, who wrote a thick book, *De Præstigiis Dæmonum*, was one of them, and had a fancy worthy of his sedentary stomach. I will confess, once for all, that I have a liking for them all. It is my link with the bibliomaniacs, whom I admit into our relationship, because my love is large, and my family pride nothing. But still I take my idea of books read with a gusto, of companions for bed and board, from the two ages before-mentioned. The other is of too book-worn a description. There must be both a judgment and a fervor; a discrimination and a boyish eagerness; and (with all due humility) something of a point of contact between authors worth reading and the reader. How can I take Juvenal into the fields, or Valcarenghius *De Aortæ Aneurismate* to bed with me? How

could I expect to walk before the face of nature with the one; to tire my elbow properly with the other, before I put out my candle, and turn round deliciously on the right side? Or how could I stick up Coke upon Littleton, against something on the dinner-table, and be divided between a fresh paragraph, and a mouthful of salad?

I take our four great English poets to have all been fond of reading. Milton and Chaucer proclaim themselves for hard sitters at books. Spenser's reading is evident by his learning; and if there were nothing else to show for it in Shakspeare, his retiring to his native town, long before old age, would be a proof of it. It is impossible for a man to live in solitude without such assistance, unless he is a metaphysician or mathematician, or the dullest of mankind; and any country town would be solitude to Shakspeare, after the bustle of a metropolis and a theatre. Doubtless he divided his time between his books, and his bowling-green, and his daughter Susanna. It is pretty certain, also, that he planted, and rode on horseback; and there is evidence of all sorts to make it clear, that he must have occasionally joked with the blacksmith, and stood godfather for his neighbors' children. Chaucer's account of himself must be quoted, for the delight and sympathy of all true readers —

> And as for me, though that I can but lite,
> On bookès for to rede I me delite,
> And to hem yeve I faith and full credènce,
> And in mine herte have hem in reverence
> So hertèly, that there is gamè none,
> That fro my bookès maketh me to gone,
> But it is seldome on the holy daie;
> Save certainly whan that the month of May
> Is comen, and that I hear the foulès sing,
> And that the flourès ginnen for to spring.
> Farewell my booke and my devociön.
>
> *The Legend of Good Women.*

And again, in the second book of his *House of Fame*, where *the eagle* addresses him :—

> ——— Thou wilt make
> At night full oft thine head to ake,

And in thy study as thou writest,
And evermore of Love enditest,
In honor of him and his praisings,
And in his folkès furtherings,
And in his matter all devisest,
And not him ne his folke despisest,
Although thou mayst go in the daunse
Of hem, that him list not advance;
Therefore as I said, ywis,
Jupiter considreth well this.
And also, beausire, of other things;
That is, thou hast no tidings
Of Lovès folke, if they be glade,
Ne of nothing else that God made,
And not only fro ferre countree,
But no tidings commen to thee,
Not of thy very neighboris,
That dwellen almost at thy dores;
Thou hearest neither that ne this,
For whan thy labor all done is,
And hast made all thy rekenings,*
nstead of rest and of new things,
Thou goest home to thine house anone,
And all so dombe as anie stone,
Thou sittest at another booke,
Till fully dazed is thy looke.

After I think of the bookishness of Chaucer and Milton, I always make a great leap to Prior and Fenton. Prior was first noticed, when a boy, by Lord Dorset, sitting in his uncle's tavern, and reading Horace. He describes himself, years after, when Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, as taking the same author with him in the Saturday's chaise, in which he and his mistress used to escape from town cares into the country, to the admiration of Dutch beholders. Fenton was a martyr to contented scholarship (including a sirloin and a bottle of wine), and died among his books, of inactivity. "He rose late," says Johnson, "and when he had risen, sat down to his books and papers." A woman that once waited on him in a lodging, told him, as she said, that he would "lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon." He must have had an enviable liver, if he was happy. I must own (if my conscience would let me), that I should like to lead, half

* Chaucer at this time had an office under the government.

the year, just such a life (women included, though not that woman), the other half being passed in the fields and woods, with a cottage just big enough to hold us. Dacier and his wife had a pleasant time of it; both fond of books, both scholars, both amiable, both wrapped up in the ancient world, and helping one another at their tasks. If they were not happy, matrimony would be a rule even without an exception. Pope does not strike me as being a bookman; he was curious rather than enthusiastic; more nice than wise; he dabbled in modern Latin poetry, which is a bad symptom. Swift was decidedly a reader; the *Tale of a Tub*, in its fashion as well as substance, is the work of a scholarly wit; the *Battle of the Books* is the fancy of a lover of libraries. Addison and Steele were too much given up to Button's and the town. Periodical writing, though its demands seem otherwise, is not favorable to reading; it becomes too much a matter of business, and will either be attended to at the expense of the writer's books, or books, the very admonishers of his industry, will make him idle. Besides, a periodical work, to be suitable to its character, and warrant its regular recurrence, must involve something of a gossiping nature, and proceed upon experiences familiar to the existing community, or at least likely to be received by them in consequence of some previous tinge of inclination. You do not pay weekly visits to your friends to lecture them, whatever good you may do their minds. There will be something compulsory in reading the Ramblers, as there is in going to church. Addison and Steele undertook to regulate the minor morals of society, and effected a world of good, with which scholarship had little to do. Gray was a bookman; he wished to be always lying on sofas, reading "eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux." This is a true hand. The elaborate and scientific look of the rest of his reading was owing to the necessity of employing himself: he had not health and spirits for the literary voluptuousness he desired. Collins, for the same reason, could not employ himself; he was obliged to dream over Arabian tales, to let the light of the supernatural world half in upon his eyes. "He loved," as Johnson says (in that strain of music, inspired by tenderness), "fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove

through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens." If Collins had had a better constitution, I do not believe that he would have written his projected work upon the *Restoration of Literature*, fit as he was by scholarship for the task, but he would have been the greatest poet since the days of Milton. If his friend Thomas Warton had had a little more of his delicacy of organization, the love of books would almost have made him a poet. His edition of the minor poems of Milton is a wilderness of sweets. It is the only one in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation; though I confess I am inclined enough to pardon any notes that resemble it, however numerous. The "builded rhyme" stands at the top of the page, like a fair edifice with all sorts of flowers and fresh waters at its foot. The young poet lives there, served by the nymphs and fauns.

> Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades.
> Huc ades, o formose puer: tibi lilia plenis
> Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis: tibi candida Nais
> Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,
> Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.

Among the old writers I must not forget Ben Jonson and Donne. Cowley has been already mentioned. His boyish love of books, like all the other inclinations of his early life, stuck to him to the last; which is the greatest reward of virtue. I would mention Izaak Walton, if I had not a grudge against him. His brother fishermen, the divines, were also great fishers of books. I have a grudge against them and their divinity. They talk much of the devil and divine right, and yet forget what Shakspeare says of the devil's friend Nero, that he is "an angler in the lake of darkness." Selden was called "the walking library of our nation." It is not the pleasantest idea of him; but the library included poetry and wit, as well as heraldry and the Jewish doctors. His *Table Talk* is equally pithy and pleasant, and truly worthy of the name, for it implies other speakers. Indeed it was actually what it is called, and treasured up by his friends. Selden wrote complimentary verses to his

friends the poets, and a commentary on Drayton s Polyolbion. Drayton was himself a reader, addicted to all the luxuries of scholarship. Chapman sat among his books, like an astrologer among his spheres and altitudes.

How pleasant it is to reflect, that all these lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired! How Ovid and Horace exulted in anticipating theirs! And how the world have justified their exultation! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no farther; which generates, and yet is not destroyed. Consider: minds themselves are exhausted; cities perish; kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal.

> Muoiono le città, muoiono i regni,
> E l' uom d' esser mortal par che si sdegni.

Yet this little body of thought, that lies before me in the shape of a book, has existed thousands of years, nor since the invention of the press can anything short of an universal convulsion of nature abolish it. To a shape like this, so small yet so comprehensive, so slight yet so lasting, so insignificant yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning, is enabled to live and warm us for ever. To a shape like this turns the placid sage of Academus: to a shape like this the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spenser, the pungent elegance of Pope, and the volatility of Prior. In one small room, like the compressed spirits of Milton, can be gathered together.

> The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? This is a question which every author who is a lover of books, asks himself some time in his life; and which must be pardoned, because it cannot be helped. I know not. I cannot exclaim with the poet,

> Oh that my name were number'd among theirs,
> Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

For my mortal days, few and feeble as the rest of them may be, are of consequence to others. But I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind, when he is no more. At all events, nothing, while I live and think, can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die; and perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my overbeating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Bees, Butterflies, &c, with the consideration of a curious argument, drawn from the government of the hive.

ALEXANDER said, that if he were not Alexander, he should wish to be Diogenes. Reader, what sort of animal would you be, if you were obliged to be one, and were not a man?

Irish Reader :—A woman.

Oh, ho! The choice is judicious, but not to the purpose, "you divil :"—we mean, out of the pale of the species. Consider the question, dear readers, and answer it to your friends and consciences. The pastime is pretty, and fetches out the character. Nor is there anything in it unworthy the dignity of your humanity, as that liberal term may show us, without farther reasons. Animals partake with us the gifts of song, and beauty, and the affections. They beat us in some things, as in the power of flight. The dove has the wings of the angel. The meanest reptile has eyes and limbs, as well as Nicholas, emperor of all the Russias. Sir Philip Sydney tells us of a riding-master at Vienna, who expatiated so eloquently on the qualities of the noble animal he had to deal with, that he almost persuaded our illustrious countryman to wish himself a horse. A year or two back, everybody in London that had a voice, was resolved upon being "a butterfly, born in a bower:" and Goldsmith had such a tendency to sympathize with the least sympathetic part of the creation, that he took a pleasure in fancying himself writing an autobiography of fish. It was the inconsiderate laugh of Johnson, upon his mention of it, that produced that excellent retort on the Doctor's grandiosity of style: "If you were to describe little fish conversing, you would make them talk like great whales."

How different from the sensations of mankind, with its delicate skin and apprehensive fingers, must be those of feathered and

scaled animals, of animals with hoofs and claws, and of such creatures as beetles and other insects, who live in coats of mail, have twenty feet apiece, and hundreds of eyes! A writer who should make these creatures talk, would be forced, in spite of his imagination, to write parts of his account in a jargon, in order to typify what he could not express. What must be their sensations when they awake; when they spin webs; when they wrap themselves up in the chrysalis; when they stick for hours together on a wall or a pane of glass, apparently stupid and insensible? What may not the eagle see in the sky, beyond the capabilities of our vision? And on the other hand, what possibilities of visible existence round about them may they not realize; what creatures not cognisable by our senses. There is reason to believe in the existence of myriads of earthly creatures, who are not conscious of the presence of man. Why may not man be unconscious of others, even at his side? There are minute insects that evidently know nothing of the human hand that is close to them; and millions in water and in air that apparently can have no conception of us. As little may our five senses be capable of knowing others. But what, it may be asked, is the good of these speculatious! To enlarge knowledge, and vivify the imagination. The universe is not made up of hosiery and the three per cents.; no, nor even of the *Court Guide*.

Sir Thomas Browne would not have thought it beneath him to ask what all those innumerable little gentry (we mean the insects) are about, between our breakfast and dinner; how the time passes in the solitudes of America, or the depths of the Persian gulf; or what they are doing even, towards three in the afternoon, in the planet Mercury. Without going so far as that for an enlargement of our being, it will do us no harm to sympathize with as many creatures as we can. It gives us the privilege of the dervise, who could pitch himself into the animals he killed, and become a stag or a bird. We know not what sort of a fish Goldsmith could have made of himself. La Fontaine's animals are all La Fontaine, at least in their way of talking. As far as luxury goes, and a total absence from human cares, nobody has painted animal enjoyment better than the most luxurious of poets, Spenser, in the description of his Butter-

fly. La Fontaine called himself the Butterfly of Parnassus; but we defy him to have produced anything like the abundance and continuity of the following picture, which is exuberant to a degree that makes our astonishment run over in laughter. It seems as if it would never leave off. We quote the whole of it, both on this account, and because we believe it to be unique of the kind. Ovid himself is not so long nor so fine in any one of his descriptions, which are also not seldom misplaced—a charge that does not attach here: and Marino, another exuberant genius of the south of Italy, is too apt to run the faults of Ovid to seed, without having some of his good qualities. Spenser is describing a butterfly, bound upon his day's pleasure. A common observer sees one of these beautiful little creatures flutter across a garden, thinks how pretty and sprightly it is, and there his observation comes to an end. Now mark what sort of report a poet can give in, even of the luxuries of a fly:—

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight,
  Unto his journey did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight
  Over the fields, *in his franke lustinesse*;
And *all* the champaine o'er he soared light,
  And *all* the countrey wide he did *possesse*,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes greene,
  With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unseene,
  Nor *the ranke grassie fennes delights* untride
But none of these, however sweet they beene,
  Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide
His choicefull sense with every change doth flit
No common things may please a wavering wit

To the gay gardins his unstaid desire
  Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprights:
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
  Powres forth sweet odors and alluring sights,
And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire
  T'excell the naturall with made delights:

And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,
In *riotous excesse* doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to t'other border:
And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
Of every flowre and herbe there set in order;
Now this, now that, *he tasteth tenderly*,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most varietie,
And change of sweetness (for all change *is* sweet)
He casts his *glutton sense* to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meet,
Or of the dew, which yet on them does lie;
Now in the same *bathing his tender feet:*
And then he percheth on some branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then again *he turneth to his play,*
To spoil the pleasures of that paradise;
The wholesome sage, the lavender still gray,
Rank-smelling rue, and cummin good for eyes,
The roses raigning in the pride of May,
Sharp hyssop good for green wounds remedies,
Faire marigolds, and *bees-alluring* thyme,
Sweet marjoram, and daysies decking prime.

Cool violets, and orpine growing still,
Embathed balm, and chearful galingale,
Fresh costmarie, and breathfull camomill,
Dull poppy, and drink-quickening setuale,
Veyne-healing verven, and head-purging dill,
Sound savorie, and basil hartie-hale,
Fat coleworts, and comforting perseline,
Cool lettuce, and refreshing rosmarine;

And whatso else of vertue good or ill,
Grew in this gardin, *fetch'd from far away,*
Of *every* one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures *greedily doth prey,*
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed at fill,
In the warme sunne he doth himselfe embay,

And there him rests in *riotous suffisaunce*
Of all his gladfulness, *and kingly joyaunce.*

Nothing, it might be supposed, could be said after this; and yet the poet strikes up a question, in a tone like a flourish of trumpets, after this royal dinner:—

" *What more felicitie can fall to creature,*
Than to enjoy delight with libertie
And to be lord of all the works of Nature?
To reigne in the aire from th' earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowers, *and weedes of glorious feature?*
To take whatever thing doth please the eye?
Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness."

Amen, thou most satisfying of poets! But when are human beings to be as well off in that matter as the butterflies? or how are you to make them content, should the time come when they have nothing to earn? However, there is a vast deal to be learned from the poet's recommendation, before we need ask either of those questions. We may enjoy a great deal more innocent " delight with liberty " than we are in the habit of doing; and may be lords, if not of " all the works of nature," of a great many green fields and reasonable holidays. It seems a mighty thing to call a butterfly " lord of all the works of nature. Many lords, who have pretensions to be butterflies, have no pretensions as wide as those. And, doubtless, there is a pleasant little lurking of human pride and satire in the poet's eye, notwithstanding his epical impartiality, when he talks thus of the universal empire of his hero. And yet how inferior are the grandest inanimate works of nature, to the least thing that has life in it! The oaks are mighty, and the hills mightier; yet that little participation of the higher spirit of vitality, which gifts the butterfly with locomotion, renders him unquestionable lord of the oaks and the hills. He does what he pleases with them, and leaves them with a spurn of his foot.

Another beauty to be noted in the above luxurious lines, is the fine sense with which the poet makes his butterfly fond of things not very pleasant to our human apprehension—such as bitter

herbs, and "rank, grassy fens." And like a right great poet, he makes no apology for saying so much about so little a creature. Man may be made a very little creature to a very great apprehension, yet we know what a world of things he contains; and all who partake of his senses are sharers of his importance. The passions and faculties which render us of consequence to one another, render the least thing that breathes of consequence in the eyes of the poet, who is the man that sees fair play among all the objects of the creation. A poetaster might be afraid to lower his little muse, by making her notice creatures hardly less than herself: the greater the poet, the more godlike his impartiality. Homer draws his similes, as Jupiter might have done, from some of the homeliest animals. The god made them, and therefore would have held them in due estimation: the poet (Ποιητής, the Maker) *remakes* them, and therefore contemplates them in a like spirit. Old Kit Marlowe, who, as Drayton says—

> "Had in him those brave sublunary things
> That the first poets had,"

ventures, in some play of his, upon as true and epic a simile as ever was written, taken from no mightier a sphere than one of his parlor windows:—

> ——"Untameable as flies."

Imagine the endeavor to *tame a fly!* It is obvious that there is no getting at him: he does not comprehend you: he knows nothing about you: it is doubtful, in spite of his large eyes, whether he even sees you; at least to any purpose of recognition. How capriciously and provokingly he glides hither and thither! What angles and diagrams he describes in his locomotion, seemingly without any purpose! He will peg away at your sugar, but stop him who can when he has done with it. Thumping (if you could get some fairy-stick that should do it without killing) would have no effect on a creature, who shall bump his head half the morning against a pane of glass, and never learn that there is no getting through it. Solitary imprisonment would be

lost on the incomprehensible little wretch who can stand still with as much pertinacity as he can bustle about, and will stick a whole day in one posture. The best thing to be said of him is, that he is as fond of cleaning himself as a cat, doing it much in the same manner; and that he often rubs his hands together with an appearance of great energy and satisfaction.

After all, Spenser's picture of the butterfly's enjoyments is not complete, entomologically. The luxury is perfect; but the reader is not sure that it is all proper butterfly luxury, and that the man does not mix with it. It is not the definite, exclusive, and characteristic thing desiderated by Goldsmith. The butterfly, perhaps, is no fonder of "bathing his feet," than we should be to stick in a tub of treacle. And we ought to hear more of his antennæ and his feathers (for his wings are full of them), and the way in which they modify, or become affected by his enjoyments.

But, on the other hand, the inability, in these sympathies with our fellow-creatures, to divest ourselves of an overplus of one's human nature, gives them a charm by the very imperfection. We cannot leave our nature behind us when we enter into their sensations. We must retain it, by the very reason of our sympathy; and hence arises a pleasant incongruity, allied to other mixtures of truth and fiction. One of the animals which a generous and sociable man would soonest become, is a dog. A dog can have a friend; he has affections and character, he can enjoy equally the field and the fire-side; he dreams, he caresses, he propitiates; he offends and is pardoned; he stands by you in adversity; he is a good fellow. We would sooner be a dog than many of his masters. And yet what lover of dogs, or contemner of his own species, or most trusting reader of Ovid, could think with comfort of suddenly falling on all fours, and scampering about with his nose to the ground! Who would like to *lap* when he was thirsty; or, as Marvell pretended his hungry poe did—

> "With griesly tongue to dart the passing flies?"

Swift might have fancied, when he wrote his Houhhynnms, that he could fain have been a horse; yet he was obliged to take

human virtues along with him, even to adorn his rebukers of humanity; and in fancying ourself a horse after his fashion, who can contemplate with satisfaction the idea of trotting to an evening party in a paddock, inviting them to a dinner of oats, or rubbing one's meditative chin with a hoof? The real horse is a beautiful and spirited, but we fear not a very intelligent or sensitive animal, at least not in England. The Arabian, brought up with his master's family, is of another breeding, and seems to attain to higher faculties; but in Europe the horse appears to be content with as few ideas as a domestic animal can well have. Who would like to stand winking, as he does for hours, at a man's door, moving neither to the right nor the left? There is some companionship in a coach-horse; and old "Indicator" readers know the respect we entertain on that account for the veriest hacks: but it would be no stretch of ambition in the greatest lover of animals to prefer being a horse to any other. One of its pleasantest occupations would be carrying a lady; but then, pleasant as it would be to us, humanly, we should be dull to it, inasmuch as we were a horse. A monkey is too like a man in some things to be endurable as an identification with us. We shudder at the humiliation of the affinity. A monkey, in his feather and red jacket, as he is carried about the streets, eager-faced yet indifferent—looks like a melancholy, little, withered old man, cut down to that miniature size by some freak of the supernatural. What say you, reader, to being a hog? Horrible! You could not think of it:—you are too great a lover of the graces and the green fields. True;—yet there are not a few respectable, perhaps even reverend personages, who, to judge from their tastes in ordinary, would have no such horror. Next to eating pork, they may surely think there would be a pleasure in pork, eating. Sheep, goats, cattle of all sorts, have their repulsive aspect in this question. Among all our four-footed acquaintances, the deer seem to carry it, next the dog; their shapes are so elegant, and places of resort so poetical; yet, like cattle, their lives seem but dull; and there is the huntsman, who is the devil. Fancy the being compelled to scamper away from Tomkins, one of the greatest fools in existence, at the rate

of twenty miles an hour, with the tears running down your face, and your heart bursting!

No, dear and grave, and at the same time most sprightly and miscellaneous reader, one would rather be a bird than a beast.* Birds neither offend us by any revolting similarity, nor repel us by a dissimilarity that is frightful; their songs, their nests, their courtship, their vivacity, give them a strong moral likeness to some of our most pleasing characteristics; and they have an advantage over us, which forms one of the desires of our most poetical dreams—they fly. To be sure, in spite of what is said of doves (who, by the way, are horribly jealous, and beat one another), beaks and kissing do not go so well together as lips; neither would it be very agreeable to one's human head to be eternally jerking on this side and that, as if on guard against an enemy; but this, we suppose, only takes place out of the nest, and in the neighborhood of known adversaries. The songs, the wings, the flight, the rising of the lark, the luxurious wakefulness of the nightingale, the beauty of a bird's movements, his infantine quickness of life, are all charming to the imagination. "O that I had the wings of a dove!" said the royal poet in his affliction; "then would I fly away, and be at rest!" He did not think only of the "wings" of the dove; he thought of its nest, its peacefulness, its solitude, its white freedom from the soil of care and cities, and wished to be the dove itself.

It has been thought, however, that of all animated creation, the bees present the greatest moral likeness to man; not only because they labor, and lay up stores, and live in communities, but because they have a form of government and a monarchy. Virgil immortalised them after a human fashion. A writer in the time of Elizabeth, probably out of compliment to the Virgin Queen, rendered them *dramatis personæ*, and gave them a whole play to themselves. Above all, they have been held up to us, not only as a likeness, but as "a great moral lesson;" and this, not merely with regard to the duties of occupation, but the form of their polity. A monarchical government, it is said, is natural to man, because it is an instinct of nature: the very bees have it.

* Since writing this, I have a doubt in favor of the *squirrel*.

It may be worth while to inquire a moment into the value of this argument; not as affecting the right and title of our Sovereign Lord King William the Fourth (whom, with the greatest sincerity, we hope God will preserve!), but for its own sake, as well as for certain little collateral deductions. And, in the first place, we cannot but remark, how unfairly the animal creation are treated, with reference to the purposes of moral example. We degrade or exalt them, as it suits the lesson we desire to inculcate. If we rebuke a drunkard or a sensualist, we think we can say nothing severer to him than to recommend him not to make a "beast of himself;" which is very unfair towards the beasts, who are no drunkards, and behave themselves as Nature intended. A horse has no habit of drinking; he does not get a red face with it. The stag does not go reeling home to his wives. On the other hand, we are desired to be as faithful as a dog, as bold as a lion, as tender as a dove; as if the qualities denoted by these epithets were not to be found among ourselves. But above all, the bee is the argument. Is not the honey-bee, we are asked, a wise animal?—We grant it.—"Doth he not improve each passing hour?"—He is pretty busy, it must be owned—as much occupied at eleven, twelve, and one o'clock, as if his life depended on it.—Does he not lay up stores?—He does.—Is he not social?—Does he not live in communities?—There can be doubt of it.—Well, then, he has a monarchical government; and does not that clearly show that a monarchy is the instinct of nature? Does it not prove, by an unerring rule, that the only form of government in request among the obeyers of instinct, is the only one naturally fitted for man?

In answering the spirit of this question, we shall not stop to inquire how far it is right as to the letter, or how many different forms of polity are to be found among other animals, such as the crows, the beavers, the monkeys; neither shall we examine how far instinct is superior to reason, or why the example of man himself is to go for nothing. We will take for granted, that the bee is the wisest animal of all, and that it is a judicious thing to consider his manners and customs, with reference to their adoption by his inferiors, who keep him in hives. This naturally lead us to inquire, whether we could not frame all our systems

of life after the same fashion. We are busy, like the bee; we are gregarious, like him; we make provision against a rainy day; we are fond of flowers and the country; we occasionally sting, like him; and we make a great noise about what we do. Now, if we resemble the bee in so many points, and his political instinct is so admirable, let us reflect what we ought to become in other respects, in order to attain to the full benefit of his example.

In the first place, having chosen our monarch (who, by the way, in order to complete the likeness, ought always to be a queen—which is a thing to which the Tories will have no objection), we must abolish our House of Lords and Commons; for the bees have unquestionably no such institutions. This would be a little awkward for many of the stoutest advocates of the monarchical principle, who, to say the truth, often behave as if they would much rather abolish the monarch than themselves. But so it must be; and the worst of it is, that although the House of Commons would have to be abolished, as well as the House of Lords, the Commons or Commonalty are nevertheless the only persons besides the sovereign who would exercise power; and these Commons would be the working classes!

We shall show this more particularly, and by some very curious examples, in a moment. Meantime we must dispose of the Aristocracy; for though there is no House of Lords in a bee-hive, there is a considerable Aristocracy, and a very odd body they are. We doubt whether the Dukes of Newcastle and Buccleugh would like to change places with them. There is, it is true, no little resemblance between the Aristocracy of the hive and that of human communities. They are called Drones, and appear to have nothing to do but to feed and sleep.

We have just been doubting whether the celebrated phrases, *fruges consumere nati*, born to consume the fruits of the earth, is in *Juvenal's Satires* or *Virgil's Georgics*, so like in this respect are the aristocracy of the bee-hive and certain consumer, of tithes and taxes. At all events they are a body who live on the labor of others.

"Armento ignavo, e che non vuol fatica."

But the likeness has been too often remarked to need dwelling upon. Not so two little exceptions to the likeness; namely the occasional selection of a patriarch from their body; and the massacre of every man John of them once a year! Yet of these we must not lose sight, if we are to take example of bee-policy. A lover, then, or *ex-officio* husband, is occasionally taken out of their number, and becomes Prince of Denmark to the Queen Anne of the hive, but only for an incredibly short period, and for the sole purpose of keeping alive the nation; for her Majesty is a princess of a very virtuous turn of mind, a pure Utilitarian, though on a throne; and apparently has the greatest indifference, if not contempt, afterwards, and at all other times, for this singular court-officer and his peers. Nay, there is not only reason to believe, that like the fine lady in Congreve,

> "She stares upon the strange man's face
> Like one she ne'er had known,"

but some are of opinion, that the poor lord never recovers it! He dies at the end of a few days, out of sheer insignificance, though perhaps the father of no less than twelve thousand children in the space of two months! It is not safe for him to have known such exaltation, as was sometimes the case with the lovers of goddesses. How the aristocracy in general feel, on occasion of their brother's death, we have no means of judging; but we fancy them not a little alarmed, and desirous of waiving the perilous honor. And yet they appear to exist and to be numerous, solely in order to eat and drink, and furnish this rare quota of utility; for which the community are so little grateful, that once a year they hunt the whole body to death, and kill them with their stings. Drones, be it observed, have no stings; they do not carry swords, as the gentry once did in Europe, when it was a mark of their rank. Those, strange to tell! are the ornaments of the beeworking-classes. It is thought, in Hivedom, that they only are entitled to have weapons, who create property.

But we have not yet got half through the wonders which are to modify human conduct by the example of this wise, indus-

trious, and monarchy-loving people. Marvellous changes must be effected, before we have any general pretension to resemble them, always excepting in the aristocratic particular. For instance, the aristocrats of the hive, however unmasculine in their ordinary mode of life, are the only males. The working-classes, like the sovereign, are all females! How are we to manage this? We must convert, by one sudden metamorphosis, the whole body of our agricultural and manufacturing population into women! Mrs. Cobbett must displace her husband, and tell us all about Indian corn. There must be not a man in Nottingham, except the Duke of Newcastle; and he trembling, lest the Queen should send for him. The tailors, bakers, carpenters, gardeners, &c., must all be Mrs. Tailors and Mrs. Bakers. The very name of John Smith must go out. The directory must be Amazonian. This Commonalty of women must also be, at one and the same time, the operatives, the soldiers, the virgins, and the legislators of the country! They must make all we want, fight all our enemies, and even get up a Queen for us, when necessary; for the sovereigns of the hive are often of singular origin, being manufactured! literally "made to order," and that, too, by dint of their eating! They are fed and stuffed into royalty! The receipt is, to take any ordinary female bee in its infancy, put it into a royal cradle or cell, and feed it with a certain kind of jelly; upon which its shape alters into that of sovereignty, and her Majesty issues forth, royal by the grace of stomach. This is no fable, as the reader may see on consulting any good history of bees. In general, several Queen-bees are made at a time, in case of accidents; but each, on emerging from her department, seeks to destroy the other, and one only remains living in one hive. The others depart at the head of colonies like Dido.

To sum up, then, the condition of human society, were it to be remodelled after the example of the bee, let us conclude with drawing a picture of the state of our beloved country, so modified. *Imprimis*, all our working people would be females, wearing swords, never marrying, and occasionally making

queens. They would grapple with their work in a prodigious manner, and make a great noise.

Secondly, our aristocracy would be all males, never working, never marrying (except when sent for), always eating or sleeping, and annually having their throats cut. The bee massacre takes place in July, when accordingly all our nobility and gentry would be out of town, with a vengeance! The women would draw their swords, and hunt and stab them all about the west end, till Brompton and Bayswater would be choked with slain.

Thirdly, her Majesty the Queen would either succeed to a quiet throne, or, if manufactured, would have to eat a prodigious quantity of jelly in her infancy: and so after growing into proper sovereign condition, would issue forth, and begin her reign either with killing her royal sisters, or leading forth a colony to America or New South Wales. She would then take to husband some noble lord for the space of one calendar hour, and dismissing him to his dulness, proceed to lie in of 12,000 little royal highnesses in the course of the eight following weeks, with others too numerous to mention; all which princely generation, with little exception, would forthwith give up their title, and divide themselves into lords or working-women, as it happened; and so the story would go round to the end of the chapter, bustling, working, and massacreing. And here ends the sage example of the Monarchy of the Bees.

We must observe, nevertheless, before we conclude, that however ill and tragical the example of the bees may look for human imitation, we are not to suppose that the fact is anything like so melancholy to themselves. Perhaps it is no evil at all, or only so for the moment. The drones, it is true, seem to have no fancy for being massacred; but we have no reason to suppose that they, or any of the rest concerned in this extraordinary instinct, are aware of the matter beforehand; and the same is to be said of the combats between the Queen Bees—they seem to be the result of an irresistible impulse, brought about by the sudden pressure of a necessity. Bees appear to be very happy during far the greater portion of their existence. A modern

writer, of whom it is to be lamented that a certain want of refinement stopped short his perceptions, and degraded his philosophy from the finally expedient into what was fugitively so, has a passage on this point, as agreeable as what he is speaking of. "A bee among the flowers in spring," says Dr. Paley, "is one of the cheerfullest objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, *so busy and so pleased.*"

THE COMPANION.

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THE COMPANION.

"The first quality in a Companion is Truth."
SIR W. TEMPLE

CHAPTER I.

An Earth upon Heaven.

SOMEBODY, a little while ago, wrote an excellent article in the New Monthly Magazine on "Persons one would wish to have known." He should write another on "Persons one could wish to have dined with." There is Rabelais, and Horace, and the Mermaid roysters, and Charles Cotton, and Andrew Marvell, and Sir Richard Steele, *cum multis aliis:* and for the colloquial, if not the festive part, Swift and Pope, and Dr. Johnson, and Burke, and Horne Tooke. What a pity one cannot dine with them all round! People are accused of having earthly notions of heaven. As it is difficult to have any other, we may be pardoned for thinking that we could spend a very pretty thousand years in dining and getting acquainted with all the good fellows on record; and having got used to them, we think we could go very well on, and be content to wait some other thousands for a higher beatitude. Oh, to wear out one of the celestial lives of a triple century's duration, and exquisitely to grow old, in reciprocating dinners and teas with the immortals of old books!

Will Fielding "leave his card" in the next world? Will Berkeley (an angel in a wig and lawn sleeves!) come to ask how Utopia gets on? Will Shakspeare (for the greater the man, the more the good-nature might be expected) know by intuition that one of his readers (knocked up with bliss) is dying to see him at the Angel and Turk's Head, and come lounging with his hands in his doublet-pockets accordingly?

It is a pity that none of the great geniuses, to whose lot it has fallen to describe a future state, has given us his own notions of heaven. Their accounts are all modified by the national theology; whereas the Apostle himself has told us, that we can have no conception of the blessings intended for us. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," &c. After this, Dante's shining lights are poor. Milton's heaven, with the armed youth exercising themselves in military games, is worse. His best Paradise was on earth, and a very pretty heaven he made of it. For our parts, admitting and venerating as we do the notion of a heaven surpassing all human conception, we trust that it is no presumption to hope, that the state mentioned by the Apostle is the *final* heaven; and that we may ascend and gradually accustom ourselves to the intensity of it, by others of a less superhuman nature. Familiar as we are both with joy and sorrow, and accustomed to surprises and strange sights of imagination, it is difficult to fancy even the delight of suddenly emerging into a new and boundless state of existence, where everything is marvellous, and opposed to our experience. We could wish to take gently to it; to be loosed not entirely at once. Our song desires to be "a song of degrees." Earth and its capabilities—are these nothing? And are they to come to nothing? Is there no beautiful realization of the fleeting type that is shown us? No body to this shadow? No quenching to this taught and continued thirst? No arrival at these natural homes and resting-places, which are so heavenly to our imaginations, even though they be built of clay, and are situate in the fields of our infancy? We are becoming graver than we intended; but to return to our proper style:—nothing shall persuade us, for the present, that Paradise Mount, in any pretty village in England, has not another Paradise Mount to correspond, in some less perishing

region; that is to say, provided anybody has set his heart upon it:—and that we shall not all be dining, and drinking tea, and complaining of the weather (we mean, for its not being perfectly blissful) three hundred years hence, in some snug interlunar spot, or perhaps in the moon itself, seeing that it is our next visible neighbor, and shrewdly suspected of being hill and dale.

It appears to us, that for a certain term of centuries, Heaven *must* consist of something of this kind. In a word, we cannot but persuade ourselves, that to realize everything that we have justly desired on earth, will *be* heaven;—we mean, for that period: and that afterwards, if we behave ourselves in a proper pre-angelical manner, we shall go to another heaven, still better, where we shall realize all that we desired in our first. Of this latter we can as yet have no conception; but of the former, we think some of the items may be as follows:—

Imprimis,—(not because friendship comes before love in point of degree, but because it precedes it, in point of time, as at school we have a male companion before we are old enough to have a female.)—*Imprimis* then, a friend. He will have the same tastes and inclinations as ourselves, with just enough difference to furnish argument without sharpness; and he will be generous, just, entertaining, and no shirker of his nectar. In short, he will be the best friend we have had upon earth. We shall talk together "of afternoons;" and when the *Earth* begins to rise (a great big moon, looking as happy as we know its inhabitants *will* be), other friends will join us, not so emphatically our friends as he, but excellent fellows all; and we shall read the poets, and have some sphere-music (if we please), or renew one of our old earthly evenings, picked out of a dozen Christmases.

Item, a mistress. In heaven (not to speak it profanely) we know, upon the best authority, that people are "neither married nor given in marriage;" so that there is nothing illegal in the term. (By the way, there can be no clergymen there, if there are no official duties for them. We do not say, there will be nobody who has been a clergyman. Berkeley would refute that; and a hundred Welsh curates. But they would be no longer in orders. They would refuse to call themselves more Reverend

than their neighbors.) *Item* then, a mistress; beautiful, of course,—an angelical expression,—a Peri, or Houri, or whatever shape of perfection you choose to imagine her, and yet retaining the likeness of the woman you loved best on earth; in fact, she herself, but completed; all her good qualities made perfect, and her defects taken away (with the exception of one or two charming little angelical peccadilloes, which she can only get rid of in a post-future state); good-tempered, laughing, serious, fond of everything about her without detriment to her special fondness for yourself, a great roamer in Elysian fields and forests, but not alone (they go in pairs there, as the jays and turtle-doves do with us); but above all things, true; oh, so true that you take her word as you would a diamond, nothing being more transparent, or solid, or precious. Between writing some divine poem, and meeting our friends of an evening, we should walk with her, or fly (for we should have wings, of course) like a couple of human bees or doves, extracting delight from every flower, and with delight filling every shade. There is something too good in this to dwell upon; so we spare the fears and hopes of the prudish. We would lay her head upon our heart, and look more pleasure into her eyes, than the prudish or the profligate ever so much as fancied.

Item, books. Shakspeare and Spenser should write us *new ones!* Think of that. We would have another Decameron: and Walter Scott (for he will be there too;—we mean to beg Hume to introduce us) shall write us forty more novels, all as good as the Scotch ones; and Radical as well as Tory shall love him. It is true, we speak professionally, when we mention books.

> We think, admitted to that equal sky,
> The Arabian Nights must bear us company.

When Gainsborough died, he expired in a painter's enthusiasm, saying, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party."—He had a proper foretaste. Virgil had the same light, when he represented the old heroes enjoying in Elysium their favorite earthly pursuits; only one cannot help thinking, with

the natural modesty of reformers, that the taste in this our inter-lunar heaven will be benefited from time to time by the knowledge of new-comers. We cannot well fancy a celestial ancient Briton delighting himself with painting his skin, or a Chinese angel hobbling a mile up the Milky Way in order to show herself to advantage.

For breakfast, we must have a tea beyond anything Chinese. Slaves will certainly not make the sugar; but there will be cows for the milk. One's landscapes cannot do without cows.

For horses we shall ride a Pegasus, or Ariosto's Hippogriff, or Sinbad's Roc. We mean, for our parts, to ride them all, having a passion for fabulous animals. Fable will be no fable then. We shall have just as much of it as we like; and the Utilitarians will be astonished to find how much of that sort of thing will be in request. They will look very odd, by the bye,—those gentlemen, when they first arrive; but will soon get used to the delight, and find there was more of it in their own doctrine than they imagined.

The weather will be extremely fine, but not without such varieties as shall hinder it from being tiresome. April will dress the whole country in diamonds; and there will be enough cold in the winter to make a fire pleasant of an evening. The fire will be make of sweet-smelling turf and sunbeams; but it will have a look of coal. If we choose, now and then we shall even have inconveniences.

CHAPTER II.

Bad Weather.

After longing these two months for some "real winter weather," the public have had a good sharp specimen, a little too real. We mean to take our revenge by writing an article upon it after a good breakfast, with our feet at a good fire, and in a room quiet enough to let us hear the fire as well as feel it. Outside the casement (for we are writing this in a cottage) the east-wind is heard, cutting away like a knife; snow is on the ground; there is frost and sleet at once; and the melancholy crow of poor chanticleer at a distance seems complaining that nobody will cherish him. One imagines that his toes must be cold; and that he is drawing comparisons between the present feeling of his sides, and the warmth they enjoy next his plump wife on a perch.

But in the country there is always something to enjoy. There is the silence, if nothing else; you feel that the air is healthy; and you can see to write. Think of a street in London, at once narrow, foggy, and noisy; the snow thawing, not because the frost has not returned, but because the union of mud and smoke prevails against it; and then the unnatural cold sound of the clank of milk-pails (if you are up early enough); or if you are not, the chill, damp, strawy, rickety hackney-coaches going by, with fellows inside of them with cold feet, and the coachman a mere bundle of rags, blue nose, and jolting. (He'll quarrel with every fare, and the passenger knows it, and will resist. So they will stand with their feet in the mud, haggling. The old gentleman saw an extra charge of a shilling in his face.) To complete the misery, the pedestrians kick, as they go, those detestable flakes of united snow and mud;—at least they ought to do so, to complete our picture: and at night-time,

people coming home hardly know whether or not they have chins.

But is there no comfort then in a London street in such weather? Infinite, if people will but have it, and families are good-tempered. We trust we shall be read by hundreds of such this morning. Of some we are certain; and do hereby, agreeably to our ubiquitous privileges, take several breakfasts at once. How pleasant is this rug! How bright and generous the fire! How charming the fair makers of the tea! And how happy that they have not to make it themselves, the drinkers of it! Even the hackney-coachman means to get double as much as usual to-day, either by cheating or being pathetic: and the old gentleman is resolved to make amends for the necessity of his morning drive, by another pint of wine at dinner, and crumpets with his tea. It is not by grumbling against the elements that evil is to be done away; but by keeping one's-self in good heart with one's fellow-creatures, and remembering that they are all capable of partaking our pleasures. The contemplation of pain, acting upon a splenetic temperament, produces a stirring reformer here and there, who does good rather out of spite against wrong, than sympathy with pleasure, and becomes a sort of disagreeable angel. Far be it from us, in the present state of society, to wish that no such existed! But they will pardon us for laboring in the vocation to which a livelier nature calls us, and drawing a distinction between the dissatisfaction that ends in good, and the mere common-place grumbling that in a thousand instances to one ends in nothing but plaguing everybody as well as the grumbler. In almost all cases, those who are in a state of pain themselves, are in the fairest way for giving it; whereas, pleasure is in its nature social. The very abuses of it (terrible as they sometimes are) cannot do as much harm as the violations of the common sense of good-humor; simply because it is its nature to go with, and not counter to humanity. The only point to take care of is, that as many innocent sources of pleasure are kept open as possible, and affection and imagination brought in to show us what they are, and how surely all may partake of them. We are not likely to forget that a human being is of importance, when we can discern the merits of so

small a thing as a leaf, or a honey-bee, or the beauty of a flake of snow, or the fanciful scenery made by the glowing coals in a fire-place. Professors of sciences may do this. Writers the most enthusiastic in a good cause, may sometimes lose sight of their duties, by reason of the very absorption in their enthusiasm. Imagination itself cannot always be abroad and at home at the same time. But the many are not likely to think too deeply of anything; and the more pleasures that are taught them by dint of an agreeable exercise of their reflection, the more they will learn to reflect on all around them, and to endeavor that their reflections may have a right to be agreeable. Any increase of the sum of our enjoyments almost invariably produces a wish to communicate them. An over-indulged human being is ruined by being taught to think of nobody but himself; but a human being, at once gratified and made to think of others, learns to add to his very pleasures in the act of diminishing them.

But how, it may be said, are we to enjoy ourselves with reflection, when our very reflection will teach us the quantity of suffering that exists! How are we to be happy with breakfasting and warming our hands, when so many of our fellow-creatures are, at that instant, cold and hungry?—It is no paradox to answer, that the fact of our remembering them gives us a right to forget them:—we mean, that "there is a time for all things," and that having done our duty at other times in sympathizing with pain, we have not only a right, but it becomes our duty, to show the happy privileges of virtue by sympathizing with pleasure. The best person in a holiday-making party is bound to have the loveliest face; or if not that, a face too happy even to be lively. Suppose, in order to complete the beauty of it, that the face is a lady's. She is bound, if any uneasy reflection crosses her mind, to say to herself, "To this happiness I have contributed;—pain I have helped to diminish; I am sincere, and wish well to everybody; and I think everybody would be as good as I am, perhaps better, if society were wise. Now society, I trust, is getting wiser; perhaps will beat all our wisdom a hundred years hence; and meanwhile, I must not show that goodness is of no use, but let it realize all it can, and be as merry as the youngest." So saying, she gives her hand to

a friend for a new dance, and really forgets what she has been thinking of, in the blithe spinning of her blood. A good-hearted woman, in the rosy beauty of her joy, is the loveliest object in ———. But everybody knows that.

Adam Smith, in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, has rebuked Thomson for his famous apostrophe in *Winter* to the "gay, licentious proud;" where he says, that amidst their dances and festivities they little think of the misery that is going on in the world:—because, observes the philosopher, upon this principle there never could be any enjoyment in the world, unless every corner of it were happy; which would be preposterous. We need not say how entirely we agree with the philosopher in the abstract; and certainly the poet would deserve the rebuke, had he addressed himself only to the "gay;" but then his gay are also "licentious," and not only licentious but "proud." Now we confess we would not be too squeamish even about the thoughtlessness of these gentry, for is not their very thoughtlessness their excuse? And are they not brought up in it, just as a boy in St. Giles's is brought up in thievery, or a girl to callousness and prostitution? It is not the thoughtless in high life from whom we are to expect any good, lecture them as we may: and observe—Thomson himself does not say how cruel they are; or what a set of rascals to dance and be merry in spite of their better knowledge. He says,

> "Ah, *little think* the gay, licentious proud"—

and so they do. And so they will, till the diffusion of thought, among all classes, flows, of necessity, into their gay rooms and startled elevations; and forces them to look out upon the world, that they may not be lost by being under the level.

We had intended a very merry paper this week, to bespeak the favor of our new readers:—

> "A very merry, dancing, drinking,
> Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking" paper,—

as Dryden has it. But the Christmas holidays are past; and it

is their termination, we suppose, that has made us serious. Sitting up at night also is a great inducer of your moral remark; and if we are not so pleasant as we intended to be, it is because some friends of ours, the other night, were the pleasantest people in the world till five in the morning.

CHAPTER III.

Fine days in January and February.

We speak of those days, unexpected, sunshiny, cheerful, even vernal, which come towards the end of January, and are too apt to come alone. They are often set in the midst of a series of rainy ones, like a patch of blue in the sky. Fine weather is much at any time, after or before the end of the year; but, in the latter case, the days are still winter days; whereas, in the former, the year being turned, and March and April before us, we seem to feel the coming of spring. In the streets and squares, the ladies are abroad, with their colors and glowing cheeks. If you can hear anything but noise, you hear the sparrows. People anticipate at breakfast the pleasure they shall have in "getting out." The solitary poplar in a corner looks green against the sky; and the brick wall has a warmth in it. Then in the noisier streets, what a multitude and a new life! What horseback! What promenading! What shopping, and giving good day! Bonnets encounter bonnets:—all the Miss Williamses meet all the Miss Joneses; and everybody wonders, particularly at nothing. The shop-windows, putting forward their best, may be said to be in blossom. The yellow carriages flash in the sunshine; footmen rejoice in their white calves, not dabbed, as usual, with rain; the gossips look out of their three-pair-of-stairs windows; other windows are thrown open; fruiterers' shops look well, swelling with full baskets; pavements are found to be dry; lap-dogs frisk under their asthmas; and old gentlemen issue forth, peering up at the region of the north-east.

Then in the country, how emerald the green, how open-looking the prospect! Honeysuckles (a name alone with a garden in it) are detected in blossom: the hazel follows; the snowdrop hangs its white perfection, exquisite with green; we fancy the trees are already thicker; voices of winter birds are taken for

new ones; and in February new ones come—the thrush, the chaffinch, and the wood-lark. Then rooks begin to pair; and the wagtail dances in the lane. As we write this article, the sun is on our paper, and chanticleer (the same, we trust, that we heard the other day) seems to crow in a very different style, lord of the ascendant, and as willing to be with his wives abroad as at home. We think we see him, as in Chaucer's homestead:

> He looketh, as it were, a grim leoùn;
> And on his toes he roameth up and down;
> Him deigneth not to set his foot to ground;
> He clucketh when he hath a corn yfound,
> And to him runnen then his wivès all.

Will the reader have the rest of the picture, as Chaucer gave it? It is as bright and strong as the day itself, and as suited to it as a falcon to a knight's fist. Hear how the old poet throws forth his strenuous music; as fine, considered as mere music and versification, as the description is pleasant and noble.

> His comb was redder than the fine coràll,
> Embattled as it were a castle wall;
> His bill was black, and as the jet it shone;
> Like azure was his leggès and his tone;
> His nailès whiter than the lily flower,
> And like the burnèd gold was his colòur.

Hardly one pause like the other throughout, and yet all flowing and sweet. The pause on the third syllable in the last line but one, and that on the sixth in the last, together with the deep variety of vowels, make a beautiful concluding couplet; and indeed the whole is a study for versification. So little were those old poets unaware of their task, as some are apt to suppose them; and so little have others dreamt, that they surpassed them in their own pretensions. The accent, it is to be observed, in those concluding words, as *coral* and *color*, is to be thrown on the last syllable, as it is in Italian. *Colòr*, *colòre*, and Chaucer's old Anglo-Gallican word, is a much nobler one than our modern one *còlor*. We have injured many such words, by throwing back the accent.

We should beg pardon for this digression, if it had not been part of our understood agreement with the reader to be as desultory as we please and as befits Companions. Our very enjoyment of the day we are describing would not let us be otherwise. It is also an old fancy of ours to associate the ideas of Chaucer with that of any early and vigorous manifestation of light and pleasure. He is not only the "morning-star" of our poetry, as Denham called him, but the morning itself, and a good bit of the noon; and we could as soon help quoting him at the beginning of the year, as we could help wishing to hear the cry of primroses, and thinking of the sweet faces that buy them.

CHAPTER IV.

Walks home by night in bad weather. Watchmen.

THE readers of these our lucubrations need not be informed that we keep no carriage. The consequence is, that being visitors of the theatre, and having some inconsiderate friends who grow pleasanter and pleasanter till one in the morning, we are great walkers home by night; and this has made us great acquaintances of watchmen, moon-light, *mud*-light, and other accompaniments of that interesting hour. Luckily we are fond of a walk by night. It does not always do us good; but that is not the fault of the hour, but our own, who ought to be stouter; and therefore we extract what good we can out of our necessity, with becoming temper. It is a remarkable thing in nature, and one of the good-naturedest things we know of her, that the mere fact of looking about us, and being conscious of what is going on, is its own reward, if we do but notice it in good-humor. Nature is a great painter (and art and society are among her works), to whose minutest touches the mere fact of becoming alive is to enrich the stock of our enjoyments.

We confess there are points liable to cavil in a walk home by night in February. Old umbrellas have their weak sides; and the quantity of mud and rain may surmount the picturesque. Mistaking a soft piece of mud for hard, and so filling your shoe with it, especially at setting out, must be acknowledged to be "aggravating." But then you ought to have boots. There are sights, indeed, in the streets of London, which can be rendered pleasant by no philosophy; things too grave to be talked about in our present paper; but we must premise, that our walk leads us out of town, and through streets and suburbs of by no means the worst description. Even there we may be grieved if we will. The farther the walk into the country, the more

tiresome we may choose to find it; and when we take it purely to oblige others, we must allow, as in the case of a friend of ours, that generosity itself on two sick legs may find limits to the notion of virtue being its own reward, and reasonably "curse those comfortable people" who, by the lights in their windows, are getting into their warm beds, and saying to one another, "Bad thing to be out of doors to-night."

Supposing, then, that we are in a reasonable state of health and comfort in other respects, we say that a walk home at night has its merits, if you choose to meet with them. The worst part of it is the setting out; the closing of the door upon the kind faces that part with you. But their words and looks, on the other hand, may set you well off. We have known a word last us all the way home, and a look make a dream of it. To a lover for instance no walk can be bad. He sees but one face in the rain and darkness; the same that he saw by the light in the warm room. This ever accompanies him, looking in his eyes; and if the most pitiable and spoilt face in the world should come between them, startling him with the saddest mockery of love, he would treat it kindly for her sake. But this is a begging of the question. A lover does not walk. He is sensible neither to the pleasures nor pains of walking. He treads on air; and in the thick of all that seems inclement, has an avenue of light and velvet spread for him, like a sovereign prince.

To resume, then, like men of this world. The advantage of a late hour is, that everything is silent and the people fast in their beds. This gives the whole world a tranquil appearance. Inanimate objects are no calmer than passions and cares now seem to be, all laid asleep. The human being is motionless as the house or tree; sorrow is suspended; and you endeavor to think that love only is awake. Let not readers of true delicacy be alarmed, for we mean to touch profanely upon nothing that ought to be sacred; and as we are for thinking the best on these occasions, it is of the best love we think; love of no heartless order, and such only as ought to be awake with the stars.

As to cares and curtain-lectures, and such-like abuses of the tranquillity of night, we call to mind, for their sakes, all the sayings of the poets and others about "balmy sleep," and the

soothing of hurt minds, and the weariness of sorrow, which drops into forgetfulness. The great majority are certainly "fast as a church" by the time we speak of; and for the rest, we are among the workers who have been sleepless for their advantage; so we take out our license to forget them for the time being. The only thing that shall remind us of them is the red lamp, shining afar over the apothecary's door; which, while it does so, reminds us also that there is help for them to be had. I see him now, the pale blinker suppressing the conscious injustice of his anger at being roused by the apprentice, and fumbling himself out of the house, in hoarseness and great-coat, resolved to make the sweetness of the Christmas bill indemnify him for the bitterness of the moment.

But we shall be getting too much into the interior of the houses. By this time the hackney-coaches have all left the stands—a good symptom of their having got their day's money. Crickets are heard, here and there, amidst the embers of some kitchen. A dog follows us. Will nothing make him "go along?" We dodge him in vain; we run; we stand and "hish!" at him, accompanying the prohibition with dehortatory gestures, and an imaginary picking up of a stone. We turn again, and there he is vexing our skirts. He even forces us into an angry doubt whether he will not starve, if we do not let him go home with us. Now if we could but lame him without being cruel; or if we were only an overseer, or a beadle, or a dealer in dog-skin; or a political economist, to think dogs unnecessary. Oh! come, he has turned a corner, he is gone; we think we see him trotting off at a distance, thin and muddy; and our heart misgives us. But it was not our fault; we were not "hishing" at the time. His departure was lucky, for he had got our enjoyments into a dilemma; our "article" would not have known what to do with him. These are the perplexities to which your sympathizers are liable. We resume our way, independent and alone; for we have no companion this time, except our never-to-be-forgotten and ethereal companion, the reader. A real arm within another's puts us out of the pale of walking that is to be made good. It is good already. A fellow-pedestrian is company; is the party you have left; you talk and

laugh, and there is no longer anything to be contended with. But alone, and in bad weather, and with a long way to go, here is something for the temper and spirits to grapple with and turn to account; and accordingly we are booted and buttoned up, an umbrella over our heads, the rain pelting upon it, and the lamp-light shining in the gutters; "mud-shine," as an artist of our acquaintance used to call it, with a gusto of reprobation. Now, walk cannot well be worse; and yet it shall be nothing if you meet it heartily. There is a pleasure in overcoming obstacles; mere action is something; imagination is more; and the spinning of the blood, and vivacity of the mental endeavor, act well upon one another, and gradually put you in a state of robust consciousness and triumph. Every time you set down your leg, you have a respect for it. The umbrella is held in the hand like a roaring trophy.

We are now reaching the country: the fog and rain are over; and we meet our old friends the watchmen, staid, heavy, indifferent, more coat than man, pondering, yet not pondering, old but not reverend, immensely useless. No; useless they are not; for the inmates of the houses think them otherwise, and in that imagination they do good. We do not pity the watchmen as we used. Old age often cares little for regular sleep. They could not be sleeping perhaps if they were in their beds; and certainly they would not be earning. What sleep they get is perhaps sweeter in the watch-box,—a forbidden sweet; and they have a sense of importance, and a claim on the persons in-doors, which, together with the amplitude of their coating, and the possession of the box itself, make them feel themselves, not without reason, to be "somebody." They are peculiar and official. Tomkins is a cobbler as well as they; but then he is no watchman. He cannot speak to "things of night;" nor bid "any man stand in the king's name." He does not get fees and gratitude from the old, the infirm, and the drunken; nor "let gentlemen go;" nor is he "a parish-man." The churchwardens don't speak to him. If he put himself ever so much in the way of "the great plumber," he would not say, "How do you find yourself, Tomkins?"—"An ancient and quiet watchman." Such he was in the time of Shakspeare, and

such he is now. Ancient, because he cannot help it; and quiet, because he will not help it, if possible; his object being to procure quiet on all sides, his own included. For this reason he does not make too much noise in crying the hour, nor is offensively particular in his articulation. No man shall sleep the worse for him, out of a horrid sense of the word "three." The sound shall be three, four, or one, as suits their mutual convenience.

Yet characters are to be found even among watchmen. They are not all mere coat, and lump, and indifference. By the way, what do they think of in general? How do they vary the monotony of their ruminations from one to two, and from two to three, and so on? Are they comparing themselves with the unofficial cobbler; thinking of what they shall have for dinner tomorrow; or what they were about six years ago; or that their lot is the hardest in the world, as insipid old people are apt to think, for the pleasure of grumbling; or that it has some advantages nevertheless, besides fees; and that if they are not in bed, their wife is?

Of characters, or rather varieties among watchmen, we remember several. One was a Dandy Watchman, who used to ply at the top of Oxford-street, next the park. We called him the dandy, on account of his utterance. He had a mincing way with it, pronouncing the *a* in the word "past" as it is in *hat*, making a little preparatory hem before he spoke, and then bringing out his "păst ten" in a style of genteel indifference; as if, upon the whole, he was of that opinion.

Another was the Metallic Watchman, who paced the same street towards Hanover-square, and had a clang in his voice like a trumpet. He was a voice and nothing else; but any difference is something in a watchman.

A third who cried the hour in Bedford-square, was remarkable in his calling for being abrupt and loud. There was a fashion among his tribe just come up at that time, of omitting the words "past" and "o'clock," and crying only the number of the hour. I know not whether a recollection I have of his performance one night is entire matter of fact, or whether any subse-

quent fancies of what might have taken place are mixed up with it; but my impression is, that as I was turning the corner into the square with a friend, and was in the midst of a discussion in which numbers were concerned, we were suddenly startled, as if in solution of it, by a brief and tremendous outcry of—ONE. This paragraph ought to have been at the bottom of the page, and the word printed abruptly round the corner.

A fourth watchman was a very singular phenomenon, a *Reading* Watchman. He had a book, which he read by the light of his lantern; and instead of a pleasant, gave you a very uncomfortable idea of him. It seemed cruel to pitch amidst so many discomforts and privations one who had imagination enough to wish to be relieved from them. Nothing but a sluggish vacuity befits a watchman.

But the oddest of all was the *Sliding* Watchman. Think of walking up a street in the depth of a frosty winter, with long ice in the gutters, and sleet over head, and then figure to yourself a sort of bale of a man in white coming sliding towards you with a lantern in one hand, and an umbrella over his head. It was the oddest mixture of luxury and hardship, of juvenility and old age! But this looked agreeable. Animal spirits carry everything before them; and our invincible friend seemed a watchman for Rabelais. Time was run at and butted by him like a goat. The slide seemed to bear him half through the night at once; he slipped from out of his box and his common-places at one rush of a merry thought, and seemed to say, "Everything's in imagination;—here goes the whole weight of my office."

But we approach our home. How still the trees! How deliciously asleep the country! How beautifully grim and nocturnal this wooded avenue of ascent, against the cold white sky! The watchmen and patroles, which the careful citizens have planted in abundance within a mile of their doors, salute us with their "good mornings;"—not so welcome as we pretend; for we ought not to be out so late; and it is one of the assumptions of these fatherly old fellows to remind us of it. Some fowls, who have made a strange roost in a tree, flutter as we pass them;—

another pull up the hill, unyielding; a few strides on a level; and *there* is the light in the window, the eye of the warm soul of the house,—one's home. How particular, and yet how universal, is that word; and how surely does it deposit every one for himself in his own nest!

CHAPTER V.

Secret of some existing Fashions.

Fashions have a short life or a long one, according as it suits the makers to startle us with a variety, or save themselves observation of a defect. Hence fashions set by young or handsome people are fugitive, and such are, for the most part, those that bring custom to the milliner. If we keep watch on an older one, we shall generally trace it, unless of general convenience, to some pertinacity on the part of the aged. Even fashions, otherwise convenient, as the trousers that have so long taken place of small clothes, often perhaps owe their continuance to some general defect which they help to screen. The old are glad to retain them, and so be confounded with the young; and among the latter, there are more limbs perhaps to which loose clothing is acceptable, than tight. More legs and knees, we suspect, rejoice in those cloaks, than would be proud to acknowledge themselves in a shoe and stocking. The pertinacity of certain male fashions during the last twenty years, we think we can trace to a particular source. If it be objected, that the French partook of them, and that our modes have generally come from that country, we suspect that the old court in France had more to do with them, than Napoleon's, which was confessedly masculine and military. The old French in this country, and the old noblesse in the other, wore bibs and trousers, when the *Emperor* went in a plain stock and delighted to show his good leg. For this period, if for this only, we are of opinion, that whether the male fashions did or did not originate in France, other circumstances have conspired to *retain* them in both countries, for which the revolutionary government cannot account. Mr. Hazlitt informs us in his *Life of Napoleon*, that during the consulate, all the courtiers were watching the head of the state to know whether mankind were to wear their

own hair or powder; and that Bonaparte luckily settled the matter, by deciding in favor of nature and cleanliness. But here the revolutionary authority stopped; nor in this instance did it begin: for it is understood, that it was the plain head of Dr. Franklin, when he was ambassador at Paris, that first amused, and afterwards interested, the giddy polls of his new acquaintances; who went and did likewise. Luckily, this was a fashion that suited all ages, and on that account it has survived. But the bibs, and the trousers, and the huge neckcloths, whence come they? How is it, at least, that they have been so long retained? Observe that polished old gentleman, who bows so well,* and is conversing with the most agreeable of physicians.† He made a great impression in his youth, and was naturally loath to give it up. On a sudden he finds his throat not so juvenile as he could wish it. Up goes his stock, and enlarges. He rests both his cheeks upon it, the chin settling comfortably upon a bend in the middle, as becomes its delicacy. By and bye, he thinks the cheeks themselves do not present as good an aspect as with so young a heart might in reason be expected; and forth issue the points of his shirt-collar, and give them an investment at once cherishing and spirited. Thirdly, he suspects his waist to have played him a trick of good living, and surpassed the bounds of youth and elegance before he was well aware of it. Therefore, to keep it seemingly, if not actually within limits, forth he sends a frill in the first instance, and a padded set of lapels afterwards. He happens to look on the hand that does all this, and discerns with a sigh that it is not quite the same hand to look at, which the women have been transported to kiss; though for that matter they will kiss it still, and be transported too. The wrist-band looks forth, and says, "Shall I help to cover it?" and it is allowed to do so, being a gentlemanly finish, and impossible to the mechanical. But finally the legs: they were amongst the handsomest in the world; and how did they not dance! What conquests did they not achieve in the time of hoop-petticoats and toupees! And long afterwards, were not Apollo and Hercules found in them together, to the delight of the dowagers! And

* The late King. † Sir William K

shall the gods be treated with disrespect, when the heaviness of change comes upon them? No. Round comes the kindly trouserian veil (as Dyer of "*The Fleece*" would have had it); the legs retreat, like other conquerors, into retirement; and only the lustre of their glory remains, such as Bonaparte might have envied.

CHAPTER VI.

Rain out of a Clear Sky

In a work, *De Varia Historia*, written after the manner of Ælian, by Leonico Tomeo, an elegant scholar of the fifteenth century, we meet with the following pretty story:—When Phalantus led his colony out of Sparta into the south of Italy, he consulted the oracle of Apollo, and was informed that he should know the region he was to inhabit, by the fall of a plentiful shower out of a clear sky. Full of doubt and anxiety at this answer, and unable to meet with any one who could interpret it for him, he took his departure, arrived in Italy, but could succeed in occupying no region,—in capturing no city. This made him fall to considering the oracle more particularly; upon which he came to the conclusion, that he had undertaken a foolish project, and that the gods meant to tell him so; for that a sky should be clear, and yet the rain out of it plentiful, now seemed to him a manifest impossibility.

Tired out with the anxious thoughts arising from this conclusion, he laid his head on the lap of his wife, who had come with him, and took such a draught of sleep as the fatigue of sorrow is indulged with, like other toil. His wife loved him; and as he lay thus tenderly in her lap, she kept looking upon his face; till thinking of the disappointments he had met with, and the perils he had still to undergo, she began to weep bitterly, so that the tears fell plentifully upon him, and awoke him. He looked up, and seeing those showers out of her eyes, hailed at last the oracle with joy, for his wife's name was Æthra, which signifies "a clear sky;" and thus he knew that he had arrived at the region where he was to settle. The next night he took Tarentum, which was the greatest city in those parts; and he and his posterity reigned in that quarter of Italy, as you may see in Virgil.

CHAPTER VII.

The Mountain of the Two Lovers

We forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer-time. It was, at any rate, so high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a small land-proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood, respectful-looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was that he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure which he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dis-

pensing with the formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valor. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen, in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes, now on the crowd (which nevertheless she beheld not), and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretty pretence,—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, to put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow but not feeble is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slowlier than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He

halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms, as if to lighten him. See! he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top; he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly, he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward:—Yes:—every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him:—see at last! he is *on* the top; and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won: he has won. Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half-way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise!" "You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind: "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed!"

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron:—"Sir, they are dead!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The True Story of Vertumnus and Pomona.

WEAK and uninitiated are they who talk of things modern as opposed to the idea of antiquity; who fancy that the Assyrian monarchy must have preceded tea-drinking; and that no Sims or Gregson walked in a round hat and trousers before the times of Inachus. Plato has informed us (and therefore everybody ought to know) that, at stated periods of time, everything which has taken place on earth is acted over again. There have been a thousand or a million reigns, for instance, of Charles the Second, and there will be an infinite number more: the tooth-ache we had in the year 1811, is making ready for us some thousands of years hence; again shall people be wise and in love as surely as the May-blossoms re-appear; and again will Alexander make a fool of himself at Babylon, and Bonaparte in Russia.

Among the heaps of modern stories, which are accounted ancient, and which have been deprived of their true appearance, by the alteration of coloring and costume, there is none more decidedly belonging to modern times than that of Vertumnus and Pomona. Vertumnus was, and will be, a young fellow, remarkable for his accomplishments, in the several successive reigns of Charles the Second; and, I find, practised his story over in the autumn of the year 1680. He was the younger brother of a respectable family in Herefordshire; and from his genius at turning himself to a variety of shapes, came to be called, in after-ages, by his classical name. In like manner, Pomona, the heroine of the story, being the goddess of those parts, and singularly fond of their scenery and productions, the Latin poets, in after-ages, transformed her adventures according to their fashion, making her a goddess of mythology, and giving

her a name after her beloved fruits. Her real name was Miss Appleton. I shall therefore waive that matter once for all; and retaining only the appellation which poetry has rendered so pleasant, proceed with the true story.

Pomona was a beauty like her name, all fruit and bloom. She was a ruddy brunette, luxuriant without grossness; and had a spring in her step, like apples dancing on a bough. (I'd put all this into verse, to which it has a natural tendency; but I haven't time.) It was no poetical figure to say of her, that her lips were cherries, and her cheeks a peach. Her locks, in clusters about her face, trembled heavily as she walked. The color called Pomona-green was named after her favorite dress. Sometimes in her clothes she imitated one kind of fruit and sometimes another, philosophising in a pretty poetical manner on the common nature of things, and saying there was more in the similes of her lovers than they suspected. Her dress now resembled a burst of white blossoms, and now of red; but her favorite one was green, both coat and boddice, from which her beautiful face looked forth like a bud. To see her tending her trees in her orchard (for she would work herself, and sing all the while like a milk-maid)—to see her I say tending the fruit-trees, never caring for letting her boddice slip a little off her shoulders, and turning away now and then to look up at a bird, when her lips would glance in the sunshine like cherries bedewed,—such a sight, you may imagine, was not to be had everywhere. The young clowns would get up in the trees for a glimpse of her, over the garden-wall; and swear she was like an angel in Paradise.

Everybody was in love with her. The squire was in love with her; the attorney was in love; the parson was particularly in love. The peasantry in their smock-frocks, old and young, were all in love. You never saw such a loving place in your life; yet somehow or other the women were not jealous, nor fared the worse. The people only seemed to have grown the kinder. Their hearts overflowed to all about them. Such toasts at the great house! The squire's name was Payne, which afterwards came to be called Pan. Pan, Payne (Paynim), Pagan, a villager. The race was so numerous, that country-gentlemen obtained the name of Paynim in general, as distin-

guished from the nobility; a circumstance which has not escaped the learning of Milton:

"Both Paynim and the Peers."

Silenus was Cy or Cymon Lenox, the host of the Tun, a fat merry old fellow, renowned in the song as Old Sir Cymon the King. He was in love too. All the Satyrs, or rude wits of the neighborhood, and all the Hauns, or softer-spoken fellows,—none of them escaped. There was also a Quaker gentleman, I forget his name, who made himself conspicuous. Pomona confessed to herself that he had merit; but it was so unaccompanied with anything of the ornamental or intellectual, that she could not put up with him. Indeed, though she was of a loving nature, and had every other reason to wish herself settled (for she was an heiress and an orphan), she could not find it in her heart to respond to any of the rude multitude around her; which at last occasioned such impatience in them, and uneasiness to herself, that she was fain to keep close at home, and avoid the lanes and country assemblies, for fear of being carried off. It was then that the clowns used to mount the trees outside her garden-wall to get a sight of her.

Pomona wrote to a cousin she had in town, of the name of Cerintha.—"Oh, my dear Cerintha, what am I to do? I could laugh while I say it, though the tears positively come into my eyes; but it is a sad thing to be an heiress with ten thousand a year, and one's guardian just dead. Nobody will let me alone. And the worst of it is, that while the rich animals that pester me, disgust one with talking about their rent-rolls, the younger brothers force me to be suspicious of their views upon mine. I could throw all my money into the Wye for vexation. God knows I do not care two-pence for it. Oh Cerintha! I wish you were unmarried, and could change yourself into a man, and come and deliver me; for you are disinterested and sincere, and that is all I require. At all events, I will run for it, and be with you before winter: for here I cannot stay. Your friend the Quaker has just rode by. He says, 'verily,' that I am cold! I say

verily he is no wiser than his horse; and that I could give him after my money."

Cerintha sympathized heartily with her cousin, but she was perplexed to know what to do. There were plenty of wits and young fellows of her acquaintance, both rich and poor; but only one whom she thought fit for her charming cousin, and he was a younger brother as poor as a rat. Besides, he was not only liable to suspicion on that account, but full of delicacies of his own, and the last man in the world to hazard a generous woman's dislike. This was no other than our friend Vertumnus. His real name was Vernon. He lived about five miles from Pomona, and was the only young fellow of any vivacity who had not been curious enough to get a sight of her. He had got a notion that she was proud. "She may be handsome," thought he; "but a handsome proud face is but a handsome ugly one to my thinking, and I'll not venture my poverty to her ill-humor." Cerintha had half-made up her mind to undeceive him through the medium of his sister, who was an acquaintance of hers; but an accident did it for her. Vertumnus was riding one day with some friends, who had been rejected, when passing by Pomona's orchard, he saw one of her clownish admirers up in the trees, peeping at her over the wall. The gaping, unsophisticated admiration of the lad made them stop. "They are at it still," said one of our hero's companions, "they are at it still. Why, you booby, did you never see a proud woman before, that you stand gaping there, as if your soul had gone out of ye?" "Proud," said the lad, looking down:—"a wouldn't say nay to a fly, if gentlefolks wouldn't tease 'un so." "Come," said our hero, "I'll take this opportunity to see for myself." He was up in the tree in an instant, and almost as speedily exclaimed, "What a face!"

"He has it!" cried the others, laughing:—"fairly struck through the ribs. Look, if looby and he arn't sworn friends on the thought of it."

It looked very like it, certainly. Our hero had scarcely gazed at her, when, without turning away his eyes, he clapped his hand upon that of the peasant, with a hearty shake, and said, "You're right, my friend. If there is pride in that face, truth itself is a lie. What a face! What eyes! What a figure!"

Pomona was observing her old gardener fill a basket. From time to time he looked up at her, smiling and talking. She was eating a plum; and as she said something that made them laugh, her rosy mouth sparkled with all its pearls in the sun.

"Pride!" thought Vertumnus:—"there's no more pride in that charming mouth, than there is folly enough to relish my fine companions here."

Our hero returned home more thoughtful than he came, replying but at intervals to the raillery of those with him, and then giving them pretty savage cuts. He was more out of humor with his poverty than he had ever felt, and not at all satisfied with the accomplishments which might have emboldened him to forget it. However, in spite of his delicacies, he felt it would be impossible not to hazard rejection like the rest. He only made up his mind to set about paying these addresses in a different manner;—though how it was to be done he could not very well see. His first impulse was to go to her and state the plain case at once; to say how charming she was, and how poor her lover, and that nevertheless he did not care two-pence for her riches, if she would but believe him. The only delight of riches would be to share them with her. "But then," said he, "how is she to take my word for that?"

On arriving at home he found his sister prepared to tell him what he had found out for himself,—that Pomona was not proud. Unfortunately she added, that the beautiful heiress had acquired a horror of her younger brothers. "Ay," thought he, "there it is. I shall not get her, precisely because I have at once the greatest need of her money, and the greatest contempt for it. Alas, yet not so! I have not contempt for anything that belongs to her, even her money. How heartily could I accept it from her, if she knew me, and if she is as generous as I take her to be! How delightful would it be to plant, to build, to indulge a thousand expenses in her company! O, those rascals of rich men, without sense or taste, that are now going about, spending their money as they please, and buying *my* jewels and *my* cabinets, that I ought to be making her presents of. I could tear my hair to think of it."

It happened, luckily or unluckily for our hero, that he was the

best amateur actor that had ever appeared. Betterton could not perform Hamlet better, nor Lacy a friar.

He disguised himself, and contrived to get hired in his lady's household as a footman. It was a difficult matter, all the other servants having been there since she was a child, and just grown old enough to escape the passion common to all who saw her. They loved her like a daughter of their own, and were indignant at the trouble her lovers gave her. Vertumnus, however, made out his case so well, that they admitted him. For a time, all went on smoothly. Yes: for three or four weeks he performed admirably, confining himself to the real footman. Nothing could exceed the air of indifferent zeal with which he waited at table. He was respectful, he was attentive, even officious; but still as to a footman's mistress, not as to a lover's. He looked in her face, as if he did not wish to kiss her; said "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am," like any other servant; and consented, not without many pangs to his vanity, to wear proper footman's clothes: namely, such as did not fit him. He even contrived, by a violent effort, to suppress all appearance of emotion, when he doubled up the steps of her chariot, after seeing the finest foot and ancle in the world. In his haste to subdue this emotion, he was one day near betraying himself. He forgot his part so far, as to clap the door with more vehemence than usual. His mistress started, and gave a cry. He thought he had shut her hand in and opening the door again, with more vehemence, and as pale as death, exclaimed, "In the name of Mercy! what have I done to her?"

"Nothing, James," said his mistress, smiling; "only another time you need not be in quite such a hurry." She was surprised at the turn of his words, and at a certain air which she observed for the first time; but the same experience which might have enabled her to detect him, led her, by a reasonable vanity, to think that love had exalted her footman's manners. This made her observe him with some interest afterwards, and notice how good-looking he was, and that his shape was better than his clothes: but he continued to act his part so well, that she suspected nothing further. She only resolved, if he gave any more evidences of being in love, to despatch him after his betters.

By degrees, our hero's nature became too much for his art. He behaved so well among his fellow servants, that they all took a liking to him. Now, when we please others, and they show it, we wish to please them more: and it turned out that James could play on the *viol di gamba*. He played so well, that his mistress must needs inquire "what musician they had in the house." "James, madam."—A week or two after, somebody was reading a play, and making them all die with laughter.—"Who is that reading so well there, and making you all a parcel of mad-caps?"—"It's only James, madam."—"I have a prodigious footman!" thought Pomona. Another day, my lady's-maid came up all in tears to do something for her mistress, and could scarcely speak. "What's the matter, Lucy?" "Oh, James, madam!" Her lady blushed a little, and was going to be angry.

"I hope he has not been uncivil."

"Oh no, ma'am: only I could not bear his being turned out o' doors!"

"Turned out of doors!"

"Yes, ma'am; and their being so cruel as to singe his white head."

"Singe his white head! Surely the girl's head is turned. What is it, poor soul?"

"Oh, nothing, ma'am. Only the old king in the play, as your ladyship knows. They turn him out o' doors, and singe his white head; and Mr. James did it so natural like, that he has made us all of a drown of tears. T'other day he called me his Ophelia, and was so angry with me I could have died."—"This man is no footman," said the lady. She sent for him up stairs, and the butler with him. "Pray, sir, may I beg the favor of knowing who you are?" The abruptness of this question totally confounded our hero.

"Do not think it worth your while, madam, to be angry with me, and I will tell you all."

"Worth my while, sir! I know not what you mean by its being worth my while," cried our heroine, who really felt more angry than she wished to be: "but when an impostor comes

into the house, it is natural to wish to be on one's guard against him."

"Impostor, madam!" said he, reddening in his turn, and rising with an air of dignity. "It is true," he added in an humbler tone, "I am not exactly what I seem to be; but I am a younger brother of a good family, and—"

"A younger brother!" exclaimed Pomona, turning away with a look of despair.

"Oh, those harsh words!" thought Vertumnus; "they have undone me. I must go; and yet it is hard."

"I go, madam," said he, in a hurry:—"believe me in only this, that I shall give you no unbecoming disturbance; and I must vindicate myself so far as to say, that I did not come into this house for what you suppose." Then giving her a look of inexpressible tenderness and respect, and retiring as he said it, with a low bow, he added, "May neither imposture nor unhappiness ever come near you."

Pomona could not help thinking of the strange footman she had had. "He did not come into the house for what I supposed." She did not know whether to be pleased or not at this phrase. What did he mean by it? What did he think she supposed? Upon the whole, she found her mind occupied with the man a little too much, and proceeded to busy herself with her orchard.

There was now more caution observed in admitting new servants into the house; yet a new gardener's assistant came, who behaved like a reasonable man for two months. He then passionately exclaimed one morning, as Pomona was rewarding him for some roses, "I cannot bear it!"—and turned out to be our hero, who was obliged to decamp. My lady became more cautious than ever, and would speak to all the new servants herself. One day a very remarkable thing occurred. A whole side of the green-house was smashed to pieces. The glazier was sent for, not without suspicion of being the perpetrator; and the man's way of behaving strengthened it, for he stood looking about him, and handling the glass to no purpose. His assistant did all the work, and yet somehow did not seem to get on with it. The truth was, the fellow was innocent and yet not so, for he had

brought our hero with him as his journeyman. Pomona, watching narrowly, discovered the secret, but for reasons best known to herself, pretended otherwise, and the men were to come again next day.

That same evening my lady's maid's cousin's husband's aunt came to see her,—a free, jolly, maternal old dame, who took the liberty of kissing the mistress of the house, and thanking her for all favors. Pomona had never received such a long kiss. "Excuse," cried the housewife, "an old body who has had daughters and grand-daughters, ay, and three husbands to boot, rest their souls! but dinner always makes me bold—old and bold as we say in Gloucestershire—old and bold; and her ladyship's sweet face is like an angel's in heaven." All this was said in a voice at once loud and trembling, as if the natural jollity of the old lady was counteracted by her years.

Pomona felt a little confused at this liberty of speech; but her good-nature was always uppermost, and she respected the privileges of age. So, with a blushing face, not well knowing what to say, she mentioned something about the old lady's three husbands, and said she hardly knew whether to pity her most for losing so many friends, or to congratulate the gentlemen on so cheerful a companion. The old lady's breath seemed to be taken away by the elegance of this compliment, for she stood looking and saying not a word. At last she made signs of being a little deaf, and Betty repeated as well as she could what her mistress had said. "She is an angel, for certain," cried the gossip, and kissed her again. Then perceiving that Pomona was prepared to avoid a repetition of this freedom, she said, "But, why doesn't her sweet ladyship marry herself, and make somebody's life a heaven upon earth? They tell me she's frightened at the cavaliers and the money-hunters, and all that; must there be no honest man that's poor; and mayn't the dear sweet soul be the jewel of some one's eye, because she has money in her pocket?"

Pomona, who had entertained some such reflections as these herself, hardly knew what to answer; but she laughed and made some pretty speech.

"Ay, ay," resumed the old woman. "Well, there's no know-

ing." (Here she heaved a great sigh.) "And so my lady is mighty curious in plants and apples, they tell me, and quite a gardener, love her! and rears me cartloads of peaches. Why, her face is a peach, or I should like to know what is. But it didn't come of itself neither. No, no; for that matter there were peaches before it; and Eve didn't live alone, I warrant me, or we should have no peaches now, for all her gardening. Well, well, my sweet young lady, don't blush and be angry, for I am but a poor foolish, old body, you know, old enough to be your grandmother; but I can't help thinking it a pity, that's the truth on't. Oh dear! Well, gentlefolks will have their fegaries, but it was very different in my time, you know; and now to speak the plain *scripter* truth; what would the world come to, and where would her sweet ladyship be herself, I should like to know, if her own mother, that's now an angel in Heaven, had refused to keep company with her ladyship's father, because she brought him a good estate, and made him the happiest man on the earth!"

The real love that existed between Pomona's father and mother being thus brought to her recollection, touched our heroine's feelings; and looking at the old dame, with tears in her eyes, she begged her to stay and take some tea, and she would see her again before she went away. "Ay, and that I will, and a thousand thanks into the bargain from one who has been a mother herself, and I can't help crying to see my lady in tears. I could kiss 'em off, if I warn't afraid of being troublesome; and so, bless her, I'll make bold to make her my curtsey again before I go."

The old body seemed really affected, and left the room with more quietness than Pomona had looked for. Betty meanwhile showed an eagerness to get her away, which was a little remarkable. In less than half an hour, there was a knock at the parlor door, and Pomona saying, "Come in," the door was held again by somebody for a few seconds, during which there was a loud and apparently angry whisper of voices. Our heroine, not without agitation, heard the words, "No, no!" and "Yes," repeated with vehemence, and then, "I tell you I must and will, she will forgive you, be assured, and me too, for she'll never see

me again." And at these words the door was opened by a gallant-looking young man, who closed it behind him, and advancing with a low bow, spoke as follows :—

"If you are alarmed, madam, which I confess you reasonably may be at this intrusion, I beseech you to be perfectly certain that you will never be so alarmed again, nor indeed ever again set your eyes on me, if it so please you. You see before you, madam, that unfortunate younger brother (for I will not omit even that title to your suspicion), who, seized with an invincible passion as he one day beheld you from your garden wall, has since run the chance of your displeasure, by coming into the house under a variety of pretences, and inasmuch as he has violated the truth has deserved it. But one truth he has not violated, which is, that never man entertained a passion sincerer: and God is my witness, madam, how foreign to my heart is that accursed love of money (I beg your pardon, but I confess it agitates me in my turn to speak of it), which other people's advances and your own modesty have naturally induced you to suspect in every person situated as I am. Forgive me, madam, for every alarm I have caused you, this last one above all. I could not deny to my love and my repentance the mingled bliss and torture of this moment; but as I am really and passionately a lover of truth as well as of yourself, this is the last trouble I shall give you, unless you are pleased to admit what I confess I have very little hope of, which is a respectful pressure of my suit in future. Pardon me even these words, if they displease you. You have nothing to do but to bid me—leave you; and when he quits this apartment, Harry Vernon troubles you no more."

A silence ensued for the space of a few seconds. The gentleman was very pale; so was the lady. At length she said, in a very undertone, "This surprise, sir—I was not insensible—I mean, I perceived—sure, sir, it is not Mr. Vernon, the brother of my cousin's friend, to whom I am speaking?"

"The same, madam."

"And why not at once, sir—I mean—that is to say—Forgive me, sir, if circumstances conspire to agitate me a little, and to throw me in doubt what I ought to say. I wish to say what is

becoming, and to retain your respect;" and the lady trembled as she said it.

"My respect, madam, was never profounder than it is at this moment, even though I dare begin to hope that you will not think it disrespectful on my part to adore you. If I might but hope, that months or years of service—"

"Be seated, sir, I beg; I am very forgetful. I am an orphan, Mr. Vernon, and you must make allowances as a gentleman" (here her voice became a little louder) "for anything in which I may seem to forget, either what is due to you or to myself."

The gentleman had not taken a chair, but at the end of this speech he approached the lady, and led her to her own seat with an air full of reverence.

"Ah, madam," said he, "if you could but fancy you had known me these five years, you would at least give me credit for enough truth, and I hope enough tenderness and respectfulness of heart (for they all go together) to be certain of the feelings I entertain towards your sex in general; much more towards one whose nature strikes me with such a gravity of admiration at this moment, that praise even falters on my tongue. Could I dare hope that you meant to say anything more kind to me than a common expression of good wishes, I would dare to say, that the sweet truth of your nature not only warrants your doing so, but makes it a part of its humanity."

"Will you tell me, Mr. Vernon, what induced you to say so decidedly to my servant (for I heard it at the door) that you were sure I should never see you again."

"Yes, madam, I will; and nevertheless I feel all the force of your inquiry. It was the last little instinctive stratagem that love induced me to play, even when I was going to put on the whole force of my character and my love of truth! for I did indeed believe that you would discard me, though I was not so sure of it as I pretended."

"There, sir," said Pomona, coloring in all the beauty of joy and love, "there is my hand. I give it to the lover of truth; but truth no less forces me to acknowledge, that my heart had not been unshaken by some former occurrences."

"Charming and adorable creature!" cried our hero, after

he had recovered from the kiss which he gave her. But here we leave them to themselves. Our heroine confessed, that from what she now knew of her feelings, she must have been inclined to look with compassion on him before; but added, that she never could have been sure she loved him, much less had the courage to tell him so, till she had known him in his own candid shape.

And this, and no other, is the true story of Vertumnus and Pomona.

CHAPTER IX.

On the Graces and Anxieties of Pig-Driving.

FROM the perusal of this article we beg leave to warn off vulgar readers of all denominations, whether of the "great vulgar or the small." Warn, did we say? We drive them off; for Horace tells us that they, as well as pigs, are to be so treated. *Odi profanum vulgus*, says he, *et arceo*. But do thou lend thine ear, gentle shade of Goldsmith, who didst make thy bear-leader denounce "everything as is low;" and thou Steele, who didst humanize upon public-houses and puppet-shows; and Fielding, thou whom the great Richardson, less in that matter (and some others) than thyself, did accuse of vulgarity, because thou didst discern natural gentility in a footman, and yet was not to be taken in by the airs of Pamela and my lady G.

The title is a little startling; but "style and sentiment," as a lady said, "can do anything." Remember then, gentle reader, that talents are not to be despised in the humblest walks of life; we will add, nor in the muddiest. The other day we happened to be among a set of spectators who could not help stopping to admire the patience and address with which a pig-driver huddled and cherished onward his drove of unaccommodating *élèves*, down a street in the suburbs. He was a born genius for a manœuvre. Had he originated in a higher sphere, he would have been a general, or a stage-manager, or at least the head of a set of monks. Conflicting interests were his forte; pig-headed wills, and proceedings hopeless. To see the *hand* with which he did it! How hovering, yet firm; how encouraging, yet compelling; how indicative of the space on each side of him, and yet of the line before him; how general, how particular, how perfect! No barber's could quiver about a head with more lightness of apprehension; no cook's pat up and propor-

tion the side of a pasty with a more final eye. The whales, quoth old Chapman, speaking of Neptune,

> The whales exulted under him, and knew their mighty king.

The pigs did not exult, but they knew their king. Unwilling was their subjection, but "more in sorrow than in anger." They were too far gone for rage. Their case was hopeless. They did not see why they should proceed, but they felt themselves bound to do so; forced, conglomerated, crowded onwards, irresistibly impelled by fate and Jenkins. Often would they have bolted under any other master. They squeaked and grunted as in ordinary; they sidled, they shuffled, they half stopped; they turned an eye to all the little outlets of escape; but in vain. There they stuck (for their very progress was a sort of sticking), charmed into the centre of his sphere of action, laying their heads together, but to no purpose; looking all as if they were shrugging their shoulders, and eschewing the tip end of the whip of office. Much eye had they to their left leg; shrewd backward glances; not a little anticipative squeak, and sudden rush of avoidance. It was a superfluous clutter, and they felt it; but a pig finds it more difficult than any other animal to accommodate himself to circumstances. Being out of his pale, he is in the highest state of wonderment and inaptitude. He is sluggish, obstinate, opinionate, not very social; has no desire of seeing foreign parts. Think of him in a multitude, forced to travel, and wondering what the devil it is that drives him! Judge by this of the talents of his driver.

We beheld a man once, an inferior genius, inducting a pig into the other end of Long-lane, Smithfield. He had got him thus far towards the market. It was much. His air announced success in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the remainder. It had been a happy morning's work; he had only to look for the termination of it; and he looked (as a critic of an exalted turn of mind would say) in brightness and in joy. Then would he go to the public-house, and indulge in porter and a pleasing security. Perhaps he would not say much at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success; but by degrees, especially if

interrogated, he would open, like Æneas, into all the circumstances of his journey and the perils that beset him. Profound would be his set out; full of tremor his middle course; high and skilful his progress; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Duckingpond row; masterly his turn at Bell-alley. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought on his countenance. He was just entering Long-lane. A gravity came upon him, as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. A dog moved him into a little agitation, darting along; but he resumed his course, not without a happy trepidation, hovering as he was on the borders of triumph. The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species; a fellow that would not move faster than he could help; irritable; retrospective; picking objections, and prone to boggle; a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for the alleys.

He bolts!

He's off!—*Evasit! erupit!*

"Oh!" exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head, lifting his knee in an agony, and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy which the spectators felt to be too true, "*He'll go up all manner of streets!*"

Poor fellow! we think of him now sometimes, driving up Duke-street, and not to be comforted in Barbican.

CHAPTER X.

Pantomimes

He that says he does not like a pantomime, either says what he does not think, or is not so wise as he fancies himself. He should grow young again and get wiser. "The child," as the poet says, "is father to the man;" and in this instance he has a very degenerate offspring. Yes, John Tomkins, aged 35, and not liking pantomimes, is a very unpromising little boy. Consider, Tomkins, you have still a serious regard for pudding, and are ambitious of being thought clever. Well, there is the Clown who will sympathize with you in dumplings; and not to see into the cleverness of Harlequin's quips and metamorphoses, is to want a perception, which other little boys have by nature. Not to like pantomimes, is not to like animal spirits; it is not to like motion; not to like love; not to like a jest upon dulness and formality; not to smoke one's uncle; not to like to see a thump in the face; not to laugh; not to fancy; not to like a holiday; not to know the pleasure of sitting up at Christmas; not to sympathize with one's children; not to remember that we have been children ourselves; nor that we shall grow old, and be as gouty as Pantaloon, if we are not as wise and as active as they.

Not wishing to be dry on so pleasant a subject, we shall waive the learning that is in us on the origin of these popular entertainments. It will be sufficient to observe, that among the Italians, from whom we borrowed them, they consisted of a run of jokes upon the provincial peculiarities of their countrymen. Harlequin, with his giddy vivacity, was the representative of the inhabitant of one state; Pantaloon, of the imbecile carefulness of another; the Clown, of the sensual, macaroni-eating Neapolitan, with his instinct for eschewing danger; and Columbine, Harlequin's mistress, was the type, not indeed of the out-

ward woman (for the young ladies were too restrained in that matter), but of the inner girl of all the lasses in Italy,—the tender fluttering heart,—the turtle dove (*colombina*), ready to take flight with the first lover and pay off old scores with the gout and the jealousy, that had hitherto kept her in durance.

The reader has only to transfer the characters to those of his own countrymen, to have a lively sense of the effect which these national pictures must have had in Italy. Imagine Harlequin, a gallant adventurer from some particular part of the land, full of life and fancy, sticking at no obstacles, leaping gates and windows, hitting off a satire at every turn, and converting the very scrapes he gets in, to matters of jest and triumph. The old gentleman that pursues him, is a miser from some manufacturing town, whose ward he has run away with. The Clown is a London cockney, with a prodigious eye to his own comfort and muffins,—a Lord Mayor's fool, who loved "everything that was good;" and Columbine is the boarding-school girl, ripe for running away with, and making a dance of it all the way from Chelsea to Gretna Green.

Pantomime is the only upholder of comedy, when there is nothing else to show for it. It is the satirist, or caricaturist of the times, ridiculing the rise and fall of hats and funds, the growth of aldermen or of bonnets, the pretences of quackery; and watching innovations of all sorts, lest change be too hasty. But this view of it is for the older boys. For us, who, upon the strength of our sympathy, boast of being among the young ones, its life, its motion, its animal spirits are the thing. We sit among the shining faces on all sides of us, and fancy ourselves at this moment enjoying it. What whim! what fancy! what eternal movement! The performers are like the blood in one's veins, never still; and the music runs with equal vivacity through the whole spectacle, like the pattern of a watered ribbon.

In comes Harlequin, demi-masked, party-colored, nimble-toed, lithe, agile; bending himself now this way, now that; bridling up like a pigeon; tipping out his toe like a dancer; then taking a fantastic skip; then standing ready at all points, and at right angles with his omnipotent lath-sword, the emblem of the converting power of fancy and light-heartedness. Giddy as we

think him, he is resolved to show us that his head can bear more giddiness than we fancy; and lo! beginning with it by degrees, he whirls it round into a very spin, with no more remorse than if it were a button. Then he draws his sword, slaps his enemy, who has just come upon him, into a settee; and springing upon him, dashes through the window like a swallow. Let us hope that Columbine and the high road are on the other side, and that he is already a mile on the road to Gretna: for

Here comes Pantaloon, with his stupid servant; not the Clown, but a proper grave blockhead, to keep him in heart with himself. What a nobbling old rascal it is! How void of any hardsome infirmity! His very gout is owing to his having lived upon twopence farthing. Not finding Harlequin and Columbine, he sends his servant to look in the further part of the house, while he hobbles back to see what has become of that lazy fellow the Clown.

He, the cunning rogue, who has been watching mid-way, and now sees the coast clear, enters in front,—round-faced, goggle-eyed, knock-kneed, but agile to a degree of the dislocated, with a great smear for his mouth, and a cap on his head, half fool's and half cook's. Commend him to the dinner that he sees on table, and that was laid for Harlequin and his mistress. Merry be their hearts: there is a time for all things; and while they dance through a dozen inns to their hearts' content, he will eat a Sussex dumpling or so. Down he sits, contriving a luxurious seat, and inviting himself with as many ceremonies as if he had the whole day before him: but when he once begins, he seems as if he had not a moment to lose. The dumpling vanishes at a cram:—the sausages are abolished:—down go a dozen yards of macaroni:—and he is in the act of paying his duties to a gallon of rum, when in come Pantaloon and his servant at opposite doors, both in search of the glutton, both furious, and both resolved to pounce on the rascal headlong. They rush forward accordingly; he slips from between them with a "Hallo, I say;" and the two poor devils dash their heads against one another, like rams. They rebound fainting asunder to the stage-doors: while the Clown, laughing with all his shoulders, nods a health to each, and finishes his draught. He then holds a great

cask of a snuff-box to each of their noses, to bring them to; and while they are sneezing and tearing their souls out, jogs off at his leisure.

Ah—here he is again on his road, Harlequin with his lass, fifty miles advanced in an hour, and caring nothing for his pursuers, though they have taken the steam-coach. Now the lovers dine indeed; and having had no motion to signify, join in a dance. Here Columbine shines as she ought to do. The little slender, but plump rogue! How she winds it hither and thither with her trim waist, and her waxen arms! now with a hand against her side, tripping it with no immodest insolence in a hornpipe; now undulating it in a waltz; or "caracoling" it, as Sir Thomas Urquhart would say, in the saltatory style of the opera;—but always Columbine; always the little dove who is to be protected; something less than the opera-dancer, and greater; more unconscious, yet not so; and ready to stretch her gauze wings for a flight, the moment Riches would tear her from Love.

But these introductions to the characters by themselves do not give a sufficient idea of the great pervading spirit of the pantomime, which is motion; motion for ever, and motion all at once. Mr. Jacob Bryant, who saw everything in anything, and needed nothing but the taking a word to pieces to prove that his boots and the constellation Boötes were the same thing, would have recognized in the word Pantomime the Anglo-antediluvian compound, a *Pant-o'-mimes!* that is to say, a set of Mimes or Mimics, all panting together. Or he would have detected the obvious Anglo-Greek meaning of a set of Mimes, expressing *Pan*, or Everything, by means of the *Toe*,—Pan-Toe-Mime. Be this as it may, Pantomime is certainly a representation of the vital principle of all things, from the dance of the planets down to that of Damon and Phillis. Everything in it keeps moving; there is no more cessation than there is in nature; and though we may endeavor to fix our attention upon one mover or set of movers at a time, we are conscious that all are going on. The Clown, though we do not see him, is jogging somewhere;—Pantaloon and his servant, like Saturn and his ring, are still careering it behind their Mercury and Venus; and when Har

lequin and Columbine come in, do we fancy they have been resting behind the scenes? The notion! Look at them: they are evidently in full career: they have been, as well as are, dancing; and the music, which never ceases whether they are visible or not, tells us as much.

Let readers, of a solemn turn of mistake, disagree with us if they please, provided they are ill-humored. The erroneous, of a better nature, we are interested in; having known what it is to err like them. These are apt to be mistaken out of modesty (sometimes out of a pardonable vanity in wishing to be esteemed); and in the case before us, they will sin against the natural candor of their hearts by condemning an entertainment which they enjoy, because they think it a mark of sense to do so. Let them know themselves to be wiser than those who are really of that opinion. There is nothing wiser than a cheerful pulse, and all innocent things which tend to keep it so. The crabbedest philosopher that ever lived (if he was a philosopher, and crabbed against his will) would have given thousands to feel as they do; and he would have known, that it redounded to his honor and not to his disgrace, to own it.

CHAPTER XI.

Cruelty to Children.

READERS of newspapers are constantly being shocked with the unnatural conduct of parents towards their children. Some are detected in locking them up and half-starving them; others tax them beyond their strength, and scourge them dreadfully for not bearing it; others take horrible dislikes to their children, and vex and torture them in every way they can think of, short of subjecting themselves to the gallows. In most cases the tyranny is of long duration before it is exposed. A whole neighborhood are saddened by the cries of the poor victim, till they are obliged to rise up in self-defence and bring the criminal to justice. By this we may judge how many miseries are taking place of which people have no suspicion; how many wretches have crimes of this sort, to account for the evil in their looks; and how many others, more criminal because more lying, go about in decent repute, while some oppressed and feeble relative, awfully patient, is awaiting in solitude the horror of the returning knock at the door.

It is alleged by offenders of this description, that the children are vicious and provoking; that their conduct is very "aggravating," as the phrase is; and that "nothing can mend them but blows,"—which never do. But whence come the faults of children? and how were they suffered to grow to such a height? Really,—setting aside these monsters of unpaternity,—parents are apt to demand a great many virtues in their children, which they do not themselves possess. The child, on the mere strength of their will, and without any of their experience, is expected to have good sense, good temper, and Heaven knows how many other good qualities; while the parents perhaps, notwithstanding all the lessons they have received from time and trouble, have

little or nothing of any of them. Above all, they forget that, in originating the bodies of their children, they originate their minds and temperaments; that a child is but a continuation of his father and mother, or their fathers and mothers, and kindred; that it is further modified and made what it is by education and bringing up; and that on all these accounts the parents have no excuse for abusing and tormenting it; unless with equal wisdom and a glorious impartiality they should abuse and torment *themselves* in like manner,—scourge their own flesh, and condemn themselves to a crust and a black hole. If a father were to give his own sore legs a good flogging for inheriting ill-humors from his ancestors, he might with some show of reason proceed to punish the continuation of them in those of his child. If a cruel mother got into a handsome tub of cold water of a winter morning, and edified the neighbors with the just and retributive shrieks which she thence poured forth for a couple of hours, crying out to her deceased "mammy" that she would be a good elderly woman in future, and not a scold and a reprobate, then she might like a proper mad woman (for she is but an improper one now) put her child into the tub after her, and make it shriek out "mammy" in its turn.

But let us do justice to all one's fellow-creatures, not forgetting these very "aggravating" parents. To regard them as something infernal, and forget that they, as well as their children, have become what they are from circumstances over which they had no control, is to fall into their own error, and forget our common humanity. We believe that the very worst of these domestic tyrants (and it is an awful lesson for the best of them) would have been shocked in early life, if they could have been shown, in the magic glass, what sort of beings they would become. Suppose one of them a young man, blooming with health, and not ill-natured, but subject to fits of sulkiness or passion, and not very wise; and suppose that in this glass he sees an old ill-looking fellow, scowling, violent, outrageous, tormenting with a bloody scourge his own child, who is meagre, squalid, and half-starved,—"Good God!" he would cry, "can that be myself? Can that be my arm, and my face? And that my own poor little child? There *are* devils then and I am

doomed to be one of them." And the tears would pour into his eyes. No: not so, poor wretch: thou art no devil—there is no such thing as devilishness or pure malice for its own sake; the very cruellest actions are committed to relieve the cravings of the perpetrator's want of excitement, more than to hurt another. But though no devil, you are very ignorant, and are not aware of your ignorance. The energies of the universe, being on a great scale, are liable, in their progress from worse to better, to great roughness in the working, and appalling sounds of discord. The wiser you become, the more you diminish this jarring, and tend to produce that amelioration. Learn this, and be neither appalled nor appalling; or if your reflections do not travel so far, and you are in no danger of continuing your evil course by the subtle desperations of superstition, be content to know, that nobody ill-treats another, who is satisfied with his own conduct. If the case were otherwise, it would be worse; for you would not have the excuse even of a necessity for relieving your own sensations. But it never *is* so, sophisticate about it as you may. The very pains you take to reconcile yourself *to* yourself, may show you how much need you have of doing so. It is nothing else which makes the silliest little child sulky; and the same folly makes the grown man a tyrant. When you begin to ill-treat your child, you begin to punish in him your own faults; and you most likely do nothing but beat them in upon him with every stroke of the scourge: for why should he be wiser than you? Why should he be able to throw off the ill-humors of which your greater energies cannot get rid?

These thoughts we address to those who are worthy of them; and who not being tyrants, may yet become such, for want of reflection. Vulgar offenders can be mended only with the whole progress of society, and the advancement of education. There is one thing we must not omit to say, which is, that the best parents are apt to expect too much of their children, and to forget how much error they may have committed in the course of bringing them up. Nobody is in fault, in a criminal sense. Children have their excuses, and parents have their excuses; but the wiser any of us become, the less we exact from others, and the more we do to deserve their regard. The great art of

being a good parent consists in setting a good example, and in maintaining that union of dispassionate firmness with habitual good-humor, which a child never *thinks* of treating with disrespect.

We have here been speaking principally of the behavior of parents to *little children*. When violent disputes take place between parents and children grown up,—young men and women,—there are generally great faults on both sides; though, for an obvious reason, the parent, who has had the training and formation of the other, is likely to be most in the wrong. But unhappily, very excellent people may sometimes find themselves hampered in a calamity of this nature; and out of that sort of weakness which is so often confounded with strength, turn their very sense of being in the right, to the same hostile and implacable purpose as if it were the reverse. We can only say, that from all we have seen in the world, and indeed from the whole experience of mankind, they who are conscious of being right, are the first to make a movement towards reconciliation, let the cause of quarrel be what it may; and that there is no surer method, in the eyes of any who know what human nature is, both to sustain the real dignity of the right side, and to amend the wrong one. To kind-hearted fathers in general, who have the misfortune to get into a dilemma of this sort, we would recommend the pathetic story of a French general, who was observed, after the death of his son in battle, never to hold up his head. He said to a friend, "My boy was used to think me severe; and he had too much reason to do so. He did not know how I loved him at the bottom of my heart; *and it is now too late.*"

CHAPTER XII.

Houses on Fire.

It is astonishing how little imagination there is in the world, in matters not affecting men's immediate wants and importance. People seem to require a million thumps on the head, before they can learn to guard against a head-ache. This would be little; but the greater the calamity, the less they seem to provide against it. All the fires in this great metropolis, and the frightful catastrophes which are often the result, do not show the inhabitants that they ought to take measures to guard against them, and that these measures are among the easiest things in the world. Every man who has a family, and whose house is too high to allow of jumping out of the windows, ought to consider himself *bound* to have a fire-escape. What signifies all the care he has taken to be a good husband or father, and all the provision he has made for the well-being of his children in after-life, if, in one frightful moment, in the dead of night, with horror glaring in their faces, and tender and despairing words swallowed up in burning and suffocation,—amidst cracking beams and rafters, sinking floors, and a whole yielding gulf of agony,—they are all to *cease* to be!—to perish like so many vermin in a wall! Fire-escapes, even if they are not made so already (as we believe they are), can evidently be constructed in a most easy, cheap, and commodious manner. A basket and a double rope are sufficient; or two or three would be better. It is the sudden sense of the height at which people sleep, and the despair of escape which consequently seizes them, for want of some such provision, that disables them from thinking of any other resources. Houses, it is true, generally have trap-doors to the roof; but these are not kept in readiness for use; a ladder is wanting; or the door is hard to be got up; the passage to it is difficult, or involved in the fire; and the roof may not be a safe one to walk over; chil-

dren cannot act for themselves; terror affects the older people, and therefore, on all these accounts, nothing is more desirable than that the means of escape should be at hand, should be facile, and capable of being used in concert with the multitude below. People out of doors are ever ready and anxious to assist. Those brave fellows, the firemen, would complete the task, if time allowed, and circumstances had hitherto prevented it; and handle the basket and the little riders in it, with confidence, like so many chickens. A time, perhaps, will come, when every window in a high bed-chamber will have an escape to it, as a matter of course; but it is a terrible pity, meanwhile, that for want of a little imagination out of the common pale of their Mondays and Wednesdays, a whole metropolis, piquing themselves on their love of their families, should subject themselves and the dearest objects of their affection to these infernal accidents.

In an honest state of society, houses would all communicate with one another by common doors; and families destroyed by fire would be among the monstrosities of history.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Battle of Ants.—Desirableness of Drawing a Distinction between Powers common to other Animals, and those peculiar to Man.

TAKING up, the other day, a number of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, we met with the following account of a battle of ants. It is contained in the notice of a memoir by M. Hanhart, who describes the battle as having taken place between two species of these insects, "one the *formica rufa*, and the other a little black ant, which he does not name (probably the *fofusca*)." In other respects, as the reviewer observes, the subject is not new, the celebrated Huber having described a battle of this kind before; but as natural history lies out of the way of many readers (though calculated to please them all, if they are genuine readers of anything), and as it has suggested to us a few remarks which may further the objects we have in writing, the account shall be here repeated.

"M. Hanhart saw these insects approach in armies composed of their respective swarms, and advancing towards each other in the greatest order. The *Formica rufa* marched with one in front, on a line from nine to twelve feet in length, flanked by several corps in square masses, composed of from twenty to sixty individuals.

"The second species (little blacks), forming an army much more numerous, marched to meet the enemy on a very extended line, and from one to three individuals abreast. They left a detachment at the foot of their hillock to defend it against any unlooked-for attack. The rest of the army marched to battle. with its right wing supported by a solid corps of several hundred individuals, and the left wing supported by a similar body of more than a thousand. These groups advanced in the greatest order, and without changing their positions. The two latera'

corps took no part in the present action. That of the right wing made a halt, and formed an army of reserve; whilst the corps which marched in column on the left wing, manœuvred so as to turn the hostile army, and advanced with a hurried march to the hillock of the *Formica rufa*, and took it by assault.

"The two armies attacked each other, and fought for a long time, without breaking their lines. At length disorder appeared in various points, and the combat was maintained in detached groups; and, after a bloody battle, which continued from three to four hours, the *Formica rufa* were put to flight, and forced to abandon their two hillocks and go off to establish themselves at some other point with the remains of their army.

"The most interesting part of this exhibition, says M. Hanhart, was to see these insects reciprocally making prisoners, and transporting their own wounded to their hillocks. Their devotedness to the wounded was carried so far, that the *Formica rufa*, in conveying them to their nests, allowed themselves to be killed by the little blacks without any resistance, rather than abandon their precious charge.

"From the observations of M. Huber, it is known that when an ant hillock is taken by the enemy, the vanquished are reduced to slavery, and employed in the interior labors of their habitation."—*Bull. Univ., Mai*, 1826.

There is no sort of reason, observe, to mistrust these accounts. The "lords of creation" may be slow in admitting the approaches of other animals to a common property in what they consider eminently human and skilful; but ants, in some of their habits, have a great resemblance to bees; and after what is now universally known respecting the polity and behavior of the bees, the doubt will rather be, whether a share in the arts of war and government is not possessed by a far greater number of beings than we have yet discovered.

Here then, among a set of little creatures not bigger than grains of rice, is war in its regular human shape; war, not only in its violence, but its patriotism or fellow-feeling; and not only in its patriotism (which, in our summary mode of settling all creatures' affections but our own, might be referred to instinct), but war in its *science and battle array!* The red ants make

their advance in a line from nine to twelve feet in length, flanked by several corps in square masses; the "little blacks," more numerous, come up three abreast, leaving a detachment at the foot of their hillock to defend against unlooked-for attack. There are wings right and left; they halt; they form an army of reserve; one side manœuvres so as to turn the other; the hillock is taken by assault; the lines are broken; and in fine, after a "bloody battle" of three or four hours, the red ants are put to flight.

What is there different in all this from a battle of Waterloo or Malplaquet? We look down upon these little energetic and skilful creatures, as beings of a similar disproportion might look upon us; and do we not laugh? We may for an instant,—thinking of the little Wellingtons and Napoleons that may have led them; but such laughter is found to be wrong on reflection, and is left to those who do not reflect at all, and who would be the first to resent laughter against themselves.

What then do we do? Are we to go into a corner, and effeminately weep over the miseries of the *formican*, as well as the human, race? saying, how short is the life of ant! and that *Fourmis* cometh up, and is cut down like a Frenchman? By no means. But we may contribute, by our reflections, an atom to the sum of human advancement; and if men advance, all the creatures of this world, for aught we know, may advance with them, or the places in which evil is found be diminished.

A little before we read this account of the battle of the ants, we saw pass by our window a troop of horse; a set of gallant fellows, on animals almost as noble; the band playing and colors flying; a strenuous sight; a progress of human hearts and thick-coming, trampling hoofs; a crowd of wills, composed into order and beauty by the will of another; ready death in the most gallant shape of life; self-sacrifice taking out its holiday of admiration in the eyes of the feeble and the heroical, and moving through the sunshine to sounds of music, as if one moment of the very show of sympathy were worth any price, even to its own confusion.

Was it all this? or was it nothing but a set of more imposing animals, led by others about half as thoughtless? Was it an

imposition on *themselves* as well as the public, enticing the poor souls to be dressed up for the slaughter? a mass of superfluous human beings, cheated to come together, in order, as Mr. Malthus thinks, that the superfluity may be got rid of, and the great have elbow-room at their feasts? or was it simply, as other philoso phers think, because human experience is still in its boyhood, and men, in some respects, *are not yet beyond the ants?*

The sight of one of these military shows is, to us, the most elevating and the most humiliating thing in the world. It seems at once to raise us to the gods, and to sink us to the brutes. We feel of what noble things men are capable, and into what half-witted things they may be deluded. At one moment we seem to ride in company with them to some glorious achievement, and rejoice in constituting a part of all that strength and warm blood which is to be let out for some great cause. At the next, they appear to us a parcel of poor fools tricked, and tricked out; and we, because we are poorer ones, who see without being able to help it, must fain have the feeble tears come in our eyes. Oh! in that sorry little looking-glass of a tear, how many great human shows have been reflected, and made less!

But these weaknesses belong to the physical part of us. Philosophy sees further, and hopes all. That war is an unmixed evil, we do not believe. We are sure it is otherwise. It sets in motion many noble qualities, and (in default of a better instrument) often does a great deal of good. That it is not, at the same time, a great and monstrous evil, we believe as little. One field, after a battle, with the cries of the wounded and the dying, the dislocations, the tortures, the defeatures, and the dismemberings, the dreadful lingering (perhaps on a winter's night), the shrieks for help, and the agonies of mortal thirst,—is sufficient to do away all shallow and blustering attempts to make us take the show of it for the substance. Even if we had no hope that the world could ever get rid of war, we should not blind ourselves to this its ghastly side; for its evils would then accumulate for want of being considered; and it is better at all times to look a truth manfully in the face, than trust for security ourselves, or credulity from others, to an effeminate hiding of our eyes. But the same love of truth that disguises nothing, may hope every-

thing; and it is this that shall carry the world forward to benefits unthought of, if men of genius once come to set it up as their guide and standard.

What we intended by our present article was this: to suggest, whether we ought to value ourselves on any custom or skill which we possess in common with the lower animals; or whether we ought not rather to consider the participation as an argument, that, in that respect, we have not yet got beyond the commonest instinct. If the military conduct of the ants be not instinct (or whatsoever human pride pleases to understand by that term), then are they in possession, so far, of human reason, and so far we do not see beyond them. If it be instinct, then war, and the conduct of it, are not the great things we suppose them; and a Wellington and a Washington may but follow the impulse of some mechanical energy, just as some insects are supposed to construct their dwellings in a particular shape, because they partake of it in their own conformation. In either case, we conceive, we ought to remind ourselves, that the greatest distinction hitherto discovered between men and other creatures is, that the human being is capable of improvement, and of seeing beyond the instincts common to all. Therefore, war is not a thing we arrive at after great improvement; it is a thing we begin with, before any; and what we take for improvements in the mode of conducting it, are only the result of such circumstances as can be turned to account by creatures no higher in the scale of being than insects.

We make very disingenuous use of the lower animals, in our reasonings and analogies. If we wish to degrade a man, we say he acts like a brute;—if, on the other hand, we would vindicate any part of our conduct as especially natural and proper, we say the very brutes do it. Now, in one sense of the word, everything is natural which takes place within the whole circle of nature; and being animals ourselves, we partake of much that is common to all animals. But if we are to pique ourselves on our superiority, it is evident that we are superior in proportion as we are rationally and deliberately different from the animals beneath us; while they, on the other hand, have a right to share

our "glory," or to pull it down, according to the degrees in which they resemble us.

The conclusion is, that we ought attentively to consider in what points the resemblance is to be found, and in what we leave them manifestly behind. Creatures who differ from ourselves may, it is true, have perceptions of which we are incapable, perhaps nobler ones; but this is a mere assumption: we can only reason from what we know; and it is to be presumed, that they are as inferior to us in all which we reckon intellectual and capable of advancement, as they are known to be so in general by their subjection to our uses, by the helps which we can afford them, by the mistakes they make, the points at which they stop short, and the manner in which we can put to flight their faculties, and whole myriads of them.

What faculties then have beasts and insects in common with us? What can they do, that we do also?—Let us see. Beavers can build houses, and insects of various sorts can build cells. Birds also construct themselves dwelling places suitable to their nature. The orang-outang can be taught to put on clothes; he can sit up and take his wine at dinner; and the squirrel can play his part in a dessert, as far as the cracking of nuts. Animals, in general, love personal cleanliness, and eat no more than is fit for them, but can be encouraged into great sensuality. Bees have a monarchical government: foxes understand trick and stratagems; so do hundreds of other animals, from the dog down to the dunghill-beetle; many are capable of pride and emulation, more of attachment, and all of fear, of anger, of hostility, or other impulses for self-defence; and all perhaps are susceptible of improvement *from without*; that is to say, by the help of man. Seals will look on while their young ones fight, and pat and caress the conqueror; and now it is discovered that ants can conduct armies to battle, can make and rescue prisoners, and turn them to account. Huber, in addition to these discoveries, found out that they possessed a sort of cattle in a species of *aphides*, and that they made them yield a secretion for food, as we obtain milk from the cows. It appears to be almost equally proved, that animals have modes of communicating with one another, analogous to speech. Insects are said

posed to interchange a kind of dumb language,—to talk, as it were, with fingers,—by means of their *antennæ ;* and it is difficult to believe, that in the songs of birds there is not both speech and inflection, communications in the gross, and expressions modified by the occasion.

Let the reader, however, as becomes his philosophy, take from all this whatever is superfluous or conjectural, and enough will remain to show, that the least and lowest animals, as well as man, can furnish themselves with dwellings ; can procure food ; can trick and deceive ; are naturally clean and temperate, but can taught to indulge their senses; have the ordinary round of passions ; encourage the qualities necessary to vigor and self-defence ; have polity and kingly government ; can make other animals of use to them ; and, finally, can make war, and conduct armies to battle in the most striking mode of human strategy.

Animals in general, therefore, include among themselves

Masons, or house-builders ;
Getters of bread ;
Common followers of the senses ;
Common-place imitators ;
Pursuers of their own interest, in cunning as well as in simplicity ;
Possessors of the natural affections ;
Encouragers of valor and self-exertion ;
Monarchs and subjects ;
Warriors, and leaders to battle.

Whatever, among men, is reducible to any of these classes, is to be found among beasts, birds, and insects. We are not to be ashamed of anything we have in common with them, merely because we so have it. On the contrary, we are to be glad that any quality, useful or noble, is so universal in the creation. But whatever we discern among them, of sordid or selfish, there, without condemning them, we may see the line drawn, beyond we can alone congratulate ourselves on our humanity ; and whatever skill they possess in common with us, there we are

to begin to doubt whether we have any reason to pique ourselves on our display of it, and from that limit we are to begin to consider what they do *not* possess.

We have often had a suspicion, that military talent is greatly overrated by the world, and for an obvious reason; because the means by which it shows itself are connected with brute force and the most terrible results; and men's faculties are dazzled and beaten down by a thunder and lightning so formidable to their very existence. If playing a game of chess involved the the blowing up of gunpowder and the hazard of laying waste a city, men would have the same grand idea of a game at chess; and yet we now give it no more glory than it deserves. Now it is doubtful, whether the greatest military conqueror, considered purely as such, and not with reference to his accidental possession of other talents, such as those of Cæsar and Xenophon, is not a mere chess-player of this description, with the addition of greater self-possession. His main faculty is of the geometrical or proportion-giving order; of which it is remarkable, that it is the only one, ranking high among those of humanity, which is partaken by the lowest ignorance and what is called pure instinct; by arithmetical idiots, and architectural bees. Idiots have been known to solve difficult arithmetical questions, by taking a thought which they could do for no other purpose; that is to say, by reference to some undiscovered faculty within them, that looks very like an instinct, and the result of the presence or absence of something, which is not common to higher organisation. In *Jameson's Philosophical Journal* for April,* is a conjecture, that the hexagonal plan of the cells of a hornet is derived from the structure of its fore-legs. It has often struck us, that the architecture of the cells of bees might be owing to similar guidance of conformation; and by the like analogy, extraordinary powers of arithmetic might be traceable to some physical peculiarity, or a tendency to it; such as the indication of a sixth

* See the *Magazine of Natural History* for July, a work lately set up. We beg leave to recommend this, and all similar works, to the lovers of truth and inquiry in general; physical discovery having greater alliance with moral than is suspected, and the habit of sincere investigation on all points being greatly encouraged by its existence on any one.

finger on the hands of one of the calculating boys that were lately so much talked of. We have sometimes thought, that even the illustrious Newton had a face and a set of features singularly accordant with mathematical uniformity and precision. And there is a professional cast of countenance attributed, not perhaps without reason, to warriors of the more mechanical order. Washington's face was as cut and dry as a diagram.

It may be argued, that whatever proofs may exist of the acquaintance of insects with the art of war, or at least with their power of joining battle under the ordinary appearances of skill and science, it does not follow that they conduct the matter with the real science of human beings, or that they are acquainted with our variety of tactics, or have made improvements in them from time to time. We concede that in all probability there is a distinction between the exercise of the most rational-looking instincts on the part of a lower animal, and the most instinctive-looking reason on the side of man; but where the two classes have so much in common in any one particular, what we mean to show is, that in that particular it is more difficult than in others to pronounce where the limit between conscious and unconscious skill is to be drawn; and that so far, we have no pretension which other animals may not dispute with us. It has been often wondered, that a great general is not in other respects a man above the vulgar; that he is not a better speaker than others; a better writer, or thinker, or possessed of greater address; in short, that he has no qualities but such as are essential to him in his military capacity. This again looks like a proof of the mechanical nature of a general's ability. We believe it may be said exclusively of military talents, and of one or two others connected with the mathematics, that they are the only ones capable of attaining to greatness and celebrity in their respective departments with a destitution of taste or knowledge in every other. Every other great talent partakes more or less of a sympathy with greatness in other shapes. The fine arts have their harmonies in common: wit implies a stock of ideas: the legislator—(we do not mean the ordinary conductors of government, for they, as one of them said, require much less wisdom than the world supposes; and it may be added, impose upon the

world, somewhat in the same manner as military leaders, by dint of the size and potency of their operations)—the legislator makes a profound study of all the wants of mankind; and poetry and philosophy show the height at which they live, by "looking abroad into universality."

Far be it from us to undervalue the *use* of any science, especially in the hands of those who are capable of so looking abroad, and seeing where it can advance the good of the community. The commonest genuine soldier has a merit in his way, which we are far from disesteeming. Without a portion of his fortitude, no man has a power to be useful. But we are speaking of intellects capable of leading society onwards, and not of instruments however respectable: and unfortunately (generally speaking) the greatest soldiers are fit only to be instruments, not leaders. Once in a way it happens luckily that they suit the times they live in. Washington is an instance: and yet if ever great man looked like "a tool in the hands of Providence," it was he. He appears to have been always the same man, from first to last, employed or unemployed, known or unknown;—the same steady, dry-looking, determined person, cut and carved like a piece of ebony, for the genius of the times to rule with. Before the work was begun, there he was, a sort of born patriarchal staff, governing herds and slaves; and when the work was over, he was found in his old place, with the same carved countenance and the same stiff inflexibility, governing still. And his *slaves* were found with him. This is what a soldier ought to be. Not indeed if the world were to advance by their means, and theirs only; but that is impossible. Washington was only the sword with which Franklin and the spirit of revolution worked out their purposes; and a sword should be nothing but a sword. The moment soldiers come to direct the intellect of their age, they make a sorry business of it. Napoleon himself did. Frederick did. Even Cæsar failed. As to Alfred the Great, he was not so much a general fighting with generals as a universal genius warring with barbarism and adversity; and it took a load of sorrow to make even him the demigod he was.

"Stand upon the ancient ways," says Bacon, "and see what

steps may be taken for progression." Look, for the same purpose (it may be said) upon the rest of the animal creation, and consider the qualities in which they have *no share* with you. Of the others, you may well doubt the greatness, considered as movers, and not instruments, towards progression. It is among the remainder you must seek for the advancement of your species. An insect can be a provider of the necessaries of life, and he can exercise power and organize violence. He can be a builder; he can be a soldier; he can be a king. But to all appearance, he is the same as he was ever, and his works perish with him. If insects have such and such an establishment among them, we conceive they will have it always, unless men alter it for them. If they have no such establishment, they appear of themselves incapable of admitting it. It is men only that add and improve. Men only can bequeathe their souls for the benefit of posterity, in the shape of arts and books. Men only can philosophize, and reform, and cast off old customs, and take steps for laying the whole globe nearer to the sun of wisdom and happiness: and in proportion as you find them capable of so hoping and so working, you recognize their superiority to the brutes that perish.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Walk from Dulwich to Brockham.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

With an Original Circumstance or two respecting Dr. Johnson.

DEAR SIR,

As other calls upon my pilgrimage in this world have interrupted those weekly voyages of discovery into green lanes and rustic houses of entertainment which you and I had so agreeably commenced, I thought I could not do better than make you partaker of my new journey, as far as pen and paper could do it. You are therefore to look upon yourself as having resolved to take a walk of twenty or thirty miles into Surrey without knowing anything of the matter. You will have set out with us a fortnight ago, and will be kind enough to take your busts for chambermaids, and your music (which is not so easy) for the voices of stage-coachmen.

Illness, you know, does not hinder me from walking; neither does anxiety. On the contrary, the more I walk, the better and stouter I become; and I believe if everybody were to regard the restlessness which anxiety creates, as a signal from nature to get up and contend with it in that manner, people would find the benefit of it. This is more particularly the case if they are lovers of Nature, as well as pupils of her, and have an eye for the beauties in which her visible world abounds; and as I may claim the merit of loving her heartily, and even of tracing my sufferings (when I have them) to her cause, the latter are never so great but she repays me with some sense of sweetness, and leaves me a certain property in the delight of others, when I have little of my own.

"O that I had the wings of a dove!" said the royal poet;

"then would I fly away and be at rest." I believe there are few persons, who having felt sorrow, and anticipating a journey not exactly towards it, have not partaken of this sense of the desirability of remoteness. A great deal of what we love in poetry is founded upon it; nor do any feel it with more passion, than those whose sense of duty to their fellow-creatures will not allow them to regard retirement as anything but a refreshment between their tasks, and as a wealth of which all ought to partake.

But David sighed for remoteness, and not for solitude. At least, if he did, the cares of the moment must have greatly overbalanced the habits of the poet. Neither doves nor poets can very well do without a companion. Be that as it may, the writer of this epistle, who is a still greater lover of companionship than poetry (and he cannot express his liking more strongly), had not the misfortune, on the present occasion, of being compelled to do without it; and as to remoteness, though his pilgrimage was to extend little beyond twenty miles, he had not the less sense of it on that account. Remoteness is not how far you go in point of ground, but how far you feel yourself from your common-places. Literal distance is indeed necessary in some degree; but the quantity of it depends on imagination and the nature of circumstances. The poet who can take to his wings like a dove, and plunge into the wood nearest him, is farther off, millions of miles, in the retreat of his thoughts, than the literalist, who must get to Johnny Groat's in order to convince himself that he is not in Edinburgh.

Almost any companion would do, if we could not make our choice, provided it loved us and was sincere. A horse is good company, if you have no other; a dog still better. I have often thought, that I could take a child by the hand, and walk with it day after day towards the north or the east, a straight road, feeling as if it would lead into another world,

> "And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest."

But I should have to go back, to fetch some grown friends.

There were three of us on the present occasion, grown and young. We began by taking the Dulwich stage from a house in Fleet-street, where a drunken man came into the tap, and

was very pious. He recited hymns; asked the landlady to shake hands with him; was for making a sofa of the counter, which she prevented by thrusting his leg off with some indignation; and being hindered in this piece of jollity, he sank on his knees to pray. He was too good-natured for a Methodist; so had taken to stiff glasses of brandy-and-water,

> "To help him to support uneasy steps
> Over the burning marle."

He said he had been "twice through the gates of hell;" and by his drinking, poor fellow, he seemed to be setting out on his third adventure. We called him *Sin-bad.* By the way, when you were a boy, did you not think that the name of Sindbad was allegorical, and meant a man who had sinned very badly? Does not every little boy think so? One does not indeed, at that time of life, know very well what to make of the porter *Hindbad*, who rhymes to him; and I remember I was not pleased when I came to find out that Hind and Sind were component words, and meant Eastern and Western.

The stage took us to the Greyhound at Dulwich, where, though we had come from another village almost as far off from London on the northern side, we felt as if we had newly got into the country, and ate a hearty supper accordingly. This was a thing not usual with us; but then everybody eats "in the country;"—there is "the air;" and besides, we had eaten little dinner, and were merrier, and "remote." On looking out of our chamber window in the morning, we remarked that the situation of the inn was beautiful, even towards the road, the place is so rich with trees; and returning to the room in which we had supped, we found with pleasure that we had a window there, presenting us with a peep into rich meadows, where the haymakers were at work in their white shirts. A sunny room, quiet, our remote five miles, and a pleasant subject (the Poetry of British Ladies), enabled the editorial part of us to go comfortably to our morning's task; after which we left the inn to proceed on our journey. We had not seen Dulwich for many years, and were surprised to find it still so full of trees. It continues, at least in the quarter through which we passed, to deserve the recommendation given it by Armstrong, of

———"Dulwich, yet unspoil'd by art."

He would have added, had he lived, now that art had come, even to make it better. It was with real pain, that two lovers of painting were obliged to coast the walls of the college without seeing the gallery; but we have vowed a pilgrimage very shortly to those remoter places, there to be found; to wit, the landscapes of Claude and Cuyp, and the houses of Rembrandt; and we shall make report of it, to save our character. We know not whether it was the sultriness of the day, with occasional heavy clouds, but we thought the air of Dulwich too warm, and pronounced it a place of sleepy luxuriance. So it appeared to us that morning; beautiful, however, and "remote;" and the thought of old Allen, Shakspeare's playmate, made it still more so.

I remember, in my boyhood, seeing Sir Francis Bourgeois (the bequeather of the Dulwich pictures) in company with Mr West, in the latter's gallery in Newman-street. He was in buckskins and boots, dandy dress of that time, and appeared a lively, good-natured man, with a pleasing countenance, probably because he said something pleasant of myself; he confirmed it with an oath, which startled, but did not alter this opinion. Ever afterwards I had an inclination to like his pictures, which I believe were not very good; and unfortunately, with whatever gravity he might paint, his oath and his buckskins would never allow me to consider him a serious person; so that it somewhat surprised me to hear that M. Desenfans had bequeathed him his gallery out of pure regard; and still more that Sir Francis, when he died, had ordered his own remains to be gathered to those of his benefactor and Madame Desenfans, and all three buried in the society of the pictures they loved. For the first time, I began to think that his pictures must have contained more than was found in them, and that I had done wrong (as it is customary to do) to the gaiety of his manners. If there was vanity in the bequest, as some have thought, it was at least a vanity accompanied with touching circumstances and an appearance of a very social taste; and as most people have their vanities, it might be as well for them to think what sort of accom-

paniments exalt or degrade theirs, or render them purely dull and selfish. As to the Gallery's being "out of the way," especially for students, I am of a different opinion, and for two reasons: first, that no gallery, whether in or out of the way, can ever produce great artists, nature, and perhaps the very want of a gallery, always settling that matter before galleries are thought of; and, second, because in going to see the pictures in a beautiful country village, people get out of their town common-places, and are better prepared for the perception of other beauties, and of the nature that makes them all. Besides, there is probably something to pay on a jaunt of this kind, and yet of a different sort from payments at a door. There is no illiberal demand at Dulwich for a liberal pleasure; but then "the inn" is inviting; people eat and drink, and get social; and the warmth which dinner and a glass diffuses, helps them to rejoice doubly in the warmth of the sunshine and the pictures, and in the fame of the great and generous.

Leaving Dulwich for Norwood (where we rejoiced to hear that some of our old friends the Gipsies were still extant), we found the air very refreshing as we ascended towards the church of the latter village. It is one of the dandy modern churches (for they deserve no better name) standing on an open hill, as if to be admired. It is pleasant to see churches instead of Methodist chapels, because any moderate religion has more of real Christianity in it, than contumelious opinions of God and the next world; but there is a want of taste, of every sort, in these new churches. They are not picturesque, like the old ones; they are not humble; they are not, what they are so often miscalled, classical. A barn is a more classical building than a church with a fantastic steeple to it. In fact, a barn is of the genuine classical shape, and only wants a stone covering, and pillars about it, to become a temple of Theseus. The classical shape is the shape of simple utility and beauty. Sometimes we see it in the body of the modern church; but then a steeple must be put on it: the artist must have something of his own; and having, in fact, *nothing* of his own, he first puts a bit of a steeple, which he thinks will not be enough, then another bit, and then another; adds another fantastic ornament here and there to his

building, by way of rim or "border, like;" and so, having put his pepper-box over his pillars, and his pillars over his pepper box, he pretends he has done a grand thing, while he knows very well that he has only been perplexed, and a bricklayer.

For a village, the old picturesque church is the proper thing, with its tower and its trees, as at Hendon and Finchley; or its spire, as at Beckenham. Classical beauty is one thing, Gothic or Saxon beauty is another; quite as genuine in its way, and in this instance more suitable. It has been well observed, that what is called classical architecture, though of older date than the Gothic, really does not look so old—does not so well convey the sentiment of antiquity; that is to say, the ideal associations of this world, however ancient, are far surpassed in the reach of ages by those of religion, and the patriarchs and another world; not to mention that we have been used to identify them with the visible old age of our parents and kindred; and that Greek and Roman architecture, in its smoothness and polish, has an unfading look of youth. It might be thought that the erection of new churches on the classical principle (taking it for granted that they remind us more of Greek and Roman temples, than of their own absurdity) would be favorable to the growth of liberality; that, at least, liberality would not be opposed by it; whereas the preservation of the old style might tend to keep up old notions. We do not think so, except inasmuch as the old notions would not be unfavorable to the new. New opinions ought to be made to grow as kindly as possible out of old ones, and should preserve all that they contain of the affectionate and truly venerable. We could fancy the most liberal doctrines preached five hundred years hence in churches precisely like those of our ancestors, and their old dust ready to blossom into delight at the arrival of true Christianity. But these new, fine, heartless-looking, showy churches, neither one thing nor the other, have, to our eyes, an appearance of nothing but worldliness and a job.

We descended into Streatham by the lane leading to the White Lion; the which noble beast, regardant, looked at us up the narrow passage, as if intending to dispute rather than invite our approach to the castle of his hospitable proprietor. On going nearer, we found that the grimness of his aspect was purely in

our imaginations, the said lordly animal having, in fact, a countenance singularly humane, and very like a gentleman we knew once of the name of Collins.

It not being within our plan to accept Collins's invitation, we turned to the left, and proceeded down the village, thinking of Dr. Johnson. Seeing, however, an aged landlord at the door, we stepped back to ask him if he remembered the Doctor. He knew nothing of him, nor even of Mr. Thrale, having come late, he said, to those parts. Resuming our way, we saw, at the end of the village, a decent-looking old man, with a sharp eye and a hale countenance, who, with an easy, self-satisfied air, as if he had worked enough in his time and was no longer under the necessity of over-troubling himself, sat indolently cracking stones in the road. We asked him if *he* knew Dr. Johnson; and he said, with a jerk-up of his eye, "*Oh* yes;—*I* knew him well enough." Seating myself on one side of his trench of stones, I proceeded to have that matter out with Master Whatman (for such was the name of my informant). His information did not amount to much, but it contained one or two points which I do not remember to have met with, and every addition to our knowledge of such a man is valuable. Nobody will think it more so than yourself, who will certainly *yearn* over this part of my letter, and make much of it. The following is the sum total of what was related:—Johnson, he said, wore a silk waistcoat embroidered with silver, and all over snuff. The snuff he carried loose in his waistcoat pocket, and would take a handful of it out with one hand, and help himself to it with the other. He would sometimes have his dinner brought out to him in the park, and set on the ground; and while he was waiting for it, would lie idly, and cut the grass with a knife. His manners were very good-natured, and sometimes so childish, that people would have taken him for "an idiot, like." His voice was "low."—"Do you mean low in a gruff sense?"—"No: it was rather feminine."—"Then, perhaps, in one sense of the word, it was high?"—"Yes, it was."—"And gentle?"—"Yes, very gentle!"—(This, of course, was to people in general, and to the villagers. When he dogmatised, it became what Lord Pembroke called a "bow-wow." The late Mr. Fuseli told us the

same thing of Johnson's voice; we mean, that it was "high," in contradistinction to a bass voice). To proceed with our village historian. Our informant recurred several times to the childish manners of Johnson, saying that he often appeared "quite simple,"—"just like a child,"—"almost foolish, like." When he walked, he always seemed in a hurry. His walk was "between a run and a shuffle." Master Whatman was here painting a good portrait. I have often suspected that the best likeness of Johnson was a whole-length engraving of him, walking in Scotland, with that joke of his underneath, about the stick that he lost in the isle of Mull. Boswell told him the stick would be returned. "No, sir," replied he; "consider the value of *such a piece of timber here.*" The manner of his walk in the picture is precisely that described by the villager. Whatman concluded, by giving his opinion of Mrs. Thrale, which he did in exactly the following words:—"She gathered a good deal of knowledge from him, but does not seem to have turned it to much account." Wherever you now go about the country, you recognize the effects of that "Twopenny Trash," which the illiberal affect to hold in such contempt, and are really so afraid of. They have reason; for people now canvass their pretensions in good set terms, who would have said nothing but "*Anan!*" to a question thirty years back. Not that Mr. Whatman discussed politics with us. Let no magnanimous Quarterly Reviewer try to get him turned out of a place on that score. We are speaking of the peasantry at large, and then, not merely of politics, but of questions of all sorts interesting to humanity; which the very clowns now discuss by the road-side, to an extent at which their former leaders would not dare to discuss them. This is one reason, among others, why knowledge must go on victoriously. A real zeal for the truth can discuss anything; slavery can only go the length of its chain.

In quitting Streatham, we met a lady on horseback, accompanied by three curs and a footman, which a milkman facetiously termed a footman, and "three outriders." Entering Mitcham by the green where they play at cricket, we noticed a pretty, moderate-sized house, with the largest geraniums growing on each side the door that we ever beheld in that situation. Mitcham reminded

me of its neighbor, Merton, and of the days of my childhood; but we could not go out of our way to see it. There was the little river Wandle, however, turning a mill, and flowing between flowery meadows. The mill was that of a copper manufactory, at which the people work night as well as day, one half taking the duties alternately. The reason given for this is, that by night, the river not being interrupted by other demands upon it, works to better advantage. The epithet of "flowery" applied to the district, is no poetical licence. In the fields about Mitcham they cultivate herbs for the apothecaries; so that in the height of the season, you walk as in the Elysian fields,

> "In yellow meads of asphodel,
> And amaranthine bowers."

Apothecaries' Hall, I understand, is entirely supplied with this poetical part of medicine from some acres of ground belonging to Major Moor. A beautiful bed of poppies, as we entered Morden, glowed in the setting sun, like the dreams of Titian. It looked like a bed for Proserpina—a glow of melancholy beauty, containing a joy perhaps beyond joy. Poppies, with their dark ruby cups and crowned heads, the more than wine color of their sleepy silk, and the funeral look of their anthers, seem to have a meaning about them beyond other flowers. They look as if they held a mystery at their hearts, like sleeping kings of Lethe.

The church of Mitcham has been rebuilt, if I recollect rightly, but in the proper old style. Morden has a good old church, which tempted us to look into the church-yard; but a rich man who lives near it, and who did not choose his house to be approached on that side, had locked up the gate, so that there was no path through it, except on Sundays. Can this be a lawful exercise of power? If people have a right to call any path their own, I should think it must be that which leads to the graves of their fathers and mothers; and next to their right, such a path is the right of the traveller. The traveller may be in some measure regarded as a representative of wandering humanity. He claims relationship with all whom he finds attached to a place in idea. He and the dead are at once in a place, and apart from

it. Setting aside this remoter sentiment, it is surely an inconsiderate thing in any man to shut up a church-yard from the villagers; and should these pages meet the eye of the person in question, he is recommended to think better of it. Possibly I may not know the whole of the case, and on that account, though not that only, I mention no names; for the inhabitant with whom I talked on the subject, and who regarded it in the same light, added, with a candor becoming his objections, that "the gentleman was a very good-natured gentleman, too, and kind to the poor." How his act of power squares with his kindness, I do not know. Very good-natured people are sometimes very fond of having their own way; but this is a mode of indulging it, which a truly generous person, I should think, will, on reflection, be glad to give up. Such a man, I am sure, can afford to concede a point, where others, who do not deserve the character, will try hard to retain every little proof of their importance.

On the steps of the George Inn, at Morden, the rustic inn of a hamlet, stood a personage much grimmer than the White Lion of Streatham; looking, in fact, with his fiery eyes, his beak, and his old mouth and chin, very like the cock, or "grim leoun," of Chaucer. He was tall and thin, with a flapped hat over his eyes, and appeared as sulky and dissatisfied as if he had quarrelled with the whole world, the exciseman in particular. We asked him if he could let us have some tea. He said, "Yes, he believed so;" and pointed with an indifferent, or rather hostile air, to a room at the side, which we entered. A buxom good-natured girl, with a squint, that was bewitching after the moral deformity of our friend's visage, served us up tea; and "tea, sir," as Johnson might have said, "inspires placidity." The room was adorned with some engravings after Smirke, the subjects out of Shakspeare, which never look so well, I think, as when thus encountered on a journey. Shakspeare is in the highway of life, with exquisite side-touches of the remoteness of the poet; and nobody links all kindly together as he does.

We afterwards found in conversing with the villager above-mentioned, that our host of the George had got rich, and was preparing to quit for a new house he had built, in which he meant to turn gentleman farmer. Habit made him dislike to go; pride

and his wife (who vowed she would go whether he did or not) rendered him unable to stay; and so between his grudging the new-comer and the old rib, he was in as pretty a state of irritability as any successful non-succeeder need be. People had been galling him all day, I suppose, with showing how many pots of ale would be drunk under the new tenant; and our arrival crowned the measure of his receipts and his wretchedness, by intimating that "gentlefolks" intended to come to tea.—Adieu, till next week.

We left Morden after tea, and proceeded on our road for Epsom. The landscape continued flat but luxuriant. You are sure, I believe, of trees in Surrey, except on the downs; and they are surrounded with wood, and often have beautiful clumps of it. The sun began to set a little after we had got beyond the Post-house; and was the largest I remember to have seen. It looked through hedges of elms and wild roses; the mowers were going home; and by degrees the landscape was bathed in a balmy twilight. Patient and placid thought succeeded. It was an hour, and a scene, in which one would suppose that the weariest-laden pilgrim must feel his burden easier.

About a mile from Ewell a post-chaise overtook and passed us, the driver of which was seated, and had taken up an eleemosynary girl to sit with him. Postilions run along a road, conscious of a pretty power in that way, and able to select some fair one, to whom they gallantly make a present of a ride. Not having a fare of one sort, they make it up to themselves by taking another. You may be pretty sure on these occasions, that there is nobody "hid in their vacant interlunar" chaise. So taking pity on my companions (for after I am once tired, I seem as if I could go on, tired for ever), I started and ran after the charioteer. Some good-natured peasants (they all appear such in this county) aided the shouts which I sent after him. He stopped; and the gallantry on both sides was rewarded by the addition of two females to his vehicle. We were soon through Ewell, a pretty neat-looking place with a proper old church, and a handsome house opposite, new but in the old style. The church has trees by it, and there was a moon over them.—At Ewell was born the facetious Bishop Corbet, who when a bald man was brought before him to be con-

firmed, said to his assistant, "Some dust, Lushington:"—(to keep his hand from slipping.)

The night air struck cold on passing Ewell; and for the first time there was an appearance of a bleak and barren country to the left. This was Epsom Downs. They are the same as the Banstead and Leatherhead downs, the name varying with the neighborhood. You remember Banstead mutton?

> "To Hounslow-heath I point, and Banstead down;
> Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own."

Pope seems to have lifted up his delicate nose at Twickenham, and scented his dinner a dozen miles off.

At Epsom we supped and slept; and finding the inn comfortable, and having some work to do, we stopped there a day or two. Do you not like those solid, wainscotted rooms in old houses, with seats in the windows, and no pretension but to comfort? They please me exceedingly. Their merits are complete, if the houses are wide and low, and situate in a spot at once woody and dry. Wood is not to be expected in a high street; but the house (the King's Head) was of this description; and Epsom itself is in a nest of trees. Next morning, on looking out of window, we found ourselves in a proper country town, remarkably neat, the houses not old enough to be ruinous, nor yet to have been exchanged for new ones of a London character. Opposite us was the watch-house with the market-clock, and a pond which is said to contain gold and silver fish. How those delicate little creatures came to inhabit a pond in the middle of a town I cannot say. One fancies they must have been put in by the fantastic hand of some fine lady in the days of Charles the Second; for this part of the country is eminent in the annals of gaiety. Charles used to come to the races here; the palace of Nonesuch, which he gave to Lady Castlemain, is a few miles off; and here he visited the gentry in the neighborhood. At Ashted Park, close by, and still in possession of inheritors of the name of Howard by marriage, he visited Sir Robert Howard, the brother-in-law of Dryden, who probably used to come there also. They preserved there till not long ago the table at which the king dined.

This Ashted is a lively spot,--both park and village. The vil

lage, or rather hamlet, is on the road to Leatherhead; so indeed is the park; but the mansion is out of sight; and near the mansion, and in the very thick of the park and the trees, with the deer running about it, is the village church, small, old, and picturesque,—a little stone tower; and the churchyard, of proportionate dimensions, is beside it. When I first saw it, looking with its pointed windows through the trees, the surprise was beautiful. The inside disappoints you, not because it is so small, but because the accommodations and the look of them are so homely. The wood of the pews resembles that of an old kitchen dresser in color; the lord of the manor's being not a whit better than the rest. This is in good taste, considering the rest; and Col. Howard, who has the reputation of being a liberal man, probably keeps the church just as he found it, without thinking about the matter. At any rate, he does not exalt himself, in a Christian assembly, at the expense of his neighbors. But loving old churches as I do, and looking forward to a time when a Christianity still more worthy of the name shall be preached in them, I could not help wishing that the inside were more worthy of the out. A coat of shining walnut, a painting at one end, and a small organ with its dark wood and its golden-looking pipes at the other, would make, at no great expense to a wealthy man, a jewel of an interior, worthy of the lovely spot in which the church is situate. One cannot help desiring something of this kind the more, on account of what has been done for other village-churches in the neighborhood, which I shall presently notice. Epsom church, I believe, is among them; the outside unquestionably (I have not seen the interior); and a spire has been added, which makes a pretty addition to the scenery. The only ornaments of Ashted church, besides two or three monuments of the Howards, are the family 'scutcheon, and that of his Sacred Majesty Charles the Second; which I suppose was put up at the time of his restoration or his visit, and has remained ever since, the lion still looking lively and threatening. One imagines the court coming to church, and the whole place filled with perukes and courtiers, with love-locks and rustling silks. Sir Robert is in a state of exaltation. Dryden stands near him, observant. Charles composes his face to the sermon, upon which Buckingham and Sedley are

cracking almost unbearable jokes behind their gloves; and the poor village maidens, gaping alternately at his Majesty's sacred visage and the profane beauty of the Countess of Castlemain, and then losing their eyes among "a power" of cavaliers, "the handsomest men as ever was," are in a way to bring the hearts, thumping in their boddices, to a fine market. I wonder how many descendants there are of earls and marquises living this minute at Epsom! How much noble blood ignobly occupied with dairies and ploughs, and looking *gules* in the cheeks of bumpkins.

Ashted Park has some fine walnut-trees (Surrey is the great garden of walnuts) and one of the noblest limes I ever saw. The park is well kept, has a pretty lodge and game-keeper's house, with roses at the doors; and a farm cottage where the "gentle folks" may play at rustics. A lady of quality, in a boddice, gives one somehow a pretty notion; especially if she has a heart high enough really to sympathize with humility. A late Earl of Exeter lived unknown for some time in a village, under the name of Jones (was not that a good name to select?) and married a country girl, whom he took to Burleigh House, and then for the first time told her that she was the mistress of it and a Countess! This is a romance of real life which has been deservedly envied. If I, instead of being a shattered student, an old intellectual soldier, "not worth a lady's eye," and forced to compose his frame to abide the biddings of his resolution, were a young fellow in the bloom of life, and equally clever and penniless, I cannot imagine a fortune of which I should be *prouder*, and which would give me right to take a manlier aspect in the eyes of love, than to owe everything I had in the world, down to my very shoestrings, to a woman who should have played over the same story with me, the sexes being reversed; who should say, "You took me for a cottager, and I am a Countess; and this is the only deception you will ever have to forgive me." What a pleasure to strive after daily excellence, in order to show one's gratitude to such a woman; to fight for her; to suffer for her; to wear her name like a priceless jewel; to hold her hand in long sickness, and look in her face when it had lost its beauty; to say, questioning, "You know how I love you?" and for her to answer

with such a face of truth, that nothing but exceeding health could hinder one from being faint with adoring her. Alas! why are not all hearts that are capable of love, rich in the knowledge how to show it; which would supersede the necessity of other riches? Or, indeed, are not all hearts which are truly so capable, gifted with the riches by the capacity?

Forgive me this dream under the walnut-trees of Ashted Park; and let us return to the colder loves of the age of Charles the Second. I thought to give you a picture of Epsom, by turning to Shadwell's comedy of *Epsom Wells;* but it contains nothing of any sort except a sketch of a wittol or two, though Sedley is said to have helped him in it, and though (probably on that account) it was very successful.

Pepys, however, will supply us with a scene or two:—

"26th, Lord's-day.—Up and to the Wells, where a great store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, though there were some others of better quality. Thence I walked to Mr. Minnes's house, and thence to Durdan's, and walked within the court-yard, &c., to the bowling-green, where I have seen so much mirth in my time; but now no family in it (my Lord Barkeley, whose it is, being with his family at London). Then rode through Epsom, the whole town over, seeing the various companies that were there walking; which is very pleasant, seeing how they are without knowing what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters. *But Lord!* to see how many I met there of citizens, that I could not have thought to have seen there; that they had ever had it in their heads or purses to go down there. We went through Nonesuch Park to the house, and there viewed as much as we could of the outside, and looked through the great gates, and found a noble court: and altogether believe it to have been a very noble house, and a delicate parke about it, where just now there was a doe killed for the king, to carry up to court."—Vol. i., p. 241.

If the sign of the King's Head at Epsom is still where it used to be, it appears, from another passage, that we had merry ghosts next door to us.

"14th.—To Epsom, by eight o'clock to the Well, where much company. And to he town, to King's Head: and hear that my

Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them; and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the king's house. Here Tom Wilson came to me, and sat and talked an hour; and I perceive he hath been much acquainted with Dr. Fuller (Tom), and Dr. Pierson, and several of the great cavalier persons during the late troubles; and I was glad to hear him talk of them, which he did very ingenuously, and very much of Dr. Fuller's art of memory, which he did tell me several instances of. By and bye he parted, and I talked with two women that farmed the well at £12 per annum, of the lord of the manor. Mr. Evelyn, with his lady, and also my Lord George Barkeley's lady, and their fine daughter, that the King of France liked so well, and did dance so rich in jewels before the King, at the ball I was at, at our court last winter, and also their son, a knight of the Bath, were at church this morning. I walked upon the Downs, where a flock of sheep was; the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd, and his little boy, reading, free from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; and *we took notice* of his knit woollen *stockings*, of two colors mixed."—Vol. ii., p. 92.

This place was still in high condition at the beginning of the next century, as appears from Toland's account of it, quoted in the *History of Epsom, by an Inhabitant.* After a "flowery," as the writer justly calls it, but perhaps not undeserved account of the pleasures of the place, outside as well as in, he says—

"The two rival bowling-greens are not to be forgotten, on which all the company, after diverting themselves, in the morning, according to their fancies, make a gallant appearance every evening, especially on the Saturday and Monday. Here are also raffling-tables, with music playing most of the day; and the nights are generally crowned with dancing. All new-comers are awakened out of their sleep the first morning, by the same music, which goes to weloome them to Epsom.

"You would think yourself in some enchanted camp, to see the peasants ride to every house, with choicest fruits, herbs, and flowers: with all sorts of tame and wild fowl; the rarest fish and

venison; and with every kind of butcher's meat, among which the Banstead Down mutton is the most relishing dainty.

"Thus to see the fresh and artless damsels of the plain, either accompanied by their amorous swains or aged parents, striking their bargains with the nice court and city ladies, who, like queens in a tragedy, display all their finery on benches before their doors (where they hourly censure and are censured); and to observe how the handsomest of each degree equally admire, envy, and cozen one another, is to me one of the chief amusements of the place.

"The ladies who are too lazy or stately, but especially those who sit up late at cards, have their provisions brought to their bed-side, where they conclude the bargain with the higler; and then (perhaps after a dish of chocolate) take another nap until what they have thus purchased is prepared for dinner.

"Within a mile and a half of Epsom, is the place, and only the place, where the splendid mansion of Nonesuch lately stood. A great part of it, however, stood in my own time, and I have spoken with those who saw it entire.

"But not to quit our Downs for any court, the great number of gentlemen and ladies that take the air every morning and evening on horse-back, and that range, either singly or in separate companies, over every hill and dale, is a most entertaining object.

"But whether you gently wander over my favorite meadows, planted on all sides quite to Woodcote Seat (in whose long grove I oftenest converse with myself); or walk further on to Ashted house and park; or ride still farther to Box-hill, that enchanting temple of Nature: or whether you lose yourself in the aged yew-groves of Mickleham, or try your patience in angling for trout about Leatherhead; whether you go to some cricket-match, and other sports of contending villagers, or choose to breathe your horse at a race, and to follow a pack of hounds at the proper season: whether, I say, you delight in any one or every of these, Epsom is the place you must like before all others."

Congreve has a letter addressed "to Mrs. Hunt at Epsom." This was Arabella Hunt, the lady to whom he addressed an ode on her singing, and with whom he appears to have been in love.

Epsom has still its races; but the Wells (not far from Ashted Park), though retaining their property, and giving a name to a medicine, have long been out of fashion. Individuals, however, I believe, still resort to them. Their site is occupied by a farm-house, in which lodgings are to be had. Close to Ashted Park is that of Lord Woodcote, formerly the residence of the notorious Lord Baltimore, the last man of quality in England who had a taste for abduction. Of late, our aspirants after figure and fortune seem to have been ambitious of restoring the practice from Ireland. It is their mode of conducting the business of life. Abduction, they think, "must be attended to."

From Woodcote Green, a pretty sequestered spot, between this park and the town, rooks are said to have been first taken to the Temple Gardens, by Sir William Northey, secretary to Queen Anne. How heightened is the pleasure given you by the contemplation of a beautiful spot, when you think it has been the means of conferring good elsewhere! I would rather live near a rookery, which had sent out a dozen colonies, than have the solitary idea of them complete. In the solitude you crave after human good; and here a piece of it, however cheap in the eyes of the scornful, has been conferred; for Sir William's colony flourish, it seems, in the smoke of London. Rooks always appeared to me the clergymen among birds; grave, black-coated, sententious; with an eye to a snug sylvan abode, and plenty of tithes. Their clerkly character is now mixed up in my imagination with something of the lawyer. They and the lawyer's "studious bowers," as Spenser calls the Temple, appear to suit one another. Did you ever notice, by the way, what a soft and pleasant sound there is in the voices of the *young* rooks—a sort of kindly chuckle, like that of an infant being fed?

At Woodcote Green is Durdans, the seat mentioned in Pepys as belonging to Lord Berkeley, now the residence of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and said to have been built (with several other mansions) of the materials of Nonesuch, when that palace was pulled down. It is one of those solid country houses, wider than tall, and of shining brick-work, that retain at once a look of age and newness; promise well for domestic comfort; and suit a good substantial garden. In coming upon it suddenly, and looking

at it through the great iron gates, and across a round plat of grass and flowers, it seems a personification of the solid country squire himself, not without elegance, sitting under his trees. When I looked at it, and thought of the time of Charles II., I could not help fancying that it must have belonged to the "Dame Durden" of the old glee, who had such a loving household.

There is a beautiful walk from Woodcote Green to Ashted, through the park, and then (crossing the road) through the fields and woody lanes to Leatherhead; but in going, we went by the road. As we were leaving Epsom, a girl was calling the bees to swarm, with a brass pan. Larks accompanied us all the way. The fields were full of clover; there was an air on our faces, the day being at once fine and gently clouded; and in passing through a lovely country, we were conscious of going to a lovelier.

At Leatherhead begin the first local evidences of hill and valley, with which the country is now enriched. The modern way of spelling the name of this town renders it a misnomer and a dishonor, and has been justly resented by the antiquarian taste of Mr. Dallaway the vicar, who makes it a point, they say, to restore the old spelling, Lethered. I believe he supposed it to come anagramatically from the Saxon name Ethelred; a thing not at all improbable, transformations of that sort having been common in old times. (See the annotations on Chaucer and Redi.) An Ethelred perhaps had a seat at this place. Epsom, formerly written Ebsham and Ebbensham (Fuller so writes it), is said to have been named from Ebba, a Saxon princess, who had a palace there. Ebba, I suppose, is the same as Emma, *cum gratiâ Mathews*.

Leatherhead, like all the towns that let lodgings during the races, is kept very neat and nice; and though not quite so woody as Epsom, is in a beautiful country, and has to boast of the river Mole. It has also a more venerable church. Mr. Dallaway, like a proper antiquary, has refreshed the interior, without spoiling it. Over the main pew is preserved, together with his *helmet*, an inscription in old English letters, to the memory of "friendly Robert Gardner," chief Sergeant of the "*Seller*," in the year 1571. This was in the time of Elizabeth. A jovial

successor of his is also recorded, to wit, "Richard Dalton, Esq., Serjeant of the Wine Cellar to King Charles II." But it is on the memory of the other sex that Leatherhead church ought to pride itself. Here are buried three sister Beauclercs, daughters of Lord Henry Beauclerc, who appear to have been three quiet, benevolent old maids, who followed one another quietly to the grave, and had lived, doubtless, the admiration rather than the envy of the village damsels. Here also lies Miss Cholmondeley, another old maid, but merry withal, and the delight of all that knew her, who, by one of those frightful accidents that suddenly knock people's souls out, and seem more frightful when they cut short the career of the good-natured, was killed on the spot, at the entrance of this village, by the overturning of the Princess Charlotte's coach, whom she was accompanying on a visit to Norbury Park. A most affectionate epitaph, honorable to all parties, and recording her special attachment to her married sister, is inscribed to her memory by her brother-in-law, Sir William Bellingham, I think. But above all, "Here lies all that is mortal" (to use the words of the tombstone) "of Mrs. Elizabeth Rolfe," of Dover, in Kent, who departed this life in the sixty-seventh year of her age, and was "interred by her own desire at the side of her beloved Cousin, Benefactress, and Friend, Lady Catharine Thompson, with whom she buried all worldly happiness. This temporary separation;" continues the epitaph, "no engagements, no pursuits, could render less bitter to the disconsolate Mrs. Rolfe, who from the hour she lost her other self knew no pleasure but in the hopes she cherished (on which point her eyes were ever fixed) of joining her friend in the region of unfading Felicity. Blessed with the Power and Will to succor the distressed, she exercised both; and in these exercises only found a Ray of Happiness. Let the Ridiculers of Female Friendship read this honest Inscription, which disdains to flatter."—A record in another part informs us, that Mrs. Rolfe gave the parish the interest of £400 annually *in memory of the above*, so long as the parish preserves the marble that announces the gift, and the stone that covers her grave. Talking with the parish-clerk, who was otherwise a right and seemly parish-clerk, elderly and withered, with a proper brown wig, he affected, like

a man of this world, to speak in disparagement of the phrase "her other self," which somebody had taught him to consider romantic, and an exaggeration. This was being a little too much of "the earth, earthy." The famous parish-clerk of St. Andrews, one of the great professors of humanity in the times of the Deckars and Shakspeares, would have talked in a different strain. There is some more of the epitaph, recommencing in a style somewhat "to seek," and after the meditative Burleigh fashion, in the Critic; but this does not hinder the rest from being true, or Mrs. Rolfe and my lady Thompson from being two genuine human beings, and among the salt of the earth. There is more friendship and virtue in the world than the world has yet got wisdom enough to know and be proud of; and few things would please me better than to travel all over England, and fetch out the records of it.

I must not omit to mention that Elinor Rummyn, illustrious in the tap-room pages of "Skelton, Laureate," kept a house in this village; and that Mr. Dallaway has emblazoned the fact, for the benefit of antiquarian travellers, in the shape of her portrait, with an inscription upon it. The house is the Running Horse, near the bridge.

The luxury of the country now increases at every step towards Dorking, which is five miles from Leatherhead. You walk through a valley with hills on one side and wood all about; and on your right hand is the Mole, running through fields and flowery hedges. These hills are the turfy downs of Norbury Park, the gate of which you soon arrive at. It is modern, but in good retrospective taste, and stands out into the road with one of those round overhanging turrets, which seem held forth by the old hand of hospitality. A little beyond, you arrive at the lovely village of Mickleham, small, sylvan, and embowered, with a little *fat* church (for the epithet comes involuntarily at the sight of it), as short and plump as the fattest of its vicars may have been, with a disproportionate bit of a spire on the top, as if he had put on an extinguisher instead of a hat. The inside has been renewed in the proper taste as though Mr. Dallaway had had a hand in it; and there is an organ, which is more than Leatherhead can boast. The organist is the son of the parish-

clerk; and when I asked his sister, a modest, agreeable-looking girl, who showed us the church, whether he could not favor us with a voluntary, she told me he was *making hay!* What do you say to that? I think this is a piece of *Germanism* for you. Her father was a day-laborer, like the son, and had become organist before him, out of a natural love of music. I had fetched the girl from her tea. A decent-looking young man was in the room with her; the door was open, exhibiting the homely comforts inside; a cat slept before it, on the cover of the garden wall; and there was plenty of herbs and flowers, presenting altogether the appearance of a cottage nest. I will be bound that their musical refinements are a great help to the enjoyment of all this; and that a general lift in their tastes, instead of dissatisfying the poor, would have a reverse effect, by increasing the sum of their resources. It would, indeed, not help to blind them to whatever they might have reason to ask or to complain of. Why should it? But it would refine them there also, and enable them to obtain it more happily, through the means of the diffusion of knowledge on all sides.

The mansion of Norbury Park, formerly the seat of Mr. Locke, who appears to have had a deserved reputation for taste in the fine arts (his daughter married an Angerstein), is situate on a noble elevation upon the right of the village of Mickleham. Between the grounds and the road, are glorious slopes and meadows, superabundant in wood, and pierced by the river Mole. In coming back we turned up a path into them, to look at a farm that was to be let. It belongs to a gentleman, celebrated in the neighborhood, and we believe elsewhere, for his powers of "conversation;" but this we did not know at the time. He was absent, and had left his farm in the hands of his steward, to be let for a certain time. The house was a cottage, and furnished as becomes a cottage; but one room we thought would make a delicious study. Probably it is one; for there were books and an easy-chair in it. The window looked upon a close bit of lawn, shut in with trees; and round the walls hung a set of prints from Raphael. This looked as if the possessor had something to say for himself.

We were now in the bosom of the scenery for which this part

of the country is celebrated. Between Micklenam and Dorking on the left, is the famous Box Hill, so called from the trees that grow on it. Part of it presents great bald pieces of chalk; but on the side of Mickleham it has one truly noble aspect, a "verdurous wall," which looks the higher for its being precipitous, and from its having somebody's house at the foot of it—a white little mansion in a world of green. Otherwise, the size of this hill disappointed us. The river Mole runs at the foot of it. This river, so called from taking part of its course under ground, does not plunge into the earth at once as most people suppose. So at least Dr. Aikin informs us, for I did not look into the matter myself. He says it loses itself in the ground at various points about the neighborhood, and rises again on the road to Leatherhead. I protest against its being called "sullen," in spite of what the poets have been pleased to call it for hiding itself. It is a good and gentle stream, flowing through luxuriant banks, and clear enough where the soil is gravelly. It hides, just as the nymph might hide; and Drayton gives it a good character, if I remember. Unfortunately I have him not by me.

The *town* of Dorking disappointed us, especially one of us, who was a good deal there when a child, and who found new London-looking houses started up in the place of old friends. The people also appeared not so pleasant as their countrymen in general, nor so healthy. There are more *King's* and *Duke's Heads* in the neighborhood; signs, which doubtless came in with the Restoration. The *Leg of Mutton* is the favorite hieroglyphic about the Downs. Dorking is famous for a breed of fowls with six toes. I do not know whether they have any faculty at counting their grain. We did not see Leith Hill, which is the great station for a prospect hereabouts, and upon which Dennis the critic made a lumbering attempt to be lively. You may see it in the two volumes of letters belonging to N. He "blunders round about a meaning," and endeavors to act the part of an inspired Cicerone, with oratorical "flashes in the pan." One or two of his attempts to convey a particular impression are very ludicrous. Just as you think you are going to catch an idea, they slide off into hopeless generality. Such at least is my impression from what I remember. I regret that I could not meet

at Epsom or Leatherhead with a Dorking Guide, which has been lately published, and which, I believe, is a work of merit. In the town itself I had not time to think of it; otherwise I might have had some better information to give you regarding spots in the neighborhood, and persons who have added to their interest.

One of these, however, I know. Turning off to the left for Brockham, we had to go through Betchworth Park, formerly the seat of Abraham Tucker, one of the most amiable and truth-loving of philosophers. Mr. Hazlitt made an abridgment of his principal work; but original and abridgment are both out of print. The latter, I should think, would sell now, when the public begin to be tired of the eternal jangling and insincerity of criticism, and would fain hear what an honest observer has to say. It would only require to be well advertised, not puffed; for puffing, thank God, besides being a very unfit announcer of truth, has well-nigh cracked its cheeks.

Betchworth Castle is now in the possession of Mr. Barclay the brewer, a descendant, if I mistake not, of the famous Barclay of Urie, the Apologist of the Quakers. If this gentleman is the same as the one mentioned in Boswell's Life of Johnson, he is by nature as well as descent worthy of occupying the abode of a wise man. Or if he is not, why shouldn't he be worthy after his fashion? You remember the urbane old book-worm, who, conversing with a young gentleman, more remarkable for gentility than beauty, and understanding for the first time that he had sisters, said, in a transport of the gratuitous, "Doubtless very charming young ladies, sir." I will not take it for granted that all the Barclays are philosophers; but something of a superiority to the vulgar, either in talents or the love of them, may be more reasonably expected in this kind of hereditary rank than the common one.

With Mr. Tucker and his chestnut groves I will conclude, having, in fact, nothing to say of Brockham, except that it was the boundary of our walk. Yes; I have one thing, and a pleasant one; which is, that I met there by chance, with the younger brother of a family whom I had known in my childhood, and who are eminent to this day for a certain mixture of religion and joviality, equally uncommon and good-hearted. May old and

young continue not to know which shall live the longest. I do not mean religion or joviality! but both in their shape.

Believe me, dear sir, very truly yours.—Mine is not so novel or luxurious a journey as the one you treated us with the other day:* which I mention, because one journey always makes me long for another; and I hope not many years will pass over your head before you give us a second Ramble, in which I may see Italy once again, and hear with more accomplished ears the sound of her music.

* See "A Ramble among the Musicians in Germany," a work full of gusto

THE END.